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John Palmer

1762.

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M.DCC.XLIV.

THE MALCONTENT.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

BY

JOHN MARSTON.

JOHN MARSTON liv'd in the Reign of James *the Firſt. He was an Author of ſome Repute for Wit and Satire; but his Manner is generally too rough and uncouth. He wrote a Satire in three parts, call'd* The Scourge of Villainy; *which,* Langbain *ſays, render'd him more eminent than his Dramatick Poetry. The Plan of this Play was laid by* Webſter; *but it was finiſh'd by our Author, who dedicates it to* Ben Johnſon *in the following Manner.*

BENJAMINI JOHNSONIO poetæ elegantiſſimo, graviſſimo, amico ſuo candido & cordato, JOHANNES MARSTON muſarum alumnus aſperam hanc ſuam Thaliam D. D.

Notwithſtanding this, he had afterwards a Wipe at Ben *in his Preface to* Sophoniſba. *"Know (ſays he) "that I have not labour'd in this Poem to relate any "thing as an Hiſtorian, but to enlarge every thing as a "Poet. To tranſcribe Authors, quote Authorities, and "tranſlate Latin proſe Orations into Engliſh blank Verſe, "hath in this Subject been the leaſt Aim of my Studies."*

Every body that has read Ben Johnſon, *will perceive, that this is levell'd at his* Sejanus *and* Cataline. *He wrote beſide this, ſeven other Plays,* viz. Antonio *and* Melida, Antonio's Revenge, Inſatiate Counteſs, *and* Sophoniſba, *Tragedies;* Dutch Courtezan, What you will, *and* Pariſitaſter, *or the* Fawn, *Comedies. On account of his ſatirical*

ſatirical Vein, I find him repreſented in the Return from Parnaſſus, *under the following ridiculous Image:*

" *What, Monſieur* Kinſyder, *lifting up your Leg, and* " *piſſing againſt the World? put up, Man, put up, for* " *Shame.*"

In the ſame Piece he is alſo characteriz'd thus;

" *Methinks he is a Ruffian in his Stile,*
Withouten Bands, or Garters Ornament.
He quaffs a Cup of Frenchman's *Helicon,*
Then roiſter doiſter in his oily Terms,
Cuts, thruſts, and foynes at whomſoe'er he meets,
And ſtrows about Ram-Alley *Meditations.*
Tut, what cares he for modeſt, cloſe-couch'd Terms,
Cleanly to gird our looſer Libertines?
Give him plain naked Words, ſtrip'd from their Shirts,
That might beſeem plain-dealing Arctine.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Giovanni Altofronto, diſguiſed *Malevole*, ſometime duke of Genoa.
Pietro Jacomo, duke of Genoa.
Mendozo, A minion to the dutcheſs of *Pietro Jacomo*.
Celſo, a friend to *Altofronto*.
Bilioſo, an old cholerick marſhal.
Prepaſſo, a gentleman-uſher.
Ferneze, a young courtier, and inamoured of the dutcheſs.
Ferrardo, a minion to duke *Pietro Jacomo*.
Equato, *Guerrino*, } two courtiers.

Aurelia, dutcheſs to duke *Pietro Jacomo*.
Maria, dutcheſs to duke *Altofronto*.
Emilia, *Beancha*, } two ladies attending the dutcheſs.
Maquerelle, an old pandereſs.

Paſſarello, fool to *Bilioſo*.

THE

THE INDUCTION TO THE *MALCONTENT*;

AND

The ADDITIONS acted by the King's Majeſty's Servants.

Written by *JOHN WEBSTER*.

Enter W. Sly; a Tire-man following him with a ſtool.

Tire-man.

SIR, the gentlemen will be angry if you ſit here.

Sly. Why, we may ſit upon the ſtage at the private houſe. Thou do'ſt not take me for a country gentleman, do'ſt? do'ſt think I fear hiſſing? I'll hold my life thou took'ſt me for one of the players.

Tire-man. No, ſir.

Sly. By god's-ſlid, if you had I would have given you but ſix-pence for your ſtool. Let them that have ſtale ſuits ſit in the galleries. Hiſs at me! He that will be laugh'd out of a tavern, or an ordinary, ſhall ſeldom feed well, or be drunk in good company. Where's Harry Cundale, D. Burbidge, and W. Sly? Let me ſpeak with ſome of them.

Tire-man. An't pleaſe you to go in, ſir, you may.

Sly. I tell you no; I am one that hath ſeen this play often, and can give them intelligence for their action. I have moſt of the jeſts here in my table-book.

Enter Sinklow.

Sink. Save you, cuz.

Sly. O! couſin, come, you ſhall ſit between my legs here.

Sink. No indeed, couſin; the audience then will take me for a viol de gambo, and think that you play upon me.

Sly. Nay, rather that I work upon you, cuz.

Sink. We ſtaid for you at ſupper laſt night at my couſin Honeymoon's, the woollen-draper's. After ſupper we drew cutts for a ſcore of apricots; the longeſt cutt ſtill to draw an apricot: by this light, 'twas mrs. Francis Honey-moon's fortune ſtill to have the longeſt cutt. I did meaſure for the women. What be theſe, cuz?

Enter D. Burbidge, H. Cundale, J. Lewin.

Sly. The players. God ſave you.

Bur. You are very welcome.

Sly. I pray you know this gentleman, my couſin; 'tis mr. Doomſday's ſon the uſurer.

Cund. I beſeech you, ſir, be cover'd.

Sly. No, in good faith, for mine eaſe; look you, my hat's the handle to this fan: god's ſo, what a beaſt was I, I did not leave my feather at home! Well, but I'll take an order with you.

[*Puts his feather in his pocket.*

Bur. Why do you conceal your feather, ſir?

Sly.

Sly. Why! do you think I'll have jeſts broken upon me in the play to be laugh'd at? This play hath beaten all young gallants out of the feathers. Black-friars hath almoſt ſpoil'd Black-friars for feathers.

Sink. God's ſo, I thought 'twas for ſomewhat our gentlewomen at home counſel'd me to wear my feather to the play; yet I am loath to ſpoil it.

Sly. Why, cuz?

Sink. Becauſe I got it in the tilt-yard: There was a herald broke my pate for taking it up. But I have worn it up and down the Strand, and met him forty times ſince, and yet he dares not challenge it.

Sly. Do you hear, ſir, this play is a bitter play.

Cund. Why, ſir, 'tis neither ſatire nor moral, but the meer paſſage of an hiſtory: yet there are a ſort of diſcontented creatures that bear a ſtingleſs envy to great ones, and theſe will wreſt the doings of any man to their baſe, malicious appliment: but ſhould their interpretation come to the teſt, like your marmoſet, they preſently turn their teeth to their tail and eat it.

Sly. I will not go far with you; but I ſay, any man that hath wit may cenſure, if he ſit in the twelve-penny room: and I ſay again, the play is bitter.

Bur. Sir, you are like a patron that, preſenting a poor ſcholar to a benefice, enjoins him not to rail againſt any thing that ſtands within compaſs of his patron's folly. Why ſhould not we enjoy the antient freedom of poeſy? Shall we proteſt to the ladies, that their painting makes them angels? or to my young gallant, that his expence in the brothel ſhall gain him reputation? No, ſir, ſuch vices as ſtand not accountable to law, ſhould be cur'd as men heal tetters, by caſting ink upon them. Would you be ſatisfied in any thing elſe, ſir?

Sly. Ay marry would I.
I would know how you came by this play?

Cund. Faith, ſir, the book was loſt, and becauſe 'twas pity ſo good a play ſhould be loſt, we found it and play it.

Sly. I wonder you would play it, another company having intereſt in it.

Cund. Why not Malevole in folio with us, as well as Ieronimo in decimo ſexto with them? They taught us a name for our play, we call it, *One for another.*

Sly. What are your additions?

Bur. Sooth, not greatly needful; only as your ſallet to your great feaſt, to entertain a little more time, and to abridge the not-receiv'd cuſtom of muſick in our theatre. I muſt leave you, ſir. [*Exit Burbidge.*

Sink. Doth he play the Malcontent?

Cund. Yes, ſir.

Sink. I durſt lay four of mine ears the play is not ſo well acted as it hath been.

Cund. O! no, ſir, nothing, *Ad Parminonis ſuem.*

Lew. Have you loſt your ears, ſir, that you are ſo prodigal of laying them?

Sink. Why did you aſk that, friend?

Lew. Marry, ſir, becauſe I have heard of a fellow would offer to lay a hundred pound wager, that was not worth five baubees: and in this kind you might venture four of your elbows: yet God defend your coat ſhould have ſo many.

Sink. Nay, truly, I am no great cenſurer, and yet I might have been one of the college of criticks once. My couſin here hath an excellent memory, indeed, ſir.

Sly. Who, I? I'll tell you a ſtrange thing of myſelf; and I can tell you, for one that never ſtudied the art of memory, 'tis very ſtrange too.

Cund. What's that, ſir?

Sly. Why, I'll lay an hundred pound, I'll walk but once down by the Goldſmith's-row in Cheap, take notice of the ſigns, and tell you them with a breath inſtantly.

Lew. 'Tis very ſtrange.

Sly. They begin as the world did, with Adam and Eve.
There's in all juſt five and fifty.
I do uſe to meditate much when I come to plays too.
What do you think might come into a man's head now, ſeeing all this company?

Cund. I know not, ſir.

Sly.

Sly. I have an excellent thought. If ſome fifty of the Grecians that were cramm'd in the horſe-belly had eaten garlick, do you not think the Trojans might have ſmelt out their knavery?

Cund. Very likely.

Sly. By God, I wou'd they had, for I love Hector horribly.

Sink. O but cuz, cuz!

Great Alexander when he came to the tomb of Achilles,
Spake with a big loud voice, O thou thrice-bleſſed and happy.

Sly. Alexander was an aſs to ſpeak ſo well of a filthy cullion.

Lew. Good ſir, will you leave the ſtage? I'll help you to a private room.

Sly. Come, cuz, let's take ſome tobacco. Have you never a prologue?

Lew. Not any, ſir.

Sly. Let me ſee, I will make one extempore.

Come to them, and fencing of a congey with arms and legs,
Be round with them.

" Gentlemen, I could wiſh for the women's ſakes you " had all ſoft cuſhions; and, gentlewomen, I could wiſh " that for the men's ſakes you had all more eaſy ſtand- " ings." What would they wiſh more but the play now? And that they ſhall have inſtantly.

THE MALCONTENT.

Act. I. Scen. 1.

The vileſt out-of-tune muſick being heard.

Enter Bilioſo and Prepaſſo.

Bilioſo.

WHY, how now? are ye mad, or drunk, or both, or all?

Prep. Are ye building Babylon, there?

Bil. Here's a noiſe in court! you think you are in a tavern, do you not?

Perp. You think you are in a brothel-houſe, do you not? This room is ill-ſcented.

[*Enter one with a perfume.*

So, perfume, perfume; ſome upon me, I pray thee: the duke is upon inſtant entrance; ſo, make place there.

Act.

Act. I. Scen. 2.

Enter the duke Pietro, Ferrardo, count Equato, count Celſo before, and Guerrino.

Pie. WHERE breathes that muſick?

Bil. The diſcord rather than the muſick is heard from the malcontent Malevole's chamber.

Ferr. Malevole!

Mal. out of his chamber. Yaugh, god-a-man, what do'ſt thou there? duke's Ganymede, Juno's jealous of thy long ſtockings. Shadow of a woman, what would'ſt, weeſel? thou lamb a court, what do'ſt bleat for? ah, you ſmooth-chinn'd catamite!

Pie. Come down, thou ragged cur, and ſnarl here; I give thy dogged ſullenneſs free liberty: trot about and beſpurtle whom thou pleaſeſt.

Mal. I'll come among you, you goatiſh blooded toderers, as gum into taffata, to fret, to fret: I'll fall like a ſponge into water, to ſuck up, to ſuck up. Howl again. I'll go to church and come to you.

Pie. This Malevole is one of the moſt prodigious affections that ever convers'd with nature. A man, or rather a monſter; more diſcontent than Lucifer when he was thruſt out of the preſence. His appetite is unſatiable as the grave; as far from any content as from heaven. His higheſt delight is to procure others vexation, and therein he thinks he truly ſerves heaven; for 'tis his poſition, whoſoever in this earth can be contented, is a ſlave and damn'd; therefore does he afflict all in that to which they are moſt affected. Th' elements ſtruggle with him; his own ſoul is at variance within herſelf: his ſpeech is halter-worthy at all hours. I like him, faith; he gives good intelligence to my ſpirit, makes me underſtand thoſe weakneſſes which other's flattery palliates. Hark! they ſin

Act. I. Scen. 3.

Enter Malevole, after the ſong.

Pie. SEE, he comes. Now ſhall you hear the extremity of a malcontent: he is as free as air: he blows over every man; and —— Sir, whence come you now?

Mal. From the publick place of much diſſimulation, the church.

Pie. What did'ſt there?

Mal. Talk with a uſurer; take up at intereſt.

Pie. I wonder what religion thou art of.

Mal. Of a ſoldier's religion.

Pie. And what do'ſt think makes moſt infidels now?

Mal. Sects, ſects. I have ſeen ſeeming Piety change her robe ſo oft, that ſure none but ſome arch-devil can ſhape her petticoat.

Pie. O! a religious policy.

Mal. But, damnation on a politick religion. I am weary; would I were one of the duke's hounds now.

Pie. But what's the common news abroad, Malevole? thou dog'ſt rumour ſtill.

Mal. Common news? why, common words are, God ſave ye, Fare ye well: common actions, flattery and cozenage: common things, women and cuckolds. And how does my little Ferrardo? Ah ye letcherous animal! my little ferret! he goes ſucking up and down the palace into every hen's neſt, like a weeſel. And to what do'ſt thou addict thy time now, more than to thoſe antique painted drabs that are ſtill affected of young courtiers, flattery, pride, and venery?

Ferr. I ſtudy languages. Who do'ſt think to be the beſt linguiſt of our age?

Mal. Phew! the devil; let him poſſeſs thee; he'll teach thee to ſpeak all languages moſt readily and ſtrangely; and great reaſon, marry, he's travell'd greatly in the world, and is every where.

Ferr.

Ferr. Save i'th' court.

Mal. Ay, ſave i'th' court. And how does my old muckhill, overſpread with freſh ſnow? thou half a man, half a goat, all a beaſt; how does thy young wife, old huddle? [*To Bilioſo.*

Bil. Out! you improvident raſcal.

Mal. Do, kick, thou hugely-horn'd old duke's ox, good mr. make-peace.

Pie. How do'ſt thou live now-a-days, Malevole?

Mal. Why, like the knight St. Patrick Penlolians, with killing o'ſpiders for my lady's monkey.

Pie. How do'ſt ſpend the night? I hear thou never ſleep'ſt.

Mal. O no; but dream the moſt fantaſtical: O heaven! O fubbery, fubbery!

Pie. Dream! what dream'ſt?

Mal. Why, methinks I ſee that ſignior pawn his foot-cloth; that metreza her plate: this madam takes phyſick, that t'other monſieur may miniſter to her: here is a pander jewel'd; there is a fellow in ſhift of ſattin this day, that could not ſhift a ſhirt t'other night: here a Paris ſupports that Helen; there's a lady Guinever bears up that ſir Lancelot. Dreams, dreams, viſions, fanſies, chimera's, imaginations, tricks, conceits. [*To Prepaſſo.* Sir Triſtram Trimtram, come aloft Jack-a-napes with a whim-wham; here's a knight of the land of Catito ſhall play at trap with any page in Europe; do the ſword-dance with any morris-dancer in Chriſtendom; ride at the ring, till the ſin of his eyes look as blue as the welkin, and run the wild-gooſe chace even with Pompey the huge.

Piet. You run!

Mal. To the devil. Now, ſignior Guerchino, that thou from a moſt pitied priſoner ſhould grow a moſt loathed flatterer: Alas! poor Celſo, thy ſtar's oppreſs'd, thou art an honeſt lord; 'tis pity.

Equa. Is't pity?

Mal. Ay, marry is't, philoſophical Equato; and 'tis pity that thou being ſo excellent a ſcholar by art, ſhould'ſt

be

be ſo ridiculous a fool by nature. I have a thing to tell you, duke, bid 'em avant, bid 'em avant.

Piet. Leave us, leave us; now, ſir, what is't?

[*Ex. all, ſaving Pietro and Malevole.*

Mal. Duke, thou art a beco, a cornuto.

Piet. How?

Mal. Thou art a cuckold.

Piet. Speak; unſhell him quick.

Mal. With moſt tumbler-like nimbleneſs.

Piet. Who? by whom? I burſt with deſire.

Mal. Mendozo is the man makes thee a horn'd beaſt. Duke, 'tis Mendozo cornutes thee.

Piet. What conformance? relate; ſhort, ſhort.

Mal. As a lawyer's beard,

There is an old crone in the court, her name is Maquerelle,
She is my miſtreſs ſooth to ſay, and ſhe doth ever tell me.

Blirt, a rime; blirt, a rime; Maquerelle is a cunning bawd, I am an honeſt villain; thy wife is a cloſe drab, and thou art a notorious cuckold; farewell, duke.

Piet. Stay, ſtay.

Mal. Dull, dull, duke, can lazy patience make lame revenge? O God! for a woman to make a man that which God never created, never made!

Piet. What did God never make?

Mal. A cuckold. To be made a thing that's hoodwink'd with kindneſs, whilſt every raſcal fillips his brows; to have a coxcomb with egregious horns pinn'd to a lord's back, every page ſporting himſelf with delightful laughter, whilſt he muſt be the laſt muſt know it; piſtols and poniards! piſtols and poniards!

Piet. Death and damnation!

Mal. Light'ning and thunder!

Piet. Vengeance and torture!

Mal. Catzo!

Piet. O revenge!

Mal. Nay, to ſelect among ten thouſand fairs,
A lady far inferior to the moſt,
In fair proportion both of limb and ſoul:
To take her from auſterer check of parents,
To make her his by moſt devoutful rites,

Make

Make her commandreſs of a better eſſence,
Than is the gorgious world even of a man.
To hug her with as rais'd an appetite,
As uſurers do their delv'd up treaſury,
(Thinking none tells it but his private ſelf,)
To meet her ſpirit in a nimble kiſs,
Diſtilling panting ardour to her heart.
True to her ſheets, nay diets ſtrong his blood,
To give her height of hymeneal ſweets.

Piet. O God!

Mal. Whilſt ſhe liſps, and gives him ſome court quelquechoſe,
Made only to provoke, not ſatiate:
And yet even then, the thaw of her delight
Flows from lewd heat of apprehenſion,
Only from ſtrange imagination's rankneſs,
That forms the adulterer's preſence in her ſoul,
And makes her think ſhe clips the foul knave's loins.

Piet. Affliction to my blood's root!

Mal. Nay think, but think what may proceed of this, Adultery is often the mother of inceſt.

Piet. Inceſt!

Mal. Yes, inceſt: mark; Mendozo of his wife begets perchance a daughter; Mendozo dies; his ſon marries this daughter. Say you? Nay 'tis frequent, not only probable, but no queſtion often acted, whilſt ignorance, fearleſs ignorance, claſps his own ſeed.

Piet. Hideous imagination!

Mal. Adultery? why next to the ſin of ſimony, 'tis the moſt horrid tranſgreſſion under the cope of ſalvation.

Piet. Next to ſimony!

Mal. Ay, next to ſimony, in which our men in next age ſhall not ſin.

Piet. Not ſin? why?

Mal. Becauſe (thanks to ſome church-men) our age will leave them nothing to ſin with. But adultery! O dulneſs! ſhew ſuch exemplary puniſhment, that intemperate bloods may freeze, but to think it. I would damn him and all his generation! my own hands ſhould do it; ha,

ha, I would not truſt heaven with my vengeance any thing.

Piet. Any thing, any thing, Malevole; thou ſhalt ſee inſtantly what temper my ſpirit holds. Farewell, remember I forget thee not, farewell. [*Exit Pietro.*

Mal. Farewell.

Lean thoughtfulneſs, a ſallow meditation,
Suck thy veins dry, diſtemperance rob thy ſleep;
The heart's diſquiet is revenge moſt deep.
He that gets blood, the life of fleſh but ſpills,
But he that breaks heart's peace, the dear ſoul kills.
Well, this diſguiſe doth yet afford me that
Which kings do ſeldom hear, or great men uſe,
Free ſpeech: and though my ſtate's uſurp'd,
Yet this affected ſtrain gives me a tongue,
As fetterleſs as is an emperor's.
I may ſpeak fooliſhly, ay knaviſhly,
Always careleſly, yet no one thinks it faſhion
To poize my breath. "For he that laughs and ſtrikes,
"Is lightly felt, or ſeldom ſtruck again."
Duke, I'll torment thee now, my juſt revenge,
From thee than crown a richer gemm ſhall part.
Beneath God, nought's ſo dear as a calm heart.

Act. I. Scen. 4.

Enter Celſo.

Cel. MY honour'd lord!

Mal. Peace, ſpeak low; peace, O Celſo! conſtant lord,
(Thou to whoſe faith I only reſt diſcovered,
Thou, one of full ten millions of men,
That loveſt virtue only for itſelf;
Thou in whoſe hands old Ops may put her ſoul:)
Behold for ever baniſh'd Altofront,
This Genoa's laſt year's duke. O truly noble!

I wanted

I wanted thoſe old inſtruments of ſtate,
Diſſemblance, and ſuſpect: I could not time it, Celſo;
My throne ſtood like a point in midſt of a circle,
To all of equal nearneſs, bore with none;
Rein'd all alike, ſo ſlept in fearleſs virtue,
Suſpectleſs; too ſuſpectleſs; till the crowd,
(Still liquorous of untried novelties,)
Impatient with ſeverer government,
Made ſtrong with Florence, baniſh'd Altofront.

Cel. Strong with Florence! ay, thence your miſchief roſe.
For when the daughter of the Florentine
Was match'd once with this Pietro, now duke,
No ſtratagem of ſtate untry'd was left, till you of all—

Mal. Of all was quite bereft.
Alas! Maria too, cloſe priſoned;
My true-faith'd dutcheſs, i'th'citadel.

Cel. I'll ſtill adhere: let's mutiny and die.

Mal. O no; climb not a falling tow'r, Celſo;
'Tis well held deſperation, not zeal,
Hopeleſs to ſtrive with fate; (peace) temporize.
Hope, hope, that never forſak'ſt the wretched'ſt man,
Yet bid'ſt me live, and lurk in this diſguiſe.
What? play I well the free-breath'd diſcontent?
Why, man, we are all philoſophical monarchs, or natural fools. Celſo, the court's afire; the duchеſs' ſheets will ſmoke for't e'er it be long. Impure Mendozo, that ſharp-nos'd lord, that made the curſed match, link'd Genoa with Florence, now broad horns the duke, which he now knows. Diſcord to malcontents is very manna; when the ranks are burſt, then ſcuffle, Altofront.

Cel. Ay, but durſt——

Mal. 'Tis gone; 'tis ſwallowed like a mineral; ſome way 'twill work; pheut, I'll not ſhrink: *He's reſolute who can no lower ſink.*

Bilioſo entering, Malevole ſhifteth his ſpeech.

Mal. O the father of may-poles! did you never ſee a fellow whoſe ſtrength conſiſted in his breath, reſpect in his office, religion on his lord, and love in himſelf? why then, behold——

Bil.

Bil. Signior!

Mal. My right worſhipful lord,
Your court night-cap makes you have a paſſing high fore-head.

Bil. I can tell you ſtrange news, but I am ſure you know them already. The duke ſpeaks much good of you.

Mal. Go to then; and ſhall you and I now enter into a ſtrict friendſhip?

Bil. Second one another?

Mal. Yes.

Bil. Do one another good offices?

Mal. Juſt; what tho' I call'd thee old ox, egregious Wittal, broken-bellied coward, rotten mummy,
Yet ſince I am in favour——

Bil. Words of courſe, terms of diſport.
His grace preſents you by me a chain, as his grateful remembrance for—— I am ignorant for what, marry, ye may impart: Yet howſoever——come——dear friend,
Do'ſt know my ſon?

Mal. Your ſon?

Bil. He ſhall eat wood-cocks, dance jiggs, make poſſets, and play at ſhuttle-cock with any young lord about the court: he has as ſweet a lady too; doſt know her little bitch?

Mal. 'Tis a dog, man.

Bil. Believe me, a ſhe bitch: O 'tis a good creature! thou ſhalt be her ſervant. I'll make thee acquainted with my young wife too: what! I keep her not at court for nothing: 'Tis grown to ſupper-time, come to my table; that, or any thing I have ſtands open to thee.

Mal. How ſmooth to him that is in ſtate of grace;—
[*To Celſo.*
How ſervile is the rugged'ſt courtier's face!
What profit, nay what nature would keep down,
Are heav'd to them are minions to a crown.
Envious ambition ne'er ſaves her thirſt,
Till ſucking all, he ſwells, and ſwells, and burſts.

Bil. I ſhall now leave you with my always beſt wiſhes, only let's hold betwixt us a firm correſpondence, a mutual-

tual-friendly-reciprocal kind of ſteddy-unanimous-heartily-leagued——

Mal. Did your ſignioriſhip ne'er ſee a pigeon-houſe that was ſmooth, round, and white without, and full of holes and ſtink within? ha'e you not, courtier?

Bil. O yes, 'tis the form, the faſhion of them all.

Mal. Adieu my true court-friend, farewell, my dear Caſtilio.

Cel. Yonder's Mendozo. [*Exit Bilioſo.*

Mal. True, the privy-key. [*Deſcries Mendozo.*

Cel. I take my leave, ſweet lord. [*Exit Celſo.*

Mal. 'Tis fit, away.

Act. I. Scen. 5.

Enter Mendozo, with three or four ſuitors.

Men. LEave your ſuits with me, I can and will —— attend my ſecretary; leave me.

Mal. Mendozo, hark ye, hark ye. You are a treacherous villain; God be wi' ye.

Men. Out, you baſe-born raſcal!

Mal. We are all the ſons of heaven, tho' a tripe-wife were our mother; ah you whore-ſon, hot-rein'd he-marmoſet! Egiſtus, did'ſt ever hear of one Egiſtus?

Men. Giſtus?

Mal. Egiſtus, he was a filthy incontinent fleſh-monger, ſuch a one as thou art.

Men. Out, grumbling rogue!

Mal. Oreſtes, beware Oreſtes.

Men. Out begger!

Mal. I once ſhall riſe.

Men. Thou riſe?

Mal. Ay, at the reſurrection.

" *No vulgar ſeed, but once may riſe, and ſhall;*
" *No king ſo huge, but 'fore he die may fall.* [*Exit.*

Men.

Men. Now good Elyzium! what a delicious heaven is it for a man to be in a prince's favour? O ſweet God! O pleaſure! O fortune! O all thou beſt of life! what ſhould I think? what ſay? what do? to be a favourite? a minion? to have a general timorous reſpect obſerve a man, a ſtateful ſilence in his preſence, ſolitarineſs in his abſence, a confuſed hum, and buſy murmurs of obſequious ſuitors training him; the cloth held up, and way proclaim'd before him: petitionary vaſſals licking the pavement with their ſlaviſh knees, whilſt ſome odd palace lamprels that ingender with ſnakes, and are full of eyes on both ſides, with a kind of inſinuated humbleneſs, fix all their delights upon his brow. O bleſſed ſtate! what a raviſhing proſpect doth the Olympus of favour yield! Death! I cornute the duke! ſweet women! moſt ſweet ladies! nay angels! by heaven, he is more accurſed than a devil that hates you, or is hated by you, and happier than a god that loves you, or is beloved by you; you preſervers of mankind, life-blood of ſociety, who would live, nay who can live without you? O paradiſe, how majeſtical is your auſterer preſence? how imperiouſly chaſte is your more modeſt face? but O! how full of raviſhing attraction is your pretty, petulant, languiſhing, laſciviouſly-compoſed countenance! the amorous ſmiles, the ſoul-warming ſparkling glances, ardent as thoſe flames that ſing'd the world by heedleſs Phaeton! in body how delicate, in ſoul how witty, in diſcourſe how pregnant, in life how wary, in favours how judicious, in day how ſociable, and in night how----Opleaſure unutterable! indeed it is moſt certain, one man cannot deſerve only to enjoy a beauteous woman: but a dutcheſs? in deſpight of Phœbus I'll write a ſonnet inſtantly in praiſe of her.

[*Exeunt.*

Act. I. Scen. 6.

Enter Ferneze uſhering Aurelia, Emilia, and Maquerelle bearing up her train, Beancha attending: all go out but Aurelia, Maquerelle and Ferneze.

Aur. AND is't poſſible? Mendozo ſlight me! poſſible?

Fer. Poſſible? what can be ſtrange in him that's drunk with favour,
Grows inſolent with grace?—Speak Maquerelle, ſpeak.

Maq. To ſpeak feelingly, more, more richly in ſolid ſenſe than worthleſs words, give me thoſe jewels of your ears to receive my inforced duty. As for my part, 'tis well [*Ferneze privately feeds Maquerelle's hands with jewels during this ſpeech.*] known I can put up any thing; can bear patiently with any man: But when I heard he wrong'd your precious ſweetneſs, I was inforc'd to take deep offence. 'Tis moſt certain he loves Emilia with high appetite; and as ſhe told me (as you know we women impart our ſecrets one to another,) when ſhe repulſed his ſuit, in that he was poſſeſs'd with your indear'd grace; Mendozo moſt ingratefully renounced all faith to you.

Fer. Nay, call'd you—ſpeak Maquerelle, ſpeak.

Maq. By heaven, witch; dry'd biſquet; and conteſted bluſhleſly he lov'd you but for a ſpurt, or ſo.

Fer. For maintenance.

Maq. Advancement and regard.

Aur. O villain! O impudent Mendozo!

Maq. Nay, he is the ruſtieſt jade, the fouleſt mouth'd knave in railing againſt our ſex: he will rail againſt women——

Aur. How? how?

Maq. I am aſham'd to ſpeak't, I.

Aur. I love to hate him; ſpeak.

Maq. Why when Emilia ſcorn'd his baſe unſteadineſs, the black-throated raſcal ſcolded, and ſaid——

Aur. What?

Maq.

Maq. Troth 'tis too ſhameleſs.

Aur. What ſaid he?

Maq. Why that at four, women were fools; at fourteen, drabs; at forty, bawds; at fourſcore, witches, and a hundred, cats.

Aur. O unlimitable impudence!

Fer. But as for poor Ferneze's fixed heart,
Was never ſhadeleſs meadow drier parch'd,
Under the ſcorching heat of heaven's dog,
Than is my heart with your inforcing eyes.

Maq. A hot ſimile.

Fer. Your ſmiles have been my heaven, your frowns my hell;
O pity then; grace ſhould with beauty dwell.

Maq. Reaſonable perfect, by'r lady.

Aur. I will love thee, be it but in deſpight
Of that Mendozo: witch! Ferneze: witch!
Ferneze, thou art the dutcheſs' favourite,
Be faithful, private; but 'tis dangerous——

Fer. " *His love is lifeleſs, that for love fears breath,*
" *The worſt that's due to ſin, O would t'were death.*

Aur. Enjoy my favour, I will be ſick inſtantly and take phyſick;
Therefore in depth of night viſit——

Maq. Viſit her chamber, but conditionally, you ſhall not offend her bed: by this diamond!

Fer. By this diamond —— [*Gives it to Maquerelle.*

Maq. Nor tarry longer than you pleaſe: by this ruby!

Fer. By this ruby.—— [*Gives again.*

Maq. And that the door ſhall not creak.

Fer. And that the door ſhall not creak.

Maq. Nay, but ſwear.

Fer. By this purſe—— [*Gives her his purſe.*

Maq. Go to, I'll keep your oaths for you: remember, [viſit.

Enter Mendozo, reading a ſonnet.

Aur. Dry'd biſquet! look where the baſe wretch comes.

Men. Beauty's life, heaven's model, love's queen.

Maq. That's his Æmilia.

Men. Nature's triumph, beſt on earth!

Maq.

Maq. Meaning Æmilia.

Men. Thou only wonder that the world hath ſeen.

Maq. That's Æmilia.

Aur. Muſt I then hear her prais'd, Mendozo?

Men. Madam, your excellency is graciouſly incounter'd; I have been writing paſſionate flaſhes in honour of——

[*Exit Ferneze.*

Aur. Out, villain! villain! O judgment, where have been my eyes? what bewitch'd election made me doat on thee? what ſorcery made me love thee? But be gone! bury thy head! O that I could do more than loath thee! hence, worſt of ill! *No reaſon ask, our reaſon is our will.* [*Exit with Maquerelle.*

Men. Women? nay furies! nay worſe! for they torment only the bad; but women good and bad. Damnation of mankind! breath, haſt thou prais'd them for this? and is't you Ferneze are wriggled into ſmock-grace? fit ſure. O that I could rail againſt theſe monſters in nature, models of hell, curſe of the earth; women that dare attempt any thing, and what they attempt, they care not how they accompliſh; without all premeditation, or prevention, raſh in aſking, deſperate in working, impatient in ſuffering, extream in deſiring, ſlaves unto appetite, miſtreſſes in diſſembling, only conſtant in unconſtancy, only perfect in counterfeiting: their words are feigned, their eyes forged, their ſighs diſſembled, their looks counterfeit, their hair falſe, their given hopes deceitful, their very breath artificial. *Their blood is their only god: bad clothes, and old age, are only the devils they tremble at.*

That I could rail now!

Act. I. Scen. 7.

Enter Pietro, his ſword drawn.

Pie: A Miſchief fill thy throat! thou foul-jaw'd ſlave: Say thy prayers.

Men. I ha' forgot-'em.

Pie.

Pie. Thou ſhalt die.

Men. So ſhalt thou; I am heart mad.

Pie. I am horn mad.

Men. Extream mad.

Pie. Monſtrouſly mad.

Men. Why?

Pie. Why? thou, thou haſt diſhonour'd my bed.

Men. I? come, come, ſir; here's my bare heart to thee,
As ſteddy as is this center to the glorious world.
And yet hark, thou art a cornuto; but not by me.

Pie. Yes ſlave, by thee.

Men. Do not, do not with tart and ſpleenful breath,
Looſe him can looſe thee: I offend my duke!
Bear record, O ye dumb and raw-air'd nights,
How vigilant my ſleepleſs eyes have been,
To watch the traitor; record, thou ſpirit of truth,
With what debaſement I have thrown myſelf
To under-offices, only to learn
The truth, the party, time, the means, the place,
By whom, and when, and where thou wer't diſgrac'd,
And am I paid with ſlave? hath my intruſion
To places private, and prohibited,
Only to obſerve the cloſer paſſages,
Heaven knows with vows of revelation,
Made me ſuſpected, made me deem'd a villain?
What rogue hath wronged us?

Pie. Mendozo, I may err.

Men. Err? 'tis too mild a name; but err and err,
Run giddy with ſuſpect, for through me thou know'ſt
That which moſt creatures ſave thy ſelf do know:
Nay, ſince my ſervice hath ſo loath'd reject,
'Fore I'll reveal, ſhalt find them clipt together.

Pie. Mendozo, thou know'ſt I am a moſt plain-breaſted man.

Men. The fitter to make a cuckold: would your brows were moſt plain too.

Pie. Tell me, indeed I heard thee rail ——

Men. At women, true: why what cold phlegm could
Knowing a lord ſo honeſt, virtuous, [chooſe
So boundleſs loving, bounteous, fair-ſhap'd, ſweet,

To be contemn'd, abus'd, defam'd, made cuckold:
Heart! I hate all women for't! ſweet ſheets, wax lights, antique bed-poſts, cambrick ſmocks, villainous curtains, arras pictures, oil'd hinges, and all the tongue-ty'd laſcivious witneſſes of great creatures wantonneſs: what ſalvation can you expect?

Pie. Wilt thou tell me?

Men. Why you may find it yourſelf; obſerve, obſerve.

Pie. I ha' not the patience: wilt thou deſerve me? tell, give it.

Men. Take't; why Ferneze is the man, Ferneze; I'll prov't, this night you ſhall take him in your ſheets, will't ſerve?

Pie. It will, my boſom's in ſome peace; till night—

Men. What?

Pie. Farewel.

Men. God! how weak a lord are you!
Why do you think there is no more but ſo!

Pie. Why?

Men. Nay then will I preſume to counſel you;
It ſhould be thus. You with ſome guard upon the ſudden
Break into the princeſs' chamber, I ſtay behind
Without the door, through which he needs muſt paſs;
Ferneze flies, let him, to me he comes, he's kill'd
By me, obſerve, by me; you follow, I rail,
And ſeem to ſave the body: dutcheſs comes,
On whom (reſpecting her advanced birth,
And your fair nature,) I know, nay I do know,
No violence muſt be us'd. She comes, I ſtorm,
I praiſe, excuſe Ferneze, and ſtill maintain
The dutcheſs' honour; ſhe for this loves me,
I ſhall know her ſoul, you mine;
Then naught ſhall ſhe contrive in vengeance
(As women are moſt thoughtful in revenge)
Of her Ferneze, but you ſhall ſooner know't
Than ſhe can think't.
——— Thus ſhall his death come ſure,
Your dutcheſs brain-caught; ſo your life ſecure.

Pie. It is too well: my boſom, and my heart,
"When nothing helps, cut off the rotten part. [*Exit.*

Men. " *Who cannot feign friendſhip, can ne'er produce*
" *the effects of hatred.* Honeſt fool duke! ſubtle laſci-
vious dutcheſs! ſilly novice Ferneze! I do laugh at ye,
my brain is in labour till it produce miſchief, and I feel
ſudden throws, proofs ſenſible, the iſſue at hand.
" *As bears ſhape young, ſo I'll form my deviſe,*
" *Which grown proves horrid: vengeance makes men wiſe.*
[*Exit.*

Enter Malevole and Paſſarello.

Mal. Fool, moſt happily incounter'd; can'ſt ſing, fool?

Paſ. Yes, I can ſing fool, if you'll bear the burden; and I can play upon inſtruments, ſcurvily, as gentlemen do. O that I had been gelded, I ſhould then have been a fat fool for a chamber, a ſqueaking fool for a tavern, and a private fool for all the ladies.

Mal. You are in good caſe ſince you came to court, fool; what guarded, guarded!

Paſ. Yes faith, even as footmen and bawds wear velvet, not for an ornament of honour, but for a badge of drudgery: for now the duke is diſcontented, I am fain to fool him aſleep every night.

Mal. What are his griefs?

Paſ. He hath ſore eyes.

Mal. I never obſerv'd ſo much.

Paſ. Horrible ſore eyes; and ſo hath every cuckold, for the roots of the horns ſpring in the eye-balls, and that's the reaſon the horn of a cuckold is as tender as his eye; or as that growing in the woman's forehead twelve years ſince, that could not endure to be toucht. The duke hangs down his head like a columbine.

Mal. Paſſarello, why do great men beg fools?

Paſ. As the Welchman ſtole ruſhes, when there was nothing elſe to filch; only to keep begging in faſhion.

Mal. Pue, thou giveſt no good reaſon,
Thou ſpeakeſt like a fool.

Paſ. Faith I utter ſmall fragments, as your knight courts your city widow with jingling of his gilt ſpurs, advancing his buſh-colour'd beard, and taking tobacco. This is all the mirror of their knightly compliments: nay,

nay, I shall talk when my tongue is a going once; 'tis like a citizen on horse-back, evermore in a false gallop.

Mal. And how doth Maquerelle fare now-a-days?

Paſ. Faith I was wont to salute her as our English women are at their first landing in Flushing: I would call her whore; but now that antiquity leaves her as an old piece of plastick t'work by, I only ask her how her rotten teeth fare every morning, and so leave her: she was the first that ever invented perfum'd smocks for the gentlewomen, and woollen shoes for fear of creaking, for the visitant. She were an excellent lady, but that her face peeleth like Muscovy glass.

Mal. And how doth thy old lord, that hath wit enough to be a flatterer, and conscience enough to be a knave?

Paſ. O excellent, he keeps beside me fifteen jesters, to instruct him in the art of fooling; and utters their jests in private to the duke and dutchess; he'll lie like to your Switzer or lawyer; he'll be of any side for most money.

Mal. I am in haste, be brief.

Paſ. As your fiddler when he is paid.
He'll thrive I warrant you, while your young courtier stands like good-friday in lent, men long to see it, because more fatting days come after it, else he's the leanest and pitifull'st actor in the whole pageant. Adieu Malevole.

Mal. O world most vile, when thy loose vanities
Taught by this fool, do make the fool seem wise!

Paſ. You'll know me again, Malevole.

Mal. O ay, by that velvet.

Paſ. Ay, as a petty-fogger by his buckram bag. I am as common in the court as an hostess's lips in the country; knights, and clowns, and knaves, and all share me: the court cannot possibly be without me. Adieu Malevole.

Act. II. Scen. 1.

Enter Mendoze with a ſcance, to obſerve Ferneze's entraduce; who whileſt the act is playing, enters unbraced, two pages before him with lights, is met by Maquerelle and convey'd in. The pages are ſent away.

Men. HE's caught, the woodcock's head is i'th' nooſe:
Now treads Ferneze in dangerous path of luſt,
Swearing his ſenſe is merely deified.
The fool graſps clouds, and ſhall beget centaurs;
And now in ſtrength of panting faint delight,
The goat bids heaven envy him. Good gooſe,
I can afford thee nothing but the poor comfort of calamity,
" *Luſt's like the plummets hanging on clock lines,* [pity.
" *Will ne'er ha' done till all is quite undone.*
Such is the coarſe ſalt ſallow luſt doth run,
Which thou ſhalt try: I'll be reveng'd. Duke, thy ſuſpect;
Dutcheſs, thy diſgrace; Ferneze, thy rivalſhip,
Shall have ſwift vengeance. Nothing ſo holy,
No band of nature ſo ſtrong,
No law of friendſhip ſo ſacred;
But I'll profane, burſt, violate,
'Fore I'll indure diſgrace, contempt and poverty.
Shall I, whoſe very hum ſtruck all heads bare,
Whoſe face made ſilence, creaking of whoſe ſhoe
Forc'd the moſt private paſſages fly ope,
Scrape like a ſervile dog at ſome latcht door?
Learn now to make a leg; and cry, beſeech ye,
Pray ye, is ſuch a lord within? be aw'd
At ſome odd uſher's ſcoft formality?
Firſt ſear my brains! *Unde cadis, non quo, refert;*
My heart cries, periſh all: how! how! *What fate*
" *Can once avoid revenge, that's deſperate,*
I'll to the duke; if all ſhould ope, if! tuſh;
" *Fortune ſtill doats on thoſe who cannot bluſh.*

Act. II. Scen. 2.

Enter Malevole at one door, Beancha, Æmilia and Maquerelle at the other door.

Mal. BLESS ye, chaſte ladies! ha, Dipſas, how doſt thou old Cole?

Maq. Old Cole?

Mal. Ay, old Cole; methinks thou lieſt like a brand under billets of green wood. He that will inflame a young wench's heart, let him lay cloſe to her an old coal that hath firſt been fired, a pandereſs, my half-burnt tint, who though thou canſt not flame thyſelf, yet art able to ſet a thouſand virgin's tapers afire. And how doth Janivere thy huſband, my little perriwinckle, is he troubled with the cough of the lungs ſtill? does he hawk a nights ſtill? he will not bite.

Bean. No, by my troth, I took him with his mouth empty of old teeth.

Mal. And he took thee with thy belly full of young bones:

Marry, he took his maim by the ſtroke of his enemy.

Bean. And I mine by the ſtroke of my friend.

Mal. The cloſe ſtroke! O mortal wench! lady, ha' ye now no reſtoratives for your decay'd Jaſons? look ye, crabs guts bak'd, diſtill'd ox-pith, the pulveriz'd hairs of a lion's upper-lip, jelly of cock-ſparrows, he-monkey's marrow, or powder of fox-ſtones. And whither are you ambling now?

Bean. To bed, to bed.

Mal. Do your huſbands lie with ye?

Ban. That were country faſhion, y'faith.

Mal. Ha' ye no foregoers about you? come, whither in good deed law now?

Bean. In good indeed law now, to eat the moſt miraculouſly, admirably, aſtoniſhable compos'd poſſet with three curds, without any drink. Will ye help me with a he fox? here's the duke. [*The ladies go out.*

Mal. Fry'd frogs are very good, and french-like too. [*to Beantha.*

Act. II. Scen. 3.

Enter duke Pietro, count Celſo, count Equato, Biliofo, Ferrard, and Mendozo.

Pie. THE night grows deep and foul, what hour is't?

Celſ. Upon the ſtroke of twelve.

Mal. Save ye, duke.

Pie. From thee? be gone, I do not love thee; let me ſee thee no more, we are diſpleas'd.

Mal. Why God be with thee, heaven hear my curſe; May thy wife and thee live long together!

Pie. Be gone, ſirrah!

Mal. When Arthur firſt in court began,—Agamemnon; Menelaus——was ever any duke a Cornuto?

Pie. Be gone, hence!

Mal. What religion wilt thou be of next?

Mend. Out with him!

Mal. With moſt ſervile patience. Time will come, When wonder of thy error will ſtrike dumb, Thy bezel'd ſenſe. Slaves to favour, marry ſhall ariſe.

" *Good God! how ſubtle hell doth flatter vice!*
" *Mounts him aloft, and makes him ſeem to fly;*
" *As fowl the tortoiſe mockt, who to the ſky*
" *Th' ambitious ſhell-fiſh rais'd; th' end of all,*
" *Is only, that from height he might dead fall.*

Bil. Why whom? out ye rogue! be gone ye raſcal!

Mal. I ſhall now leave ye with all my beſt wiſhes.

Bil. Out, ye cur!

Mal. Only let's hold together a firm correſpondence.

Bil. Out!

Mal. A mutual friendly reciprocal perpetual kind of ſteddy unanimous heartily leagued——

Bil. Hence, ye groſs-jaw'd peaſantly—out, go.

Mal.

Mal. Adieu, pigeon-houſe; thou burr, that only ſtick'ſt to nappy fortunes. The ſerpigo, the ſtrangury, an eternal uneffectual priapiſm ſeize thee!

Bil. Out, rogue!

Mal. May'ſt thou be a notorious wittally pander to thine own wife; and yet get no office, but live to be the utmoſt miſery of mankind, a beggarly cuckold. [*Exit.*

Pie. It ſhall be ſo.

Mend. It muſt be ſo, for where great ſtates revenge,
" 'Tis requiſite the parties with piety,
" And lofty reſpect be cloſely dog'd.
" Lay one into his breaſt ſhall ſleep with him,
" Feed in the ſame diſh, run in ſelf-faction,
" Who may diſcover any ſhape of danger;
" For once diſgrac'd, diſplay'd in offence,
" It makes man bluſhleſs, and man is (all confeſs)
" More prone to vengeance than to gratefulneſs.
" *Favours are writ in duſt, but ſtripes we feel,*
" *Depraved nature ſtamps in laſting ſteel.*

Pie. You ſhall be leagu'd with the dutcheſs.

Equat. The plot is very good.

Mend. You ſhall both kill, and ſeem the coarſe to ſave.

Fer. A moſt fine brain-trick.

Celſ. Of a moſt cunning knave. [*tacitè.*

Pie. My Lords, the heavy action we intend,
Is death and ſhame, two of the ugliеſt ſhapes
That can confound a ſoul; think, think of it;
I ſtrike, but yet like him that 'gainſt ſtone walls
Directs, his ſhafts rebound in his own face,
My lady's ſhame is mine; O God, 'tis mine.
Therefore I do conjure all ſecreſy,
Let it be as very little as may be; pray ye, as may be;
Make frightleſs entrance, ſalute her with ſoft eyes,
Stain nought with blood, only Ferneze dies,
But not before her brows: O gentlemen,
God knows I love her; nothing elſe, but this,
I am not well. If grief, that ſucks veins dry,
Rivels the ſkin, caſts aſhes in men's faces,
Be-dulls the eye, unſtrengthens all the blood,
Chance to remove me to another world,

As ſure I once muſt die, let him ſucceed:
I have no child; all that my youth begot
Hath been your loves, which ſhall inherit me:
Which, as it ever ſhall, I do conjure it,
Mendozo may ſucceed: he's nobly born;
With me of much deſert.

Cel. Much. [*Tacit.*

Pie. Your ſilence anſwers, ay.
I thank you. Come on now: O that I might die
Before her ſhame's diſplay'd! Would I were forc'd
To burn my father's tomb, unheal his bones,
And daſh them in the dirt, rather than this:
This both the living and the dead offends:
"*Sharp ſurgery, where naught but death amends.*"

[*Exit with the others.*

Act. II. Scen. 4.

Enter Maquerelle, Emilia, and Beancha with the poſſet.

Maq. EVEN here it is, three curds in three regions individually diſtinct.
Moſt methodical according to art compos'd without any drink.

Bean. Without any drink?

Maq. Upon my honour. Will you ſit and eat?

Emil. Good? the compoſure, the receipt, how is't?

Maq. 'Tis a pretty pearl; by this pearl, (how do't with me) thus it is. Seven and thirty yolks of Barbary hen's eggs, eighteen ſpoonfuls and a half of the juice of cock-ſparrow bones; one ounce, three drams, four ſcruples, and one quarter of the ſyrup of Ethiopian dates; ſweeten'd with three quarters of a pound of pure candied Indian eringos; ſtrewed over with the powder of pearl of America, amber of Catala, and lamb-ſtones of Muſcovia.

Bean. Truſt me, the ingredients are very cordial, and

and no queſtion good, and moſt powerfull in reſtauration.

Maq. I know not what you mean by reſtauration; but this it doth, it purifieth the blood, ſmootheth the ſkin, enliveneth the eye, ſtrength'neth the veins, mundefieth the teeth, comforteth the ſtomach, fortifieth the back, and quick'neth the wit; that's all.

Emil. By my troth, I have eaten but two ſpoonfuls, and methinks I could diſcourſe moſt ſwiftly and wittily already.

Maq. Have you the art to ſeem honeſt?

Ben. Ay, thank advice and practice.

Maq. Why then, eat me off this poſſet, quicken your blood, and preſerve your beauty. Do you know doctor Plaiſter-face? By this curd, he's the moſt exquiſite in forging of veins, ſpright'ning of eyes, dying of hair, ſleeking of ſkins, bluſhing of cheeks, ſoupling of breaſts, blanching and bleaching of teeth, that ever made an old lady gracious by torch-light: by this curd law!

Bean. We! we are reſolved, what God has given us we'll cheriſh.

Maq. Cheriſh any thing ſaving your huſband: keep him not too high, leſt he leap the pale: but, for your beauty, let it be your ſaint, bequeath two hours to it every morning in your cloſet. I ha' been young, and yet in my conſcience I am not above five and twenty; but, believe me, preſerve and uſe your beauty; for youth and beauty once gone, we are like bee-hives without honey; out a faſhion apparel that no man will wear; therefore uſe me your beauty.

Emil. Ay, but men ſay——

Maq. Men ſay? let men ſay what they will: life a woman! they are ignorant of your wants; the more in years, the more in perfection they grow! if they loſe youth and beauty, they gain wiſdom and diſcretion: But when our beauty fades, goodnight with us. There cannot be an uglier thing to ſee, than an old woman; from which, O pruning, pinching, and painting, deliver all ſweet beauties.

Bean. Hark! muſick!

Maq. Peace, 'tis in the dutcheſs' bed-chamber. Good reſt, moſt proſperouſly grac'd ladies.

Emil. Good-night, centinel,

Bea. Night, dear Maquerelle. [*Exeunt all but Maq.*

Maq. May my poſſet's operation ſend you my wit and honeſty;
And me, your youth and beauty: the pleaſingeſt reſt.
[*Exit Maq.*

Act. II. Scen. 5.

A SONG.

Whilſt the ſong is ſinging, enter Mendoze with his ſword drawn, ready to murder Ferneze as he flies from the Dutcheſs's chamber.

All. STrike, ſtrike.

Aur. Save my Ferneze! O ſave my Ferneze!

Enter Ferneze in his ſhirt, and is received upon Mendoze's ſword.

All. Follow, purſue.

Aur. O ſave Ferneze!

Men. Pierce, pierce, thou ſhallow fool, drop there.
" He that attempts a prince's lawleſs love,
" Muſt have broad hands, cloſe heart, with Argos' eyes;
" And back of Hercules, or elſe he dies.
[*Thruſts his rapier in Ferneze.*

Enter Aurelia, Duke, Pietro, Ferrard, Bilioſo, Celſo, and Equato.

All. Follow, follow.

Men. Stand off! forbear! ye moſt uncivil lords.

Piet. Strike.

Men. Do not; tempt not a man reſolved,
Would you, inhumane murderers, more than death?

Aur.

Aur. O poor Ferneze!
Men. Alas! now all defence is too late.
Aur. He's dead.
Piet. I am ſorry for our ſhame: go to your bed:
Weep not too much, but leave ſome tears to ſhed
When I am dead.
Aur. What, weep for thee? my ſoul no tears ſhall find.
Piet. Alas, alas, that womens ſouls are blind!
Men. Betray ſuch beauty! murder ſuch youth! contemn civility!
He loves him not that rails not at him.
Piet. Thou canſt not move us: we have blood enough.
And pleaſe you, lady, we have quite forgot
All your defects: if not, why then.
Aur. Not.
Piet. Not: the beſt of reſt, goodnight.
[*Exit Pietro with other courtiers.*
Aur. Deſpight go with thee.
Men. Madam, you ha' done me foul diſgrace.
You have wrong'd him much, loves you too much.
Go to; your ſoul knows you have.
Aur. I think I have.
Men. Do you but think ſo?
Aur. Nay, ſure I have: my eyes have witneſſed thy love:
Thou haſt ſtood too firm for me.
Men. Why tell me, fair-cheek'd lady, who even in tears
Art powerfully beauteous, what unadviſed paſſion
Struck you into ſuch violent heat againſt me?
Speak; what miſchief wrong'd us? what devil injur'd us;
Speak.
Aur. That thing, ne'er worthy of the name of man, Ferneze;
Ferneze ſwore thou lov'dſt Emilia;
Which to advance with moſt reproachful breath,
Thou both didſt blemiſh and denounce my love.
Men. Ignoble villain! did I for this beſtride
Thy wounded limbs? for this? O God! for this?

Sunk all my hopes, and with my hopes my life;
Rip'd bare my throat unto the hangman's ax.
Thou moſt diſhonour'd trunk——Emilia!
By life, I know her not——Emilia!
Did you believe him?

Aur. Pardon me, I did.

Men. Did you? and thereupon you graced him.

Aur. I did.

Men. Took him to favour, nay even claſp'd with him?

Aur. Alas! I did.

Men. This night?

Aur. This night.

Men. And in your luſtful twines the duke took you?

Aur. A moſt ſad truth.

Men. O God! O God! how we dull honeſt ſouls,
Heavy brain'd men, are ſwallowed in the bogs
Of a deceitful ground, whilſt nimble bloods,
Light jointed ſpirits ſpeed; cut good mens throats,
And 'ſcape? Alas, I am too honeſt for this age,
Too full of phlegm, and heavy ſteddineſs:
Stood ſtill whilſt this ſlave caſt a nooſe about me;
Nay, then to ſtand in honour of him and her,
Who even ſlic'd my heart.

Aur. Come, I did err, and am moſt ſorry I did err.

Men. Why, we are both but dead, the duke hates us.

" *And thoſe whom princes do once groundly hate,*
" *Let them provide to die, as ſure as fate.*
" *Prevention is the heart of pollicy.*"

Aur. Shall we murder him?

Men. Inſtantly?

Aur. Inſtantly; before he caſts a plot,
Or further blaze my honour's much-known blot,
Let's murder him.

Men. I would do much for you; will ye marry me?

Aur. I'll make thee duke. We are of Medices;
Florence our friend; in court my faction
Not meanly ſtrengthful; the duke then dead;
We well prepar'd for change; the multitude
Irreſolutely reeling; we in force;

Our

Our party ſeconded; the kingdom 'mas'd;
No doubt with ſwift ſucceſs all ſhall be grac'd.
Men. You do confirm me; we are reſolute;
To-morrow look for change; reſt confident.
'Tis now about the immodeſt waiſt of night;
The mother of moiſt dew with pallid light
Spreads gloomy ſhades about the nummed earth.
Sleep, ſleep, whilſt we contrive our miſchief's birth:
This man I'll get inhum'd. Farewell: to bed;
I'll kiſs the pillow. Dream the duke is dead. [*Ex. Aur.*
So, ſo, good night: how fortune doats on impudence!
I am in private the adopted ſon of yon good prince:
I muſt be duke. Why, if I muſt, I muſt;
Moſt ſilly lord, name me! O heaven!
I ſee God made honeſt fools to maintain crafty knaves.
The dutcheſs is wholly mine too; muſt kill her husband
To quit her ſhame, muſt then marry her: ay.
O I grow proud in proſperous treachery!
" *As wreſtlers clip, ſo I'll embrace you all,*
" *Not to ſupport, but to procure your fall.*

Enter Malevole.

Mal. God arreſt thee.
Men. At whoſe ſuit?
Mal. At the devil's. Ah, you treacherous damnable monſter!
How do'ſt? how do'ſt, thou treacherous rogue?
Ah, ye raſcal, I am baniſh'd the court, ſirrah.
Men. Pr'ythee let's be acquainted; I do love thee, faith.
Mal. At your ſervice, by the lord, law: ſhall's go to ſupper? Let's be once drunk together, and ſo unite a moſt virtuouſly ſtrenghthened friendſhip: Shall's, Hugonot? ſhall's?
Men. Wilt fall upon my chamber to-morrow morn?
Mal. As a raven to a dunghill. They ſay there's one dead here; prick'd for the pride of the fleſh.
Men. Ferneze: there he is; pr'ythee bury him.
Mal. O, moſt willingly: I mean to turn pure Rochel church-man, I.
Men. Thou church-man! why, why?

Mal.

Mal. Becauſe I'll live lazily, rail upon authority, deny kings ſupremacy in things indifferent, and be a pope in mine own pariſh.

Men. Wherefore do'ſt thou think churches are made?

Mal. To ſcower plow-ſhares: I have ſeen oxen plow up altars. *Et nunc feges ubi Sion fuit.*

Men. Strange!

Mal. Nay, monſtrous! I ha' ſeen a ſumptuous ſteeple turn'd to a ſtinking privy: more beaſtly, the ſacred'ſt place made a dog-kennel: nay, moſt inhuman, the ſtone coffins of long fled chriſtians burſt up, and made hogs-troughs. ——*Hic finis Priami.*

Shall I ha' ſome ſack and cheeſe at thy chamber?
Good night, good miſchievous incarnate devil, good night, Mendozo; ah, you inhuman villain, good night; night, ſub.

Men. Good night: to-morrow morn. [*Ex. Mendozo.*

Mal. Ay, I will come, friendly damnation, I will come.

I do deſcry croſs-points; honeſty and courtſhip ſtraddle as far aſunder as a true Frenchman's legs.

Fern. O!

Mal. Proclamations! more proclamations!

Ferne. O! a ſurgeon!

Mal. Hark! luſt cries for a ſurgeon; what news from limbo?
How doth the grand cuckold, Lucifer?

Fern. O help! help! conceal and ſave me.

[*Ferneze ſtirs, and Malevole helps him up and conveys him away.*

Mal. Thy ſhame more than thy wounds do grieve me far.

" Thy wounds but leave upon thy fleſh ſome ſcar;
" But fame ne'er heals, ſtill rankles worſe and worſe;
" Such is of uncontrolled luſt the curſe.
" Think what it is in lawleſs ſheets to lie;
" But, O Ferneze, what in luſt to die!
" Then thou that ſhame reſpects, O fly converſe
" With womens eyes, and liſping wantonneſs.

" Suck

"Stick candles 'gainſt a virgin wall's white back,
"If they not burn, yet at the leaſt they'll black."
Come, I'll convey thee to a private port,
Where thou ſhalt live (O happy man) from court.
The beauty of the day begins to riſe,
From whoſe bright form night's heavy ſhadow flies.
Now 'gins cloſe plots to work, the ſcene grows full,
And craves his eyes who hath a ſolid ſkull.

[*Exeunt.*

Act. III. Scen. 1.

Enter Pietro the duke, Mendozo, count Equato and Biliosa.

Pie. 'TIS grown to youth of day, how ſhall we waſte this light?
My heart's more heavy than a tyrant's crown.
Shall we go hunt? prepare for field. [*Exit Equato.*
Men. Would ye could be merry.
Pie. Would t'God I could! Mendozo, bid 'em haſte:
[*Exit Mendozo.*
I would fain ſhift places; O vain relief!
"*Sad ſouls may well change place, but not change grief:*"
As deer being ſtruck, fly thorough many foils,
Yet ſtill the ſhaft ſticks faſt; ſo——
Bil. A good old ſimile, my honeſt lord.
Pie. I am not much unlike to ſome ſick man,
That long deſired hurtful drink; at laſt
Swills in and drinks his laſt, ending at once
Both life and thirſt: O would I ne'er had known
My own diſhonour! Good God, that men ſhould
Deſire to ſearch out that, which being found, kills all
Their joy of life! to taſte the tree of knowledge,
And then be driven from out paradiſe!
Can'ſt give me ſome comfort?
Bil. My lord, I have ſome books which have been dedicated to my honour, and I ne'er read 'em, and yet

they

they had very fine names: *Phyſick for fortune. Lozenges of ſanctified ſincerity.* Very pretty works of curates, ſcriveners and ſchool-maſters. Marry, I remember one Seneca, Lucius Anneus Seneca.

Pie. Out upon him, he writ of temperance and fortitude, yet lived like a voluptuous epicure, and died like an effeminate coward. Haſte thee to Florence. Here, take our letters; ſee 'em ſealed: away; report in private to the honoured duke, his daughter's forc'd diſgrace, tell him at length,

We know too much; due compliments advance:
"There's nought that's ſafe and ſweet but ignorance."

[*Exit Duke.*

Enter Bianca.

Bil. Madam, I am going embaſſador for Florence; 'twill be great charges to me.

Bian. No matter, my lord, you have the leaſe of two manors come out next Chriſtmas; you may lay your tenants on the greater rack for it: and when you come again, I'll teach you how you ſhall get two hundred pounds a year by your teeth.

Bil. How, madam?

Bian. Cut off ſo much houſe-keeping, that which is ſaved by the teeth, you know is got by the teeth.

Bil. 'Fore God, and ſo I may; I am in wond'rous credit, lady.

Bian. See the uſe of flattery; I did ever counſel you to flatter greatneſs, and you have profited well: any man that will do ſo ſhall be ſure to be like your Scotch barnacle, now a block, inſtantly a worm, and preſently a great gooſe: this it is to rot and putrify in the boſom of greatneſs.

Bil. Thou art ever my politician. O how happy is that old lord that hath a politician to his young lady! I'll have fifty gentlemen ſhall attend upon me: marry, the moſt of them ſhall be farmers ſons; becauſe they ſhall bear their own charges, and they ſhall go apparel'd thus; in ſea-water green ſuits, aſh-colour cloak, wetchet ſtockings, and popin-jay green feathers. Will not the colours do excellent?

Bian.

Bian. Out upon't; they'll look like citizens riding to their friends at Whitſuntide; their apparel juſt ſo many ſeveral pariſhes.

Bil. I'll have it ſo, and Paſſarello, my fool, ſhall go along with me, marry he ſhall be in velvet.

Bian. A fool in velvet!

Bil. Ay, 'tis common for your fool to wear ſattin; I'll have mine in velvet.

Bian. What will you wear then, my lord?

Bil. Velvet too! marry, it ſhall be embroider'd; becauſe I'll differ from the fool ſomewhat. I am horribly troubled with the gout; nothing grieves me, but that my doctor hath forbidden me wine, and you know your ambaſſador muſt drink. Did'ſt thou aſk thy doctor what was good for the gout?

Bian. Yes; he ſaid, eaſe, wine and women were good for it.

Bil. Nay, thou haſt ſuch a wit, what was good to cure it, ſaid he?

Bian. Why, the rack. All your empiricks could never do the like cure upon the gout the rack did in England, or your Scotch boot. The French harlequin will inſtruct you.

Bil. Surely I do wonder, how thou, having for the moſt part of thy life-time been a country body, ſhould'ſt have ſo good a wit.

Bian. Who, I? why, I have been a courtier thrice two months.

Bil. So have I this twenty year, and yet there was a gentleman-uſher call'd me coxcomb t'other day, and to my face too; was't not a back-biting raſcal? I would I were better travel'd, that I might have been better acquainted with the faſhions of ſeveral countrymen: but my ſecretary, I think, he hath ſufficiently inſtructed me.

Bian. How, my lord?

Bil. Marry, my good lord, quoth he, your lordſhip ſhall ever find amongſt an hundred Frenchmen, forty hot ſhots: amongſt an hundred Spaniards, threeſcore bragarts: amongſt an hundred Dutchmen, fourſcore drunkards: amongſt

mongſt an hundred Engliſhmen, fourſcore and ten madmen: and amongſt an hundred Welchmen——

Bian. What, my lord?

Bil. Fourſcore and nineteen gentlemen.

Bian. But ſince you go about a ſad embaſſy, I would have you go in black, my lord.

Bil. Why, do'ſt think I cannot mourn, unleſs I wear my hat in cypreſs like an alderman's heir? that's vile, very old, in faith.

Bian. I'll learn of you ſhortly; O we ſhould have a fine gallant of you, ſhould not I inſtruct you: how will you bear yourſelf when you come into the duke of Florence's court?

Bil. Proud enough, and 'twill do well enough; as I walk up and down the chamber, I'll ſpit frowns about me, have a ſtrong perfume in my jerkin, let my beard grow to make me look terrible, ſalute no man beneath the fourth button, and 'twill do excellent.

Bian. But there is a very beautiful lady there, how will you entertain her?

Bil. I'll tell you that, when the lady hath entertain'd me: but to ſatisfy thee, here comes the fool: fool, thou ſhalt ſtand for the fair lady.

Enter Paſſarello.

Paſ. Your fool will ſtand for your lady moſt willingly and moſt uprightly.

Bil. I'll ſalute her in Latin.

Paſ. O your fool can underſtand no Latin.

Bil. Ay, but your lady can.

Paſ. Why then if your lady take down your fool, your fool will ſtand no longer for your lady.

Bil. A peſtilent fool: 'fore God I think the world be turn'd up-ſide down too.

Paſ. O no ſir; for then your lady, and all the ladies in the palace ſhould go with their heels upward, and that were a ſtrange ſight you know.

Bil. There be many that will repine at my preferment.

Paſ. O ay, like the envy of an elder ſiſter, that hath her younger made a lady before her.

Bil. The duke is wond'rous diſcontented.

Paſ.

Paſ. Ay, and more melancholy-like, than a uſurer having all his money out at the death of a prince.

Bil. Didſt thou ſee madam Floria to day?

Paſ. Yes, I found her repairing her face to day; the red upon the white ſhewed as if her cheeks ſhould have been ſerved in for two diſhes of barberries in ſtew'd broth, and the fleſh to them a woodcock.

Bil. A bitter fool! Come madam, this night thou ſhalt injoy me freely, and to-morrow for Florence.

Paſ. What a natural fool is he that would be a pair of bodice to a woman's petticoat, to be truſs'd and pointed to them! Well, I'll dog my lord, and the word is proper: for when I fawn upon him he feeds me; when I ſnap him by the fingers, he ſpits in my mouth. If a dog's death were not ſtrangling, I had rather be one than a ſerving-man: for the corruption of coin, is either the generation of a uſurer, or a lowſy beggar.

[*Exeunt Bia. and Paſ.*

Act. III. Scen. 2.

Enter Malevole in ſome freeze gown, while Biliofo reads his patent.

Mal. I Cannot ſleep, my eyes ill neighbouring lids
Will hold no fellowſhip. O thou pale ſober night,
Thou that in ſluggiſh fumes all ſenſe do'ſt ſteep;
Thou that giveſt all the world full leave to play,
Unbend'ſt the feebled veins of ſweaty labour;
The gally-ſlave, that all the toilſome day,
Tugs at the oar againſt the ſtubborn wave,
Straining his rugged veins, ſnores faſt;
The ſtooping ſcythe-man, that doth barb the field,
Thou makeſt wink ſure: in night all creatures ſleep,
Only the malcontent, that 'gainſt his fate
Repines and quarrels: alas, he's goodman tell-clock,
His ſallow jaw-bones ſink with waſting moan;
Whilſt others beds are down, his pillow's ſtone.

Bil.

Bil. Malevole!

Mal. Elder of Iſrael, thou honeſt defect of wicked nature and obſtinate ignorance, when did thy wife let thee lie with her?

Bil. I am going ambaſſador to Florence.

Mal. Ambaſſador! Now for thy country's honour, pr'ythee do not put up mutton and porridge in thy cloak-bag. Thy young lady wife goes to Florence with thee too, does ſhe not?

Bil. No, I leave her at the palace.

Mal. At the palace? Now diſcretion ſhield man; for God's love let's ha' no more cuckolds! Hymen begins to put off his ſaffron robe; keep thy wife in the ſtate of grace. Heart-a-truth, I would ſooner leave my lady ſingled in a Bordello, than in the Genoa palace; ſin there appearing in her ſluttiſh ſhape,
Would ſoon grow loathſome, even to brutiſh ſenſe,
Surfeit would choak intemperate appetite,
Make the foul ſcent the rotten breath of luſt.
When in an Italian laſcivious palace, a lady guardianleſs,
Left to the puſh off all allurement,
The ſtrongeſt incitements to immodeſty,
To have her blood incenſed with wanton ſweets,
Her veins fill'd high with heating delicates;
Soft reſt, ſweet muſick, amorous maſquerers, laſcivious banquets, ſin itſelf gilt o'er, ſtrong phantaſie tricking up ſtrange delights, preſenting it dreſs'd pleaſingly to ſenſe, ſenſe leading it unto the ſoul, confirmed with potent example, impudent cuſtom, inticed by that great bawd opportunity; thus being prepar'd, clap to her eaſy ear, youth in good clothes, well ſhap'd, rich, fair-ſpoken, promiſing, noble, ardent blood, fair, witty, flattering; Ulyſſes abſent, O Ithacan! the chaſteſt Penelope cannot hold out.

Bil. 'Maſs I'll think on't. Farewell. [*Ex. Biliojo.*

Mal. Farewell. Take thy wife with thee. Farewell. To Florence; um: it may prove good; it may, And we may unmaſk our brows.

Act. III. Scen. 3.

Enter count Celſo.

Cel. MY honourable lord!

Mal. Celſo, peace; how is't? ſpeak low, pale fears ſuſpect that hedges, walls and trees have ears: ſpeak, how runs all?

Cel. I'faith, my lord, that beaſt with many heads, The ſtaggering multitude, recoils apace. Tho' thorough great mens envy, moſt mens malice, Their much intemperate heat hath baniſh'd you, Yet now they find envy and malice ne'er Produce faint reformation. The duke, the too ſoft duke, lies as a block, For which two tugging factions ſeem to ſaw, But ſtill the iron thro' the ribs they draw.

Mal. I tell thee, Celſo, I have ever found Thy breaſt moſt far from ſhifting cowardice And fearful baſeneſs; therefore I tell thee, Celſo, I find the wind begins to come about, I'll ſhift my ſuit of fortune. I know the Florentine, whoſe only force, By marrying his proud daughter to this prince, Both baniſh'd me, and made this weak lord, duke, Will now forſake them all, be ſure he will: I'll lie in ambuſh for conveniency, Upon their ſeverance to confirm myſelf.

Cel. Is Ferneze interr'd?

Mal. Of that at leiſure: he lives.

Cel. But how ſtands Mendozo? how is't with him?

Mal. Faith like a pair of ſnuffers, ſnibs filth in other men, and retains it in himſelf.

Cel. He does fly from publick notice methinks, as a hare does from hounds, the feet whereon his flies betrays him.

Mal. I can track him, Celſo. O my diſguiſe fools him moſt powerfully!

For that I ſeem a deſperate malcontent,
He fain would claſp with me; he is the true ſlave
That will put on the moſt affected grace,
For ſome veil'd ſecond cauſe. [*Enter Mendoza.*

Cel. He's here.

Mal. Give place.
Illo! ho, ho, ho, art there, old true-penny? [*Ex. Celſo.*
Where haſt thou ſpent thyſelf this morning? I ſee flattery in thine eyes, and damnation in thy ſoul. Ha, thou huge raſcal!

Men. Thou art very merry.

Mal. As a ſcholar, *futuens gratis:* How doth the devil go with thee now?

Men. Malevole, thou art an arrant knave.

Mal. Who I? I have been a ſergeant, man.

Men. Thou art very poor.

Mal. As Job, an alchymiſt, or a poet.

Men. The duke hates thee.

Mal. As Iriſhmen do bum-cracks.

Men. Thou haſt loſt his amity.

Mal. As pleaſing as maids loſe their virginity.

Men. Would thou wert of a luſty ſpirit, would thou wert noble.

Mal. Why ſure my blood gives me I am noble, ſure I am of noble kind; for I find myſelf poſſeſſed with all their qualities; love dogs, dice, and drabs; ſcorn wit in ſtuff cloaths, have beat my ſhoemaker, knockt my ſemſters, cuckold my 'pothecary, and undone my taylor. Noble, why not? ſince the ſtoick ſaid, *Neminem ſervum non ex regibus, neminem regem non ex ſervis eſſe oriundum*; only buſy fortune towſes, and the provident chances blends them together. I'll give you a ſimile: did you e'er ſee a well with two buckets, whilſt one comes up full to be emptied, another goes down empty to be filled? ſuch is the ſtate of all humanity. Why look you, I may be the ſon of ſome duke; for believe me, intemperate laſcivious baſtardy makes nobility doubtful: I have a luſty daring heart, Mendozo.

Men. Let's graſp, I do like thee infinitely, wilt enact one thing for me?

Mal. Shall I get by it? [*Gives him his purse.*
Command me, I am thy slave, beyond death and hell.

Men. Murther the duke.

Mal. My heart's wish, my soul's desire, my fancy's dream,
My blood's longing, the only height of my hopes: how?
O God, how? O how my united spirits throng together,
To strengthen my resolve.

Men. The duke is now a hunting.

Mal. Excellent, admirable, as the devil would have it; lend me, lend me, rapier, pistol, cross-bow; so, so, I'll do it.

Men. Then we agree.

Mal. As lent and fishmongers. Come *cap-a-pie*, how? inform?

Men. Know that this weak-brain'd duke, who only stands on Florence stilts, hath out of witless zeal made me his heir; and secretly confirmed the wreath to me after his life's full point.

Mal. Upon what merit?

Men. Merit! by heaven I horn him, only Ferneze's death gave me state's life: tut, we are politick, he must not live now.

Mal. No reason, marry: but how must he die now?

Men. My utmost project is to murder the duke, that I might have his state, because he makes me his heir; to banish the dutchess, that I might be rid of a cunning Lacedemonian, because I know Florence will forsake her; and then to marry Maria the banished duke Altofront's wife, that her friends might strengthen me and my faction; this is all, law.

Mal. Do you love Maria?

Men. Faith no great affection, but as wise men do love great women, to innoble their blood, and augment their revenue: to accomplish this now, thus now. The duke is in the forrest next the sea, single him, kill him, hurl him in the main, and proclaim thou saw'st wolves eat him.

Mal. Um, not so good: methinks when he is slain, to get some hypocrite, some dangerous wretch that's muffled,

muffled, or with feigned holineſs, to ſwear he heard the duke on ſome ſteep cliff lament his wife's diſhonour, and in an agony of his heart's torture hurled his groaning ſides into the ſwolen ſea: this circumſtance well made, ſounds probable: and hereupon the dutcheſs ——

Men. May well be baniſhed: O unpeerable! invention Thou god of policy, it honies me. [rare!

Mal. Then fear not for the wife of Altofront, I'll cloſe to her.

Men. Thou ſhalt, thou ſhalt, our excellency is pleaſed: why wert not thou an emperor? when we are duke, I'll make thee ſome great man ſure.

Mal. Nay, make me ſome rich knave, and I'll make myſelf ſome great man.

Men. In thee be all my ſpirit, retain ten ſouls, unite thy virtual powers; reſolve, ha, remember greatneſs: heart, farewel.

Enter Celſo.

" The fate of all my hopes in thee doth dwell.

[*Exit Mendoza.*

Mal. Celſo, didſt hear? O heaven, didſt hear
Such deviliſh miſchief? ſuffereſt thou the world
Carouſe damnation even with greedy ſwallow,
And ſtill do'ſt wink, ſtill doth thy vengeance ſlumber?
" If now thy brows are clear, when will they thunder!

[*Exeunt.*

Act. III. Scen. 4.

Enter Pietro, Ferrard, Prepaſſo, and three Pages, Cornets like horns.

Fer. THE dogs are at a fault.

Pie. Would God nothing but the dogs were at it? let the deer purſue ſafely, the dogs follow the game, and do you follow the dogs; as for me, 'tis unfit one beaſt ſhould hunt another; I ha' one chaſeth me: and't pleaſe you, I would be rid of you a little.

Fer.

Fer. Wou'd your grief would as ſoon leave you as we do quietneſs. [*Exeunt.*

Pie. I thank you— Boy what doſt thou dream of now?

Page. Of a dry ſummer, my lord, for here's a hot world towards :------but my lord, I had a ſtrange dream laſt night.

Pie. What ſtrange dream?

Page. Why methought I pleaſed you with ſinging, and then I dreamt you gave me that ſhort ſword.

Pie. Prettily beg'd !----hold thee, I'll prove thy dream true, tak't.

Page. My duty: but ſtill I dreamt on, my lord, and methought, and't ſhall pleaſe your excellency, you would needs out of your royal bounty give me that jewel in your hat..

Pie. Oh, thou did'ſt but dream boy, do not believe it; dreams prove not always true, they may hold in a ſhort ſword, but not in a jewel. But now ſir, you dreamt you had pleas'd me with ſinging, make that true as I have made the other.

Page. Faith my lord, I did but dream, and dreams you ſay prove not always true: they may hold in a good ſword, but not in a good ſong: the truth is, I ha' loſt my voice.

Pie. Loſt thy voice, how?

Page. With dreaming, faith; but here's a couple of ſirenical raſcals ſhall enchant ye: what ſhall they ſing, my good lord?

Pie. Sing of the nature of women, and then the ſong ſhall be ſurely full of varieties, old crotchets and moſt ſweet cloſes; it ſhall be humorous, grave, fantaſtick, amorous, melancholy, ſprightly, one in all, and all in one.

Page. All in one?

Pie. By'r lady too many; ſing, my ſpeech grows culpable of unthrifty idleneſs, ſing. [*Song.*

Act. III. Sect. 5.

Enter Malevole with cross-bow and pistol.

Pie. AS, ſo, ſong; I am heavy, walk off, I ſhall talk in my ſleep; walk off. [*Exeunt Pages.*

Mal. Brief, brief, who? the duke? good heaven, that fools ſhould ſtumble upon greatneſs! do not ſleep, duke, give ye good morrow: you muſt be brief, duke; I am feed to murther thee; ſtart not: Mendozo, Mendozo hired me, here's his gold, his piſtol, croſs-bow, and ſword, 'tis all as firm as earth. O fool, fool, choakt with the common maze of eaſy idiots, credulity. Make him thine heir? what thy ſworn murtherer?

Pie. O can it be?

Mal. Can?

Pie. Diſcovered he not Ferneze?

Mal. Yes; but why? but why? for love to thee? much, much, to be revenged upon his rival, who had thruſt his jaws awry; who being ſlain, ſuppoſed by thine own hands; defended by his ſword, made thee moſt loathſome, him moſt gracious with thy looſe princeſs. Thou cloſely yielding egreſs and regreſs to her, mad'ſt him heir, whoſe hot unquiet luſt ſtrait towz'd thy ſheets, and now would ſeize thy ſtate. Politician! wiſe man! death! to be led to the ſtake like a bull by the horns; to make even kindneſs cut a gentle throat. Life! why art thou nummed? thou foggy dullneſs! ſpeak. Lives not more faith in a home-thruſting tongue, than in theſe fencing tip-tap courtiers?

Enter Celſo with a hermit's gown and beard.

Celſ. Lord Malevole, if this be true!

Mal. If? come, ſhade thee with this diſguiſe. If? thou ſhalt handle it, he ſhall thank thee for killing thyſelf. Come, follow my directions, and thou ſhalt ſee ſtrange ſleights.

Pie. World, whither wilt thou?

Mal. Why to the devil: come, the morn grows late,
A ſteady quickneſs is the ſoul of ſtate. [*Exeunt.*

Act. IV.

Act. IV. Scen. I.

Enter Maquerelle knocking at the Lady's door.

Maq. MEdam, medam, are you ſtirring medam? if you be ſtirring medam, if I thought I ſhould diſturb ye——

Page. My lady is up, forſooth.

Maq. A pretty boy, faith; how old art thou?

Page. I think fourteen.

Maq. Nay, and ye be in the teens: are ye a gentleman born? do you know me? my name is medam Maquerelle, I lie in the old Cunny-court.

See here the ladies. [*Enter Beancha and Emilia.*

Bean. A fair day to ye, Maquerelle.

Emil. Is the dutcheſs up yet, centurel.

Maq. O ladies, the moſt abominable miſchance! O dear ladies, the moſt piteous diſaſter! Ferneze was taken laſt night in the dutcheſs' chamber: alas! the duke catch'd him and kill'd him.

Bean. Was he found in bed?

Maq. O, no; but the villainous certainty is, the door was not bolted, the tongue-tied hatch held his peace: ſo the naked truth is, he was found in his ſhirt, whilſt I, like an arrant beaſt, lay in the outward chamber, heard nothing; and yet they came by me in the dark, and yet I felt them not, like a ſenſeleſs creature as I was. O beauties, look to your buſk-points, if not chaſtly, yet charily: before the door be bolted. Is your lord gone to Florence?

Bean. Yes, Maquerelle.

Maq. I hope you'll find the diſcretion to purchaſe a freſh gowin for his return. Now, by my troth, beauties, I would ha' ye once wiſe: he loves ye: piſh! he is witty; bubble: fair proportioned, meaw: nobly born, wind. Let this be ſtill your fix'd poſition, eſteem me every man according to his good gifts, and ſo ye ſhall ever remain moſt dear, and moſt worthy to be moſt dear, ladies.

Emil. Is the duke return'd from hunting yet?

Maq. They ſay not yet.

Bean. 'Tis now in midſt of day.

Emil. How bears the dutcheſs with this blemiſh now?

Maq. Faith, boldly; ſtrongly defies defame, as one that has a duke to her father. And there's a note to you: beſure of a ſtout friend in a corner, that may always awe your huſband. Mark the 'haviour of the dutcheſs now: ſhe dares defame; cries, duke, do what thou can'ſt, I'll quit mine honour: nay, as one confirm'd in her own virtue againſt ten thouſand mouths that mutter her diſgrace, ſhe's preſently for dances. [*Enter Ferrardo.*

Bean. For dances!

Maq. Moſt true.

Emil. Moſt ſtrange! ſee, here's my ſervant, young Ferrardo. How many ſervants think'ſt thou I have, Maquerelle?

Maq. The more the merrier: 'twas well ſaid, uſe your ſervants as you do your ſmocks; have many, uſe one, and change often; for that's moſt ſweet and courtlike.

Ferr. Save ye, fair ladies: is the duke return'd?

Bean. Sweet ſir, no voice of him as yet in court.

Ferr. 'Tis very ſtrange!

Bean. And how like you my ſervant, Maquerelle?

Maq. I think he could hardly draw Ulyſſes' bow; but by my fidelity, were his noſe narrower, his eyes broader, his hands thinner, his lips thicker, his legs bigger, his feet leſſer, his hair blacker, and his teeth whiter, he were a tolerable ſweet youth, 'faith. And he will come to my chamber, I will read him the fortune of his beard.

[*Cornets ſound.*

Ferr. Not yet return'd I fear; but
The dutcheſs approacheth.

Act.

Actus IV. Scena 2.

Enter Mendoza supporting the dutcheſs, Guerino: the ladies that are on the ſtage riſe: Ferrardo uſhers in the dutcheſs, and then takes a lady to tread a meaſure.

Aur. WE will dance; muſick; we will dance.

Guer. Les quanto (ladie) *penſes bien, paſſa regio*, or *Beancha's* brawl.

Aur. We have forgot the brawl.

Ferr. So ſoon? 'tis wonder.

Guer. Why, 'tis but two ſingles on the left, two on the right, three doubles forward, a traverſe of ſix rounds: do this twice, three ſingles ſide, galliard trick of twenty, curranto pace; a figure of eight, three ſingles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honour.

Aur. O Dedalus! thy maze, I have quite forgot it.

Maq. Truſt me, ſo have I, ſaving the falling back, and then honour. [*Enter Prepaſſo.*

Aur. Muſick, muſick!

Prep. Who ſaw the duke? the duke? [*Enter Equato.*

Aur. Muſick!

Prep. The duke! is the duke return'd?

Aur. Muſick! [*Enter Celſo.*

Cel. The duke is quite inviſible, or elſe is not.

Aur. We are not pleaſed with your intruſion upon our private retirement: we are not pleaſed: you have forgot yourſelves. [*Enter a Page.*

Cel. Boy, thy maſter? where's the duke?

Page. Alas! I left him burying the earth with his ſpread joyleſs limbs: he told me he was heavy, would ſleep; bid me walk off, for that the ſtrength of fantaſy oft made him talk in his dreams. I ſtreight obey'd, nor ever ſaw him ſince: but whereſoe'er he is, he's ſad.

Aur. Muſick, ſound high, as is our heart; ſound high.

Act. IV. Scen. 3.

Enter Malevole, and Pietro disguised like an hermit.

Mal. THE duke? peace, the duke is dead.

Aur. Muſick!

Mal. Is't muſick?

Men. Give proof.

Ferr. How?

Cel. Where?

Prep. When?

Mal. Reſt in peace, as the duke does, quietly, ſir; for my own part, I beheld him but dead; that's all: marry, here's one can give you a more particular account of him.

Men. Speak, holy father, nor let any brow within this preſence fright thee from the truth: ſpeak confidently and freely.

Aur. We attend.

Pie. Now had the mounting ſun's all-ripening wings
Swept the cold ſweat of night from earth's dank breast,
When I (whom men call Hermit of the rock)
Forſook my cell, and clamber'd up a cliff,
Againſt whoſe baſe the heady Neptune daſh'd
His high-curl'd brows; there 'twas I eas'd my limbs:
When lo! my intrails melted with the moan
Some one, who far 'bove me was climb'd, did make—
I ſhall offend.

Men. Not.

Aur. On.

Pie. Methinks I hear him yet.——O female faith!
Go ſow the ingrateful ſand, and love a woman!
And do I live to be the ſcoff of men?
To be the wittall cuckold, even to hug my poiſon?
Thou knoweſt, O truth!
Sooner hard ſteel will melt with ſouthern winds;
A ſeaman's whiſtle calm the ocean;
A town on fire be extinct with tears,

Than

Than women vow'd to blushless impudence,
With sweet behaviour and soft minioning,
Will turn from that whose appetite is fix'd.
O powerful blood! how thou do'st slave their souls!
I wash'd an Ethiope, who, for recompence,
Sully'd my name: and must I then be forc'd
To walk, to live thus black? must! must! fye,
He that can bear with must, he cannot die.
With that he sigh'd so passionately deep,
That the dull air even groan'd: at last he cries,
Sink shame in seas, sink deep enough: so dies,
For then I view'd his body fall, and sowse
Into the foamy main. O then I saw
That which methinks I see; it was the duke,
Whom streight the nicer-stomach'd sea
Belch'd up: but then——

Mal. Then came I in; but, 'las! all was too late,
For even streight he sunk.

Pie. Such was the duke's sad fate.

Cel. A better fortune to our duke Mendozo.

Omnes. Mendozo! [*Cornets flourish.*

Enter a guard.

Men. A guard! a guard! We, full of hearty tears,
For our good father's loss
(For so we well may call him,
Who did beseech your loves for our succession)
Cannot so lightly over-jump his death,
As leave his woes revengeless. Woman of shame, [*To*
We banish thee for ever to the place, *Aurelia.*
From whence this good man comes;
Nor permit, on death, unto thy body any ornament,
But, base as was thy life, depart away.

Aur. Ungrateful!

Men. Away!

Aur. Villain, hear me.

[*Prospero and Guerino lead away the dutchess.*

Men. Begone. My lords, address to publick counsel,
'Tis most fit,
The train of fortune is borne up by wit.

LAST

Away, our preſence ſhall be ſudden: haſte.

[*All depart ſaving Mendozo, Malevole, and Pietro.*

Mal. Now, you egregious devil! ha, ye murdering politician! how do'ſt, duke? how do'ſt look now? brave duke, i'faith.

Men. How did you kill him?

Mal. Slatted his brains out, then ſows'd him in the briny ſea.

Men. Brain'd him and drown'd him too?

Mal. O 'twas beſt, ſure work:

For he that ſtrikes a great man, let him ſtrike home, or elſe ware, he'll prove no man: ſhoulder not a huge fellow, unleſs you may be ſure to lay him in the kennel.

Men. A moſt ſound brain-pan!
I'll make you both emperors.

Mal. Make us chriſtians, make us chriſtians,

Men. I'll hoiſt ye, ye ſhall mount.

Mal. To the gallows, ſay ye? Come, *præmium incertum petit certum ſcelus.* How ſtands the progreſs?

Men. Here, take my ring unto the citadel,
Have entrance to Maria, the grave dutcheſs
Of baniſh'd Altofront. Tell her, we love her:
Omit no circumſtance to grace our perſon; do't.

Mal. I'll make an excellent pander: Duke, farewell; 'dieu, adieu, duke. [*Exit Mal.*

Men. Take Maquerelle with thee; for 'tis found
None cuts a diamond but a diamond.
Hermit, thou art a man for me, my confeſſor:
O thou ſelected ſpirit; born for my good;
Sure thou would'ſt make an excellent elder in a deform'd church.
Come, we muſt be inward, thou and I all one.

Pie. I am glad I was ordain'd for ye.

Men. Go to then; thou muſt know that Malevole is a ſtrange villain: dangerous, very dangerous: you ſee how broad a ſpeaks, a groſs-jaw'd rogue, I would have thee poiſon him: he's like a corn upon my great toe, I cannot go for him: he muſt be cored out, he muſt. Wilt do't, ha?

Pie. Any thing, any thing.

Men.

Men. Heart of my life! thus then: to the citadel,
Thou ſhalt conſort with this Malevole,
There being at ſupper, poiſon him:
It ſhall be laid upon Maria, who yields love, or dies:
Skud quick, like light'ning.

Pie. Good deeds crawl, but miſchief flies. [*Exit Pietro.*

Enter Malevole.

Mal. Your devilſhip's ring has no virtue; the buff-captain, the ſallow weſtphalian, gamon-faced zaza, cries, Stand out, muſt have a ſtiffer warrant, or no paſs into the caſtle of comfort.

Men. Command our ſudden letter.---Not enter? ſhalt: what place is there in Genoa but thou ſhalt? into my heart, into my very heart: Come, let's love; we muſt love; we two, ſoul and body.

Mal. How did'ſt like the Hermit? a ſtrange Hermit, ſirrah.

Men. A dangerous fellow, very perilous: he muſt die.

Mal. Ay, he muſt die.

Men. Thou muſt kill him. We are wiſe; we muſt be wiſe.

Mal. And provident.

Men. Yea, provident: beware an hypocrite.
A church-man once corrupted, ah! avoid.
A fellow that makes Religion his ſtalking horſe,
He breeds a plague: thou ſhalt poiſon him.

Mal. How! 'tis wond'rous neceſſary: how?

Men. You both go jointly to the citadel,
There ſup, there poiſon him: and Maria,
Becauſe ſhe is our oppoſite, ſhall bear
The ſad ſuſpect, on which ſhe dies, or loves us.

Mal. I run. [*Exit Malevole.*

Men. We that are great, our ſole ſelf good ſtill moves us.
They ſhall die both, for their deſerts crave more
Than we can recompence; their preſence ſtill
Upbraids our fortunes with beholdingneſs,
Which we abhor; like deed, not doer: then conclude,
They live not, to cry out, ingratitude.

One ſtick burns t'other, ſteel cuts ſteel alone;
'Tis good truſt few, but O, 'tis beſt truſt none.
[*Exit Mendoza.*

Act. IV. Scen. 4.

Enter Malevole and Pietro ſtill diſguiſed, at ſeveral doors.

Mal. HOW do you? how do'ſt, duke?

Pie. O let the laſt day fall; drop, drop on our curſed heads;
Let heaven unclaſp itſelf, vomit forth flames!

Mal. O do not rant, do not turn player; there's more of them than can well live one by another already. What, art thou infidel ſtill?

Pie. I am amaz'd! ſtruck in a ſwoon with wonder! I am commanded to poiſon thee.

Mal. I am commanded to poiſon thee at ſupper.

Pie. At ſupper?

Mal. In the citadel.

Pie. In the citadel?

Mal. Croſs capers! tricks! truth, a heaven! he would diſcharge us as boys do elder-guns, one pellet to ſtrike out another: of what faith art now?

Pie. All is damnation! wickedneſs extream! there is no faith in man.

Mal. In none but uſurers and brokers; they deceive no man, men take 'em for blood-ſuckers, and ſo they are: now God deliver me from my friends.

Pie. Thy friends?

Mal. Yes, from my friends, for from mine enemies I'll deliver myſelf. O, cut-throat friendſhip is the rankeſt villainy. Mark this Mendoza! mark him for a villain! But heaven will ſend a plague upon him for a rogue.

Pie. O world!

Mal. World! 'tis the only region of death, the greateſt ſhop of the devil; the cruel'ſt priſon of men, out of

of the which none pass without paying their dearest breath for a fee: there's nothing perfect in it but extream calamity, such as comes yonder.

Act. IV. Scen. 5.

Enter Aurelia, two halberts before and two after, supported by Celso and Ferrardo; Aurelia in base mourning attire.

Aur. TO banishment! led on to banishment!

Pie. Lady, the blessedness of repentance to you,

Aur. Why? why? I can desire nothing but death, nor deserve any thing but hell.
If heaven should give sufficiency of grace
To clear my soul, it would make heaven graceless:
My sins would make the stock of mercy poor;
O they would tire heaven's goodness to reclaim them!
Judgment is just: yet, for that vast villain,
Be sure he shall not miss sad punishment
Fore he shall rule! On to my cell of shame.

Pie. My cell 'tis, lady; where, instead of masks,
Musick, tilts, tournies, and such court-like shews,
The hollow murmur of the checkless winds
Shall groan again, whilst the unquiet sea
Shakes the whole rock with foamy battery.
There ushorless the air comes in and out;
The rheumy vault will force your eyes to weep,
Whilst you behold true desolation.
A rocky barrenness shall pierce your eyes,
Where all at once one reaches where he stands,
With knows the roof, both walls with both his hands;
Aur. It is too good. Blessed spirit of my lord!
O in what orb so e'er thy soul is thron'd,
Behold me worthily most miserable!
O let the anguish of my contrite spirit
Intreate some reconciliation:

If not, O joy, triumph in my juſt grief,
Death is the end of woe, and tears relief.

Pie. Belike your lord not lov'd you, was unkind.

Aur. O heaven!
As the ſoul lov'd the body, ſo lov'd he:
'Twas death to him to part my preſence,
Heaven to ſee me pleaſed.
Yet I, like to a wretch given o'er to hell,
Brake all the ſacred rites of marriage,
To clip a baſe ungentle faithleſs villain.
O God! a very Pagan reprobate——
What ſhould I ſay? ungrateful, throws me out,
For whom I loſt ſoul, body, fame, and honour.
But 'tis moſt fit: Why ſhould a better fate
Attend on any, who forſakes chaſte ſheets;
Flies the embrace of a devoted heart,
Join'd by a ſolemn vow 'fore God and man,
To taſte the brackiſh blood of beaſtly luſt,
In an adulterous touch? O ravenous immodeſty!
Inſatiate impudence of appetite!
Look, here's your end, for mark what ſap in duſt,
What good in ſin, even ſo much love in luſt.
Joy to thy ghoſt, ſweet lord, pardon to me!

Cel. 'Tis the duke's pleaſure this night you reſt in court.

Aur. Soul lurk in ſhades, run ſhame from brightſome ſkies,
In night the blind man miſſeth not his eyes. [*Exit.*

Mal. Do not weep, kind cuckold; take comfort, man; thy betters have been Beccoes: Agamemnon, emperor of all the merry Greeks, that tickled all the true Trojans, was a Cornuto, Prince Arthur, that cut off twelve kings beards, was a Cornuto. Hercules, whoſe back bore up heaven, and got forty wenches with child in one night--

Pie. Nay, 'twas fifty.

Mal. Faith, forty's enow a-conſcience; yet was a Cornuto. Patience, miſchief grows proud; be wiſe.

Pie. Thou pincheſt too deep; art too keen upon me.

Mal. Tut, a pitiful ſurgeon makes a dangerous ſore. I'll tent thee to the ground. Thinkeſt I'll ſuſtain myſelf by

by flattering thee, becauſe thou art a prince? I had rather follow a drunkard, and live by licking up his vomit, than by ſervile flattery.

Pie. Yet great men ha' done't.

Mal. Great ſlaves fear better than love; born naturally for a coal baſket; tho' the common uſher to princes preſence, fortune, hath blindly given them better place. I am vowed to be thy affliction.

Pie. Pr'ythee be; I love much miſery, and be thou ſon to me. [*Enter Bilioſo.*

Mal. Becauſe you are an uſurping duke.——
Your lordſhip's well return'd from Florence. [*To Bilioſo.*

Bil. Well return'd, I praiſe my horſe.

Mal. What news from the Florentines?

Bil. I will conceal the great duke's pleaſure; only this was his charge: his pleaſure is, that his daughter die; duke Pietro be baniſhed for baniſhing his blood's diſhonour; and that duke Altofront be re-accepted. This is all; but I hear duke Pietro is dead.

Mal. Ay, and Mendozo is duke: what will you do?

Bil. Is Mendozo ſtrongeſt?

Mal. Yet he is.

Bil. Then yet I'll hold with him.

Mal. But if that Altofront ſhould turn ſtrait again?

Bil. Why then I would turn ſtrait again.
'Tis good run ſtill with him that has moſt might:
I had rather ſtand with wrong, than fall with right.

Mal. What religion will you be of now?

Bil. Of the duke's religion, when I know what it is.

Mal. O Hercules!

Bil. Hercules? Hercules was the ſon of Jupiter and Alcmena.

Mal. Your lordſhip is a very wit-all.

Bil. Witall?

Mal. Ay, all-wit.

Bil. Amphitrio was a cuckold.

Mal. Your lordſhip ſweats, your young lady will get you a cloth for your old worſhip's brows. [*Exit Bilioſo.*
Here's a fellow to be damned! This is his inviolable maxim, flatter the greateſt, and oppreſs the leaſt. A whore-

whoreſon fleſh-fly, that will ſtill knaw upon the leaſt gaul'd backs.

Pie. Why do'ſt thou ſalute him?

Mal. 'Faith, as bawds go to church, for faſhion ſake; come, be not confounded, thou art but in danger to loſe a dukedom. Think this; this earth is only the grave and golgotha wherein all things that live muſt rot: 'tis but the draught wherein the heavenly bodies diſcharge their corruption; the very muck-hill on which the ſublunary orbs caſt their excrements. Man is the ſlime of this dung-pit, and princes are the governors of theſe men: for, for our ſouls, they are as free as emperors, all of one piece; there goes but a pair of ſheers between an emperor and the ſon of a bag-piper; only the dying, dreſſing, preſſing, gloſſing makes the difference. Now, what art thou like to loſe?

A jailor's office, to keep men in bonds,
Whilſt toil and treaſon all life's good confounds.

Pie. I here renounce for ever regency; world's tricks abjure.
O Altofront, I wrong thee to ſupplant thy right:
To trip thy heels up with a deviliſh ſlight.
For which I now from off thy throne am thrown.
For vengeance though't comes ſlow, yet it comes ſure.
O I am chang'd! for here, fore the dread power,
In true contrition, I do dedicate
My breath to ſolitary holineſs,
My lips to prayer, and my breaſt's cave ſhall be,
Reſtoring Altofront to regency.

Mal. Thy vows are heard, and we accept thy faith.

[*Malevole undiſguiſeth himſelf.*

Enter Ferneze and Celſo.

Altofront, Ferneze, Celſo and Pietro.

Baniſh amazement: come, we four muſt ſtand full ſhock of fortune; be not ſo wonder-ſtricken.

Pie. Doth Ferneze live?

Fer. For your pardon.

Pie. Pardon and love; give leave to recollect
My thoughts, diſpers'd in wild aſtoniſhment:

My vows ſtand fix'd in heaven, and from hence
I crave all love and pardon.

Mal. Who doubts of providence,
That ſees this change? a hearty faith to all:
He needs muſt riſe, that can no lower fall.
For ſtill impetuous viciſſitude
Towſeth the world, then let no amaze intrude
Upon your ſpirits: wonder not I riſe;
For who can ſink, that cloſe can temporiſe?
The time grows ripe for action; I'll detect
My privat'ſt plot; leſt ignorance fear ſuſpect.
Let's cloſe to counſel, leave the reſt to fate,
Mature diſcretion is the life of ſtate. [*Exeunt.*

Act. V. Scen. I.

Enter Biliboſo and Paſſarello.

Bil. FOOL, how do'ſt thou like my calf in a long ſtocking?

Paſ. An excellent calf, my lord.

Bil. This calf hath been a reveller this twenty years. When monſieur Gundi lay here embaſſador, I could have carried a lady up and down at arm's end in a platter; and I can tell you, there were thoſe at that time, who, to try the ſtrength of a man's back and his arm, would be coſſer'd. I have meaſur'd calves with moſt of the palace, and they come nothing near me: beſides, I think there be not many armours in the arſenal will fit me, eſpecially for the head-piece. I'll tell thee——

Paſ. What, my lord?

Bil. I can eat ſtew'd broth as it comes ſeething off the fire; or a cuſtard, as it comes reeking out of the oven; and I think there are not many lords can do it. A good pomander, a little decay'd in the ſcent, but ſix grains of muſk, ground with roſe-water, and temper'd with a little violet, ſhall fetch her again preſently.

Paſ.

Paſ. O ay, as a bawd with *aqua vitæ*.

Bil. And what, doſt thou rail upon the ladies as thou wert wont?

Paſ. I were better roaſt a live cat, and might do it with more ſafety. I am as ſecret to ladies as their painting; there's Maquerelle oldeſt bawd, and a perpetual begger. Did you never know of her trick to be known in the city?

Bil. Never.

Paſ. Why ſhe gets all the picture-makers to draw her picture; when they have done, ſhe moſt courtly finds fault with them one after another, and never fetcheth them; they in revenge of this, execute her in pictures as they do in Germany, and hang her in their ſhops; by this means is ſhe better known to the ſtinkards, than if ſhe had been five times carted.

Bil. 'Fore God, an excellent policy.

Paſ. Are there any revels to-night, my lord?

Bil. Yes.

Paſ. Good my lord, give me leave to break a fellow's pate that hath abuſed me,

Bil. Whoſe pate?

Paſ. Young Ferrard, my lord.

Bil. Take heed, he's very valiant; I have known him fight eight quarrels in five days, believe it.

Paſ. O is he ſo great a quarreller? why then he's an arrant coward.

Bil. How prove you that?

Paſ. Why thus; He that quarrels ſeeks to fight; and he that ſeeks to fight, ſeeks to die; and he that ſeeks to die, ſeeks never to fight more; and he that will quarrel, and ſeeks means never to anſwer a man more, I think he's a coward.

Bil. Thou canſt prove any thing.

Paſ. Any thing but a rich knave, for I can flatter no man.

Bil. Well, be not drun, good fool; I ſhall ſee you anon in the preſence. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Malevole and Maquerelle, at ſeveral doors oppoſite, ſinging.

Mal. The Dutchman for a drunkard.

Maq. The Dane for golden locks.

Mal. The Iriſhman for uſquebaugh,

Maq. The Frenchman for the pox.

Mal. O thou art a bleſſed creature! had I a modeſt woman to conceal, I would put her to thy cuſtody, for no reaſonable creature would ever ſuſpect her to be in thy company; ha, thou art a melodious Maquerelle; thou picture of a woman, and ſubſtance of a beaſt.

Enter Paſſarello.

Maq. O fool, will ye be ready anon to go with me to the revels? the hall will be ſo peſter'd anon.

Paſ. Ay, as the country is with attornies.

Mal. What haſt thou there fool?

Paſ. Wine; I have learnt to drink ſince I went with my lord ambaſſador, I'll drink to the health of madam Maquerelle.

Mal. Why, thou waſt wont to rail upon her.

Paſ. Ay, but ſince I borrow'd money of her, I'll drink to her health now, as gentlemen viſit brokers; Or as knights ſend veniſon to the city; Either to take up more money, or to procure longer forbearance.

Mal. Give me the bowl; I drink a health to Altofront our depoſed duke.

Paſ. I'll take it ſo; now I'll begin a health to madam Maquerelle.

Mal. Pew, I will not pledge her.

Paſ. Why I pledg'd your lord.

Mal. I care not.

Paſ. Not pledge madam Maquerelle? why then will I ſpew up your lord again with this fool's finger.

Mal. Hold, I'll take it.

Maq. Now thou haſt drank my health, fool, I am friends with thee.

Paſ. Art? art?

When Griffon ſaw the reconciled queen
Offering about his neck her arms to caſt;

He

He threw off sword, and heart's malignant fever,
And her below the lovely loins embrac'd.

Adieu, madam Maquerelle. [*Exit Passarello.*

Mal. And how dost thou think o'this transformation of state now?

Maq. Verily very well; for we women always note, the falling of the one is the rising of the other; some must be fat, some must be lean, some must be fools, and some must be lords; some must be knaves, and some must be officers; some must be beggers, some must be knights; some must be cuckolds, and some must be citizens. As for example, I have two court-dogs, the most fawning curs, the one called Watch, the other Catch; now I, like lady Fortune, sometimes love this dog, sometimes raise that dog; sometimes favour Watch, most commonly fancy Catch; now that dog which I favour I feed, and he's so ravenous, that what I give he never chaws it, gulps it down whole, without any relish of what he has, but with a greedy expectation of what he shall have. The other dog now—

Mal. No more dog, sweet Maquerelle, no more dog. And what hope hast thou of the dutchess Maria, will she stoop to the duke's lure, will she coo think'st?

Maq. Let me see, where's the sign now? ha' ye e'er a calendar? where's the sign trow you?

Mal. Sign! why is there any moment in that?

Maq. O! believe me, a most secret power; look ye, a Chaldean or an Assyrian, I am sure 'twas a most sweet Jew, told me, court any woman in the right sign, you shall not miss. But you must take her in the right vein then; as when the sign is in Pisces, a fishmonger's wife is very sociable; in Cancer, a precisian's wife is very flexible; in Capricorn, a merchant's wife hardly holds out; in Libra, a lawyer's wife is very tractable, especially if her husband be at the term; only in Scorpio 'tis very dangerous meddling. Has the duke sent any jewel, any rich stones?

Enter Captain.

Mal. Ay, I think those are the best signs to take a lady in. By your favour, signior, I must discourse with

the

the lady Maria, Altofront's dutchess; I must enter for the duke.

Cap. She here shall give you interview: I received the guardship of this citadel from the good Altofront, and for his sake I'll keep it till I am of no use.

Mal. Wilt thou? O heavens, that a christian should be found in a buff-jerkin! captain Conscience, I love thee captain. [*Exit Captain.*

We attend, and what hope hast thou of this dutchess's easiness?

Mag. 'Twill go hard, she was a cold creature ever; she hated monkies, fools, jesters, and gentlemen-ushers extremely; she had the vile trick on't, not only to be truly modestly honourable in her own conscience, but she would avoid the least wanton carriage that might incur suspect. As God bless me, she had almost brought bed-pressing out of fashion; I could scarce get a fine for the lease of a lady's favour once in a fortnight.

Mal. Now in the name of immodesty, how many maidenheads hast thou brought to the block?

Mag. Let me see: Heaven forgive us our misdeeds! Here's the dutchess.

Act. V. Scen. 2.

Enter Maria and Captain.

Mal. GOD bless thee, lady.

Mar. Out of the company.

Mal. We have brought thee tender of a husband.

Mar. I hope I have one already.

Mag. Nay, by mine honour madam, as good hast never a husband, as a banish'd husband, he's in another world now. I'll tell ye lady, I have heard of a sect that maintained, when the husband was asleep, the wife might lawfully entertain another man; for then her husband was as dead, much more when he is banish'd.

Mar. Unkind creature!

Maq. Piſh, honeſty is but an art to ſeem ſo; pray ye what's honeſty? what's conſtancy? but fables feign'd, or old fools chat, deviſed by jealous fear, to wrong our liberty.

Mal. Molly, he that loves thee is a duke, Mendozo, he will maintain thee royally, love thee ardently, defend thee powerfully, marry thee ſumptuouſly, and keep thee in deſpite of Roſciclere, or Donzel del Phœbo; there's jewels, if thou wilt, ſo; if not, ſo.

Mar. Captain, for God's ſake, ſave poor wretchedneſs
From tyranny of luſtful inſolence:
Inforce me in the deepeſt dungeon dwell,
Rather than here, here round about is hell.
O my dear'ſt Altofront! where e're thou breathe,
Let my ſoul ſink into the ſhades beneath,
Before I ſtain thine honour! this thou haſt;
And long as I can die, I will live chaſte.

Mal. 'Gainſt him that can inforce, how vain is ſtrife?

Mar. She that can be enforc'd, has ne'er a knife.
She that through force her limbs with luſt enrols,
Wants Cleopatra's aſps and Portia's coals.
God amend you. [*Exit with Captain.*

Mal. Now the fear of the devil for ever go with thee! Marquerelle, I tell thee I have found an honeſt woman: faith, I perceive when all is done, there is of women as of all other things, ſome good, moſt bad; ſome ſaints, ſome ſinners; for as now-a-days, no courtier but has his miſtreſs, no captain but has his cockatrice, no cuckold but has his horns, and no fool but has his feather; even ſo, no woman but has her weakneſs and feather too, no ſex but has his: I can hunt the letter no farther. O God, how loathſome this toying is to me! that a duke ſhould be forc'd to fool it! well, *ſtultorum plena ſunt omnia*. Better play the fool lord, than be the fool lord! now, where's your ſlights madam Maquerelle?

Maq. Why, are ye ignorant that 'tis ſaid, a ſqueamiſh affected niceneſs is natural to women, and that the excuſe

cuſe of their yielding, is only (forſooth) the difficult obtaining. You muſt put her to't; women are flax, and will fire in a moment.

Mal. Why, was not the flax put into thy mouth, and yet thou not ſet fire, thou not inflame her?

Maq. Marry, but I'll tell ye now, you were too hot.

Mal. The fitter to have inflamed the flax, woman.

Maq. You were too boiſterous, ſpleeny, for indeed—

Mal. Go, go, thou art a weak pandreſs, now I ſee.

Sooner earth's fire heaven itſelf ſhall waſte,
Than all with heat can melt a mind that's chaſte.

Go thou, the duke's lime-twig, I'll make the duke turn thee out of thine office; what, not get one touch of hope, and had her at ſuch advantage?

Maq. Now o' my conſcience, now I think in my diſcretion we did not take her in the right ſign, the blood was not in the true vein, ſure! [*Exit.*

Enter Biliofo.

Bil. Make way there, the duke returns from the inthronement, Malevole.

Mal. Out, rogue!

Bil. Malevole.

Mal. Hence ye groſs-jaw'd, peaſantly—out, go.

Bil. Nay, ſweet Malevole, ſince my return, I hear you are become the thing I always propheſied would be, an advanced virtue, a worthily imployed faithfulneſs, a man of grace, dear friend.

Come; what? *Si quoties peccant homines.*—If as often as courtiers play the knaves, honeſt men ſhould be angry. Why look ye, we muſt collogue ſometimes, forſwear ſometimes.

Mal. Be damn'd ſometimes!

Bil. Right; *Nemo omnibus horis ſapit.* No man can be honeſt at all hours. Neceſſity often depraves virtue.

Mal. I will commend thee to the duke.

Bil. Do, let us be friends, man.

Mal. And knaves, man.

Bil. Right, let us proſper and purchaſe; our lordſhips ſhall live, and our knavery be forgotten.

Mal.

Mal. He that by any ways gets riches, his means never shames him.

Bil. True.

Mal. For impudence and faithlessness are the main keys to greatness.

Bil. By the lord, thou art a profound lad!

Mal. By the lord, thou art a perfect knave; out, ye antient damnation.

Bil. Peace, peace, and thou wilt not be a friend to me as I am a knave, be not a knave to me as I am thy friend, and disclose me. Peace, Cornets.

Act. V. Scen. 3.

Enter Prospero and Ferrardo, two pages with lights, Calfo and Equata, Mendoza in duke's robes, Biliofo and Guarrino. Exeunt all save Malevole and Mendoza.

Men. ON, on; leave us, leave us: stay, where is the hermit?

Mal. With duke Pietro, with duke Pietro.

Mend. Is he dead? is he poisoned?

Mal. Dead as the duke is.

Men. Good, excellent; he will not blab; secureness lives in secrecy. Come hither, come hither.

Mal. Thou hast a certain strong villainous scent about thee, my nature cannot endure.

Men. Scent, man? what returns Maria, what answer to our suit?

Mal. Cold, frosty; she is obstinate.

Mend. Then she't but dead; 'tis resolute, she dies.

Black deed only through black deed safely flies.

Mal. Pew, *per scelera semper sceleribus tutum est iter.*

Men. What, art a scholar? art a politician? sure thou art an errand knave.

Mal. Who I? I have been twice an under-sheriff, man.

Well

death, I will go rail upon some great man, that I may purchase the baſtinado, or elſe go marry ſome rich Genoan lady, and inſtantly go travel.

Men. Travel, when thou art married?

Mal. Ay, 'tis your young lord's faſhion to do ſo, tho' he was ſo lazy, being a batchelor, that he would never travel ſo far as the univerſity; yet when he married her, tales off, and Catſoe for England.

Mend. And why for England?

Mal. Becauſe there is no brothel-houſes there.

Men. Nor courtezans?

Mal. Neither; your whore went down with the ſtews, and your punk came up with the puritan.

Men. Canſt thou impoiſon? canſt thou impoiſon?

Mal. Excellently; no Jew, 'potheeary, or politician better. Look ye, here's a box: whom would'ſt thou impoiſon? Here's a box, which when opened, and the fume taken up in the conduits thro' which the brain purges itſelf, doth inſtantly for twelve hours ſpace bind up all ſhew of life in a deep ſenſeleſs ſleep: here's another, which being opened under the ſleeper's noſe, choaks all the powers of life, kills him ſuddenly.

[*Enter Cel.*

Men. I'll try experiments, 'tis good not to be deceived: ſo, ſo, cazzo.

[*Seems to poiſon Malevole.*

Who would fear that may deſtroy? death hath no teeth, or tongue;
And he that's great, to him are ſlaves,
Shame, murder, fame and wrong—— Celſo?

Cel. My honoured lord!

Men. The good Malevole, that plain-tongued man, alas, is dead on ſudden! wond'rous ſtrangely! He held in our eſteem good place. Celſo, ſee him buried, ſee him buried.

Cel. I ſhall obſerve ye.

Men. And, Celſo, pr'ythee let it be thy care to night
To have ſome pretty ſhew, to ſolemnize
Our high inſtallment; ſome muſick, maſkery.

Our

We'll give fair entertain unto Maria,
The dutchess to the banish'd Altofront:
Thou shalt conduct her from the citadel
Unto the palace; think on some maskery.

Cel. Of what shape, sweet lord?

Men. What shape? why any quick-done fiction,
As some brave spirits of the Genoan dukes,
To come out of Elysium forsooth,
Led in by Mercury, to gratulate
Our happy fortune, some such thing, some far-fetch'd
good for ladies; some stale toy or other, no matter so't
be of our devising.
Do thou prepare't, 'tis but for a fashion sake,
Fear not; it shall be grac'd, man, it shall take.

Cel. All service.

Men. All thanks, our hand shall not be close to thee,
farewell.
Now is my treachery secure, nor can we fall;
Mischief that prospers, men do virtue call.
I'll trust to no man, he that by tricks gets wreathes,
Keeps them with steel; no man securely breathes
Out of deserved rank: The crowd will mutter, fool:
Who cannot bear with spite, he cannot rule.
The chiefest secret for a man of state,
Is, to live senseless of a strengthless hate.

[*Exit Men.*

Mal. Death of the damn'd thief! [*Starts up and speaks.*] I'll make one of the mask, thou shalt ha'e some Brave spirits of the antique dukes.

Cel. My lord, what strange delusion?

Mal. Most happy, dear Celso, poison'd with an empty box: I'll give thee all anon: my lady comes to court, there is a whirl of fate comes tumbling on; the castle's captain stands for me, the people pray for me, the great leader of the just stands for me: then courage, Celso.
For no disastrous chance can ever move him,
That leaveth nothing but a God above him.

Enter

Enter Prepaſſo and Bilioſo, two Pages before them, Maquer. Beaucha and Emilia.

Bean. Make room there, room for the ladies: why, gentlemen, will not ye ſuffer the ladies to be entered in the great chamber? why, gallants? and you, ſir, to drop your torch where the beauties muſt ſit too.

Pre. And there's a great fellow plays the knave, why do'ſt not ſtrike him?

Bil. Let him play the knave a God's name, think'ſt thou, I have no more wit than to ſtrike a great fellow? the muſick! more lights! revelling! ſcaffolds! do you hear? let there be oaths enough ready at the door, ſwear out the devil himſelf. Let's leave the ladies, and go ſee if the lords be ready for them. [*All ſave the ladies depart.*

Maq. And by my troth, beauties, why do you not put you into the faſhion? this is a ſtale cut, you muſt come in faſhion: look ye, you muſt be all felt, felt and feather, a felt upon your bare hair: look ye, theſe tiring things are juſtly out of requeſt now: and, do you hear? you muſt wear falling bands, you muſt come into the falling faſhion: there is ſuch a deal a pinning theſe ruffs, when the fine clean fall is worth all: and again, if you ſhould chance to take a nap in the afternoon, your falling band requires no poking ſtick to recover its form: believe me, no faſhion to the falling, I ſay.

Bean. And is not ſignior St. Andrew a gallant fellow now?

Maq. By my maidenhead, la, honour and he agrees as well together, as a ſattin ſuit and woollen ſtockings.

Emil. But is not marſhal Make-room, my ſervant in reverſion, a proper gentleman?

Maq. Yes, in reverſion, as he had his office; as in truth he hath all things in reverſion: he has his miſtreſs in reverſion, his cloaths in reverſion, his wit in reverſion; and indeed he is a ſuitor to me for my dog in reverſion: but in good verity la, he is as proper a gentleman in reverſion as——and indeed as fine a man as may be, having a red beard, and a pair of warpt legs.

Bean. But I, faith I am moſt monſtrouſly in love with count Quidlibet in quodlibet; is he not a pretty, dapper, unidle gallant?

Maq. He is even one of the moſt buſy-finger'd lords, he will put the beauties to the ſqueak moſt hideouſly.

Bil. Room! make a lane there! the duke is entering: ſtand handſomely, for beauty's ſake, take up the ladies there. So, cornets! cornets!

Act. V. Scen. 4.

Enter Prepaſſo, joins to Biliofo, two pages and lights. Ferrardo, Mendozo, at the other door two pages with lights, and the Captain leading in Maria; the Duke meets Maria, and cloſeth with her, the reſt fall back.

Men. MAdam, with gentle ear receive my ſuit;
A kingdom's ſafety ſhould o'erpoiſe ſlight rites;
Marriage is merely nature's policy:
Then, ſince unleſs our royal beds be join'd,
Danger and civil tumults fright the ſtate,
Be wife as you are fair, give way to fate.

Mar. What would'ſt thou, thou affliction to our houſe?
Thou ever devil, 'twas thou that baniſhed'ſt
My truly noble lord.

Men. I?

Mar. Ay, by thy plots, by thy black ſtratagems,
Twelve moons have ſuffer'd change ſince I beheld
The loved preſence of my deareſt lord.
O thou, far worſe than death! he parts but ſoul
From a weak body; but thou, ſoul from ſoul
Diſſever'ſt, that which God's own hand did knit.
Thou ſcant of honour, full of deviliſh wit.

Men. We'll check your too intemperate laviſhneſs.
I can, and will.

Mar.

Mar. What canſt?
Men. Go to in baniſhment thy huſband dies.
Mar. *He ever is at home that's ever wife.*
Men. You muſt never meet more, reaſon ſhould love controul.
Mar. Not meet?
She that dear loves, her love's ſtill in her ſoul.
Men. You are but a woman, lady, you muſt yield.
Mar. O ſave me, thou innated baſhfulneſs,
Thou only ornament of woman's modeſty.
Men. Modeſty? death, I'll torment thee.
Mar. Do, urge all torments, all afflictions try,
I'll die my lord's, as long as I can die.
Men. Thou obſtinate, thou ſhalt die. Captain, that lady's life is fortified to juſtice; we have examined her,
And we do find, ſhe hath impoiſon'd
The reverend hermit; therefore we command
Severeſt cuſtody. Nay, if you'll do's no good,
You'ſt do's no harm; a tyrant's peace is blood.
Mar. O thou art merciful! O gracious devil!
Rather by much let me condemned be
For ſeeming murder, than be damn'd for thee.
I'll mourn no more; come, girt my brows with flow'rs,
Revel and dance; ſoul, now thy wiſh thou haſt,
Die like a bird, poor heart, thou ſhalt die chaſte.

Enter Aurelia in mourning habit.

Aur. *Life is a froſt of cold felicity,*
And death the thaw of all our vanity.
Was't not an honeſt prieſt that wrote ſo?
Men. Who let her in?
Bil. Forbear.
Pre. Forbear.
Aur. *Alas! calamity, is every where.*
Sad miſery, deſpight your double doors,
Will enter even in court.
Bil. Peace.
Aur. I ha' done; one word; take heed; I ha' done.

Enter Mercury with loud muſick.

Mer. Cillenian Mercury, the god of ghoſts,
From gloomy ſhades that ſpread the lower coaſts,

Calls four high-famed Genoan dukes to come,
And make this presence their Elysium.
To pass away this high triumphal night,
With songs and dances, courts more soft delight.

Aur. Are you god of ghosts? I have a suit depending in hell betwixt me and my conscience; I would fain have thee help me to an advocate.

Bil. Mercury shall be your lawyer, lady.

Aur. Nay faith, Mercury has too good a face, to be a right lawyer.

Pre. Peace, forbear: Mercury presents the mask.

Cornets: The song to the cornets, which playing, the mask enters. Malevole, Pietro, Ferneze, and Celso, in white robes, with dukes crowns upon laurel wreathes; pistolets and short swords under their robes.

Men. Celso, Celso, count Maria for our love; lady, be gracious, yet grace.

Mar. With me, sir? [*Malevole takes his wife to dance.*

Mal. Yes, more loved than my breath;
With you I'll dance.

Mar. Why then you dance with death.
But come, sir, I was ne'er more apt to mirth.
Death gives eternity a glorious breath:
O, to die honour'd, who would fear to die?

Mal. *They die in fear who live in villainy.*

Men. Yes, believe him, lady, and be rul'd by him.

Piet. Madam, with me. [*Pietro takes his wife*

Aur. Would'st then be miserable? *Aurelia to dance.*

Piet. I need not wish.

Aur. O yet forbear my hand! away! fly! fly!
O seek not her, that only seeks to die!

Piet. Poor loved soul!

Aur. What, would'st court misery?

Piet. Yes.

Aur. She'll come too soon; O my grieved heart!

Piet. Lady, ha' done, ha' done.
Come, let's dance, be once from sorrow free.

Aur. Art a sad man?

Piet.

Piet. Yes, sweet.

Aur. Then we'll agree,

[*Ferneze takes Maquerelle, and Celso Beaucha: they the cornets sounds the measure, one change and rest.*

Fer. Believe it, lady, shall I swear, let me enjoy you in private, and I'll marry you, by my soul. [*To Bean.*

Bean. I had rather you would swear by your body: I think that would prove the more regarded oath with you.

Fer. I'll swear by them both to please you.

Bean. O! damn them not both to please me, for God's sake.

Fer. Faith, sweet creature, let me enjoy you to-night, and I'll marry you to-morrow fortnight, by my troth, la.

Maq. On his troth, la! believe him not; that kind of cunnicatching is as stale as sir Oliver Anchove's perfum'd jerkin: promise of matrimony by a young gallant, to bring a virgin lady into a fool's paradise, make her a great woman, and then cast her off: 'tis as common and natural to a courtier, as jealousy to a citizen, gluttony to a puritan, wisdom to an alderman, pride to a taylor, or an empty handbasket to one of these sixpeny damnations: of his troth, la! believe him not; traps to catch polecats.

Mal. Keep your face constant, let no sudden passion speak in your eyes. [*To Maria.*

Mar. O my Altofront!

Pie. A tyrant's jealousies
Are very nimble; you conceive it all.

Aur. My heart, tho' not my knees, doth humbly fall,
Low as the earth to thee. [*To Pietro.*

Pie. Peace, next change, no words.

Mar. Speak to such, ay; O what will affords!

Cornets sound the measure over-again; which danced they unmask.

Men. Malevole! [*They environ Mendoza, bending their pistols on him.*

Mal. No.

Men. Altofront! duke Pietro! Ferneze! hah!

All. Duke Altofront! duke Altofront!

[*Cornets a flourish.*

Men. Are we ſurpriz'd? what ſtrange deluſions mock
Our ſenſes! do I dream? or have I dreamt [*They ſeize*
This two days ſpace! where am I? *upon Mendoza.*

Mal. Where an arch villain is.

Men. O lend me breath till I am fit to die.
For peace with heaven, for your own ſoul's ſake,
Vouchſafe me life.

Pie. Ignoble villain! whom neither heaven nor hell,
Goodneſs of God, or man, could once make good.

Mal. Baſe, treacherous wretch! what grace can'ſt thou expect,
That haſt grown impudent in graceleſſneſs?

Men. O life!

Mal. Slave, take thy life.
Wert thou defenced thro' blood and wounds,
The ſterneſt horror of a civil fight,
Would I atchieve thee; but proſtrate at my feet
I ſcorn to hurt thee: 'tis the heart of ſlaves
That deigns to triumph over peaſants graves.
For ſuch thou art, ſince birth doth ne'er inroll
A man 'mong monarchs, but a glorious ſoul.
O I have ſeen ſtrange accidents of ſtate,
The flatterer like the ivy clip the oak,
And waſte it to the heart: luſt ſo confirmed,
That the black act of ſin itſelf not ſham'd
To be term'd courtſhip.
O they that are as great as be their ſins,
Let them remember, that th' inconſtant people
Love many men meerly for their faces,
And outward ſhews; and they do covet more
To have a ſight of theſe than of their virtues.
Yet thus much let the great ones ſtill conceal,
When they obſerve not heavens impoſed conditions,
They are no men, but forfeit their commiſſions.

Muq. O good my lord, I have liv'd in the court this twenty year, they that have been old courtiers, and come to live in the city, they are ſpighted at, and thruſt to the walls like apricocks, good my lord.

Bil.

Bil. My lord, I did know your lordſhip in this diſguiſe; you heard me ever ſay, if Altofront did return, I would ſtand for him: beſides, 'twas your lordſhip's pleaſure to call me wittal and cuckold; you muſt not think, but that I knew you, I would have put it up ſo patiently.

Mal. You over-joy'd ſpirits, wipe your long wet eyes. [*To Pietro and Aurelia.*
Hence with this man; [*Kicks out Mend.*] an eagle takes, not flies.
You to your vows: [*To Pietro and Aurelia.*] and thou unto the ſuburbs: [*To Maq.*
You to my worſt friend I would hardly give; *To Bil.*
Thou art a perfect old knave; all pleaſed live.
You two unto my breaſt: [*To Celſo and the Captain.*
thou to my heart, [*To Maria.*
The reſt of idle actors idly part;
And as for me, I here aſſume my right,
With which I hope all's pleas'd: to all goodnight.
[*Cornets flouriſh. Exeunt omnes.*

An imperfect ODE, being but one Stave, Spoken by the PROLOGUE.

TO wreſt each hurtleſs thought to private ſenſe,
Is the foul uſe of ill bred impudence:
Immodeſt cenſure now grows wild,
All over-running.
Let innocence be ne'er ſo chaſte,
Yet at the laſt
She is defil'd
With too nice-brained cunning;
O you of fairer ſoul,
Controul
With an Herculean *arm*
This harm:
And once teach all old freedom of a pen,
Which ſtill muſt write of fools, whilſt writes of men.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE.

YOur modeſt ſilence, full of heedy ſtillneſs,
Makes me thus ſpeak: A voluntary illneſs
Is meerly ſenſeleſs, but unwilling error,
Such as proceeds from too raſh youthful fervour,
May well be call'd a fau't, but not a ſin,
Rivers take names from founts where they begin.
Then let not too ſevere an eye peruſe,
The ſlighter brakes of our reformed muſe;
Who could herſelf, herſelf of faults detect,
But that ſhe knows 'tis eaſy to correct,
Tho' ſome men's labour: troth to err is fit,
As long as wiſdom's not profeſs'd, but wit.
Then till another's happier muſe appears,
Till his Thalia *feaſt your learned ears,*
To whoſe deſertful lamps pleas'd fates impart
Art above nature, judgment above art,
Receive this piece which hope, nor fear yet daunteth;
He that knows moſt, knows moſt how much he wanteth.

A

WOMAN

Kill'd with

KINDNESS.

A

TRAGEDY.

BY

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

THOMAS HEYWOOD *liv'd in the Reigns of Queen* Elizabeth *and King* James *the First, was an Actor, and the moſt voluminous Dramatick Writer we have, if we may believe his own Teſtimony, in the Preface to his* Engliſh Traveller, *which he ſays was one, reſerv'd amongſt* 220, *in which he had either an entire Hand, or at leaſt a main Finger. But of theſe we have only* 25 *Plays left, ſome Reaſons for which he gives in the ſaid Preface,* viz. *That many of them by ſhifting and Change of Companies were loſt, others remain'd in the Hands of ſome Actors, who thought it againſt their particular Profit to have them come in Print; and, thirdly, That it was never his Ambition to be voluminouſly read. And in his Preface to the* Rape of *Lucrece he gives us another Reaſon, which is, that he uſed to ſell his Copies to the Players, and therefore ſuppoſed he had no Right to print them without their Conſent. One may gueſs from hence, they had not then found out the method of paying an Author, by giving him his third Nights; but that the Cuſtom was to pay him a certain Sum for the Piece. The Plays of our Author that are come down to us, are as follows:* The Golden Age, The Silver Age, The Brazen Age, *and* The Iron Age, *in two Parts;* The Life of the Dutcheſs of *Suffolk*, *Edward* the fourth, Four 'Prentices of *London*, If you know not me, you know nobody, *or the* Troubles of Queen *Elizabeth*, *in two Parts*, The Downfall and Death of *Robert* Earl of *Huntington*, otherwiſe call'd *Robin Hood* of *Merryſhire-Wood*, *in two Parts*: *All theſe he calls Hiſtories.* The fair Maid of the *Exchange*, *Lancaſhire* Witches, A Maidenhead well loſt, The wife

Woman

Woman of *Hogſden*; *Comedies*. The Rape of *Lucrece*, *a Tragedy*. A Challenge for Beauty. The *Engliſh* Traveller. The Fair Maid of the Weſt, *two Parts*. Fortune by Land and Sea, Royal King *and* Loyal Subject: *Tragi-Comedies*. *And* Love's Miſtreſs, *or the* Queen's Maſk. *He alſo wrote an* Apology for Actors, *printed in* 1612. The Hierarchy of the Angels, *a Poem*, in 1635. The Life and Troubles of Queen *Elizabeth* from her Cradle to her Crown, *in* 1631. The Lives and Acts of nine Women Worthies, three *Jews*, three *Gentiles*, and three Chriſtians, *in* 1640; *and* a General Hiſtory of Women, the moſt holy and propfane, the moſt famous and infamous, *in* all Ages, in 1657.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

SIR Francis Aſton.
Sir Charles Mountford.
Mr. Frankford.
Mr. Malby.
Mr. Wendoll.
Mr. Cranwel.
Roger Brickbat.
Jack Slime.
Nicholas.
Jenkin.
Sheriff with Officers.
A Butler.
Roger?
Tydy.
Shafton.
Spigot, Muſicians, Falconer, Huntſman, Serjeant, Keeper, Coachman, Cantors, Servants, &c.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Frankford.
Miſtreſs Anne.
Suſan.
Siſly.

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

I Come but as a harbinger, being ſent
To tell you what theſe preparations mean;
Look for no glorious ſtate, our muſe is bent
Upon a barren ſubject, a bare ſcene.
We could afford this twig a timber tree,
Whoſe ſtrength might boldly on your favours build;
Our ruſſet, tiſſue; drone, a honey-bee;
Our barren plot, a large and ſpacious field;
Our coarſe fare, banquets; our thin water, wine;
Our brook, a ſea; our bat's eyes, eagles ſight;
Our Poet's dull and earthy muſe, divine;
Our ravens doves; our crow's black feathers, white;
But gentle thoughts when they may give the foil,
Save them that yield, and ſpare where they may ſpoil.

A

WOMAN

Kill'd with

KINDNESS.

Enter mr. John Frankford, miſtreſs Anne, ſir Francis Acton, ſir Charles Mountford, maſter Malby, Maſter Wendoll, and mr. Cranwell.

Fran. SOME muſick there: none lead the bride a dance?

Char. Yes, would ſhe dance the ſhaking of the ſheets: But that's the dance her huſband means to lead her.

Wen. That's not the dance that every man muſt dance, according to the ballad.

Fran. Muſick ho:
By your leave, ſiſter; by your husband's leave

I ſhould have ſaid: the hand that but this day
Was given you in the church I'll borrow: ſound;
This marriage muſick hoiſts me from the ground.
Frank. Ay, you may caper, you are light and free;
Marriage hath yoak'd my heels, pray pardon me.
Fran. I'll have you dance too, brother.
Char. Maſter Frankford,
Y'are a happy man, ſir; and much joy
Succeed your marriage mirth; you have a wife
So qualified, and with ſuch ornaments
Both of the mind and body. Firſt, her birth
Is noble, and her education ſuch
As might become the daughter of a prince:
Her own tongue ſpeaks all tongues, and her own hand
Can teach all ſtrings to ſpeak in their beſt grace,
From the ſhrill'ſt treble to the hoarſeſt baſs.
To end her many praiſes in one word,
She's beauty and perfection's eldeſt daughter,
Only found by yours, though many a heart hath ſought her.
Frank. But that I know your virtues and chaſte thoughts,
I ſhould be jealous of your praiſe, ſir Charles.
Cran. He ſpeaks no more than you approve.
Mal. Nor flatters he that gives to her her due.
Ann. I would your praiſe could find a fitter theme
Than my imperfect beauties to ſpeak on;
Such as they be, if they my huſband pleaſe,
They ſuffice me now I am married:
His ſweet content is like a flatt'ring glaſs,
To make my face ſeem fairer to mine eye:
But the leaſt wrinkle from his ſtormy brow,
Will blaſt the roſes in my cheeks that grow.
Fran. A perfect wife already, meek and patient;
How ſtrangely the word huſband fits your mouth,
Not married three hours ſince! Siſter, 'tis good;
You that begin betimes thus, muſt needs prove
Pliant and duteous in your huſband's love.
Gramercies brother, wrought her to't already:
Sweet husband, and a curt'ſy the firſt day!

Mark this, mark this, you that are batchelors,
And never took the grace of honeſt man,
Mark this againſt you marry, this one phraſe;
In a good time that man both wins and woes,
That takes his wife down in her wedding ſhoes.

Frank. Your ſiſter takes not after you, ſir Francis,
All his wild blood your father ſpent on you:
He got her in his age, when he grew civil;
All his mad tricks were to his land intail'd,
And you are heir to all: your ſiſter, ſhe
Hath to her dower her mother's modeſty.

Char. Lord, ſir, in what a happy ſtate live you!
This morning, which (to many) ſeems a burden too
Heavy to bear, is unto you a pleaſure.
This lady is no clog, as many are;
She doth become you like a well-made ſuit,
In which the taylor hath us'd all his art:
Not like a thick coat of unſeaſon'd freeze,
Porc'd on your back in ſummer. She's no chain
To tie your neck, and curb ye to the yoak;
But ſhe's a chain of gold to adorn your neck.
You both adorn each other, and your hands
Methinks are matches; there's equality
In this fair combination; y'are both ſcholars,
Both young, both being deſcended nobly.
There's muſick in this ſympathy, it carries
Conſort, and expectation of much joy,
Which God beſtow on you, from this firſt day
Until your diſſolution, that's for aye.

Fran. We keep you here too long, good brother Frankford.
Into the hall; away; go chear your gueſts.
What, bride and bridegroom both withdrawn at once?
If you be miſs'd, the gueſts will doubt their welcome,
And charge you with unkindneſs.

Frank. To prevent it,
I'll leave you here, to ſee the dance within.

Ann. And ſo will I. [*Exit.*

Fran. To part you it were ſin.
Now gallants, while the town-muſicians

Finger

Finger their ſtets within; and the mad lads
And country-laſſes, every mother's child,
With noſegays and bridelaces in their hats,
Dance all their country meaſures, rounds, and jigs,
What ſhall we do? Hark, they're all on the hoigh,
They toil like mill-horſes, and turn as round,
Marry on the toe. Ay, and they caper,
But not without cutting; you ſhall ſee to-morrow
The hall-floor peck'd and dinted like a mill-ſtone,
Made with their high ſhoes; though their ſkill be ſmall,
Yet they tread heavy where their hob-nails fall.

Char. Well, leave them to their ſports: Sir Francis Acton,
I'll make a match with you; meet to-morrow
At Chevy-chaſe, I'll fly my hawk with yours.

Fran. For what? for what?

Char. Why for a hundred pound.

Fran. Pawn me ſome gold of that.

Char. Here are ten angels;
I'll make them good a hundred pound to-morrow
Upon my hawk's wing.

Fran. 'Tis a match, 'tis done:
Another hundred pound upon your dogs,
Dare ye ſir Charles?

Char. I dare: were I ſure to loſe,
I durſt do more than that: here's my hand,
The firſt courſe for a hundred pound.

Fran. A match.

Wen. Ten angels on ſir Francis Acton's hawk;
As much upon his dogs.

Cran. I am for ſir Charles Mountford, I have ſeen
His hawk and dog both tried: what, clap ye hands?
Or is't no bargain?

Wen. Yes, and ſtake them down:
Were they five hundred, they were all my own.

Fran. Be ſtirring early with the lark to-morrow,
I'll riſe into my ſaddle e'er the ſun
Riſe from his bed.

Char. If there you miſs me, ſay
I am no gentleman: I'll hold my day.

Fran.

Fran. It holds on all ſides; come, to-night let's dance,
Early to-morrow let's prepare to ride,
We had need be three hours up before the bride. [*Exit.*

Enter Nick and Jenkin, Jack Slime, Roger Brickbat, with country wenches, and two or three muſicians.

Jenk. Come, Nick, take you Jone Miniver to trace withal: Jack Slime traverſe you with Siſly Milk-pail, I will take Jane Trubkin, and Roger Brickbat ſhall have Iſabel Motley; and now that they are buſy in the parlour, come ſtrike up, we'll have a craſh here in the yard.

Nick. My humour is not compendious; dancing I profeſs not, tho' I can foot it; yet ſince I am fallen into the hands of Siſly Milk-pail, I conſent.

Jack. Truly Nick, tho' we were never brought up like ſerving courtiers, yet we have been brought up with ſerving creatures, ay, and God's creatures too; for we have been brought up to ſerve ſheep, oxen, horſes, hogs, and ſuch like; and tho' we be but country fellows, it may be in the way of dancing we can do the horſe-trick as well as the ſerving-men.

Rog. Ay, and the croſs-point too.

Jen. O Slime, O Brickbat, do not you know that compariſons are odious? now we are odious ourſelves too, therefore there are no compariſons to be made betwixt us.

Nic. I am ſudden, and not ſuperfluous;
I am quarrelſome, and not ſeditious;
I am peaceable, and not contentious;
I am brief, and not compendious.

Slim. Foot it quickly; if the muſick overcome not my melancholy I ſhall quarrel; and if they do not ſuddenly ſtrike up, I ſhall preſently ſtrike them down.

Jenk. No quarrelling, for God's ſake; truly if you do, I ſhall ſet a knave between ye.

Slim. I come to dance, not to quarrel; come, what ſhall it be? Rogero?

Jen. Rogero, no; we will dance the beginning of the world.

Siſly,

Siſſ. I love no dance ſo well, as John come kiſs me now.

Nic. I have e'er now deſerv'd a cuſhion, call for the cuſhion-dance.

Roger. For my part I like nothing ſo well as Tom Tyler.

Jen. No; we'll have the hunting of the fox.

Slime. The hay, the hay; there's nothing like the hay.

Nic. I have ſaid, do ſay, and will ſay again.

Jen. Every man agree to have it as Nick ſays.

All. Content.

Nic. It hath been, it now is, and it ſhall be.

Siſſ. What? mr. Nicholas, what?

Nic. Put on your ſmock a Monday.

Jen. So the dance will come cleanly off: come, for God's ſake agree of ſomething; if you like not that, put it to the muſicians, or let me ſpeak for all, and we'll have Sellenger's round.

All. That, that, that.

Nic. No, I am reſolv'd thus it ſhall be;
Firſt take hands, then take ye to your heels.

Jen. Why, would ye have us run away?

Nic. No; but I would have you ſhake your heels.
Muſick ſtrike up.

They dance. Nick dancing ſpeaks ſtately and ſcurvily, the reſt after the country faſhion.

Jen. Hey; lively, my laſſes; here's a turn for thee. [*Exit.*

Wind horns. Enter ſir Charles, ſir Francis, Mally, Cranwell, Wendoll, Falconer, and Huntſmen.

Char. So; well caſt off: aloft, aloft; well flown.
O now ſhe takes her at the ſowſe, and ſtrikes her down
To th'earth, like a ſwift thunder-clap.

Wend. She hath ſtruck ten angels out of my way.

Fran. A hundred pound from me.

Char. What falc'ner?

Fauk. At hand, ſir.

Char.

Char. Now ſhe hath ſeiz'd the fowl, and 'gins to plume her, rebeck her not; rather ſtand ſtill and check her.

So, ſeize her gets, her jeſſes, and her bells:
Away.

Fran. My hawk kill'd too!

Char. Ay, but 'twas at the querre,
Not at the mount, like mine.

Fran. Judgment, my maſters.

Cran. Yours miſs'd her at the ferre.

Wind. Ay, but our Merlin firſt had plum'd the fowl,
And twice renew'd her from the river too;
Her bells, ſir Francis, had not both one weight,
Nor was one ſemi-tune above the other:
Methinks theſe Milain bells do ſound too full,
And ſpoil the mounting of your hawk.

Char. 'Tis loſt.

Fran. I grant it not. Mine likewiſe ſeiz'd a fowl
Within her talons; and you ſaw her paws
Full of the feathers: both her petty ſingles,
And her long ſingles grip'd her more than other;
The terrials of her legs were ſtain'd with blood:
Not of the fowl only, ſhe did diſcomfit
Some of her feathers, but ſhe brake away.
Come, come, your hawk is but a rifler.

Char. How!

Fran. Ay, and your dogs are trindle-trails and curs.

Char. You ſtir my blood.
You keep not one good hound in all your kennel,
Nor one good hawk upon your perch.

Fran. How, knight?

Char. So, knight: you will not ſwagger, ſir.

Fran. Why, ſay I did?

Char. Why, ſir, I ſay you would gain as much by Swagg'ring, as you have got by wagers on your dogs, You will come ſhort in all things.

Fran. Not in this; now I'll ſtrike home.

Char. Thou ſhalt to thy long home, or I will want my will.

Fran. All they that love ſir Francis, follow me.

Char. All that affect ſir Charles draw on my part.
Cran. On this ſide heaves my hand.
Wind. Here goes my heart.

[*They divide themſelves. Sir Charles, Cranwell, Falconer and Huntſman fight againſt ſir Francis, Wendoll, his Falconer and Huntſman, and ſir Charles hath the better, and beats them away, killing both of ſir Francis his men.*

Char. My God! what have I done? what have I done?
My rage hath plung'd into a ſea of blood,
In which my ſoul lies drown'd. Poor innocents,
For whom we are to anſwer. Well, 'tis done,
And I remain the victor. A great conqueſt,
When I would give this right hand, nay, this head,
To breathe in them new life whom I have ſlain.
Forgive me, God, 'twas in the heat of blood,
And anger quite removes me from myſelf:
It was not I, but rage, did this vile murder;
Yet I, and not my rage, muſt anſwer it.
Sir Francis Acton he is fled the field;
With him all thoſe that did partake his quarrel,
And I am left alone, with ſorrow dumb,
And in my height of conqueſt overcome.

Enter Suſan.

Suſ. Oh God! my brother wounded 'mong the dead!
Unhappy jeſt, that in ſuch earneſt ends:
The rumour of this fear ſtretch'd to my ears,
And I am come to know if you be wounded.
Char. Oh ſiſter, ſiſter, wounded at the heart.
Suſ. My God forbid.
Char. In doing that thing which he forbad
I am wounded, ſiſter.
Suſ. I hope not at the heart.
Char. Yes, at the heart.
Suſ. O God! a ſurgeon there.
Char. Call me a ſurgeon, ſiſter, for my ſoul;
The ſin of murder it hath pierc'd my heart,
And made a wide wound there: But for theſe ſcratches,
They are nothing, nothing.

Suſ.

Suſ. Charles, what have you done?
Sir Francis hath great friends, and will purſue you
Unto the utmoſt danger of the law.
Char. My conſcience is become mine enemy,
And will purſue me more than Acton can.
Suſ. O fly, ſweet brother.
Char. Shall I fly from thee?
Why, Sue, art weary of my company?
Suſ. Fly from your foe.
Char. You, ſiſter, are my friend,
And flying you, I ſhall purſue my end.
Suſ. Your company is as my eye-ball dear,
Being far from you, no comfort can be near;
Yet fly to ſave your life: what would I care
To ſpend my future age in black deſpair,
So you were ſafe: and yet to live one week
Without my brother Charles, thro' either cheek
My ſtreaming tears would downwards run ſo rank,
Till they would ſet on either ſide a bank,
And in the midſt a channel; ſo my face
For two ſalt-water brooks ſhall ſtill find place.
Char. Thou ſhalt not weep ſo much, for I will ſtay
In ſpight of danger's teeth: I'll live with thee,
Or I'll not live at all. I will not ſell
My country and my father's patrimony,
Nor thy ſweet ſight, for a vain hope of life.

Enter Sheriff, with officers.

Sher. Sir Charles, I am made the unwilling inſtrument
Of your attach and apprehenſion:
I'm ſorry that the blood of innocent men
Should be of you enacted. It was told me,
That you was guarded with a troop of friends,
Therefore I came thus arm'd.
Char. O mr. Sheriff,
I came into the field with many friends,
But ſee, they all have left me; only one
Clings to my ſad misfortune, my dear ſiſter.
I know you for an honeſt gentleman,

I yield my weapons, and ſubmit to you;
Convey me where you pleaſe.
Sher. To priſon then,
To anſwer for the lives of theſe dead men.
Suſ. Oh God! Oh God!
Char. Sweet ſiſter, every ſtrain
Of ſorrow from your heart augments my pain;
Your grief rebounds, and hits againſt my breaſt.
Sher. Sir, will you go?
Char. Even where it likes you beſt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter mr. Frankford in a ſtudy.

Frank. How happy am I amongſt other men,
That in my mean eſtate embrace content?
I am a gentleman, and by my birth
Companion with a king, a king's no more.
I am poſſeſs'd of many fair revenues,
Sufficient to maintain a gentleman.
Touching my mind, I am ſtudied in all arts,
The riches of my thoughts; and of my time,
Have been a good proficient: but the chief
Of all the ſweet felicities on earth,
I have a fair, a chaſte, and loving wife;
Perfection all, all truth, all ornament;
If man on earth may truly happy be,
Of theſe at once poſſeſt, ſure I am he.

Enter Nicholas.

Nich. Sir, there's a gentleman attends without to ſpeak with you.
Frank. On horſe-back?
Nich. Yes, on horſe-back!
Frank. Intreat him to alight, and I'll attend him.
Know'ſt thou him, Nick?
Nich. Know him! yes, his name's Wendoll:
It ſeems he comes in haſte, his horſe is booted
Up to the flank in mire; himſelf all ſpotted
And ſtain'd with plaſhing: ſure he rid in fear,
Or for a wager; horſe and man both ſweat,
I ne'er ſaw two in ſuch a ſmoaking heat.
Frank. Entreat him in, about it inſtantly.
This Wendoll I have noted, and his carriage

Hath pleas'd me much; by obſervation
I have noted many good deſerts in him:
He's affable, and ſeen in many things,
Diſcourſes well, a good companion;
And tho' of ſmall means, yet a gentleman
Of a good houſe, ſomewhat preſs'd by want:
I have preferr'd him to a ſecond place
In my opinion, and my beſt regard.

Enter Wendoll, mrs. Frankford, and Nick.

Anne. O mrs. Frankford, mr. Wendoll here
Brings you the ſtrangeſt news that e'er you heard.

Frank. What news, ſweet wife? what news, good mr. Wendoll?

Wend. You knew the match made 'twixt ſir Francis Acton and ſir Charles Mountford.

Fran. True, with their hounds and hawks.

Wend. The matches were both play'd.

Frank. Ha! and who won?

Wend. Sir Francis, your wife's brother, had the worſt,
And loſt the wager.

Frank. Why, the worſe his chance;
Perhaps the fortune of ſome other day
Will change his luck.

Anne. Oh, but you hear not all.
Sir Francis loſt, and yet was loath to yield:
At length the two knights grew to difference,
From words to blows, and ſo to banding ſides;
Where valorous ſir Charles ſlew in his ſpleen
Two of your brother's men: his falc'ner,
And his good huntſman whom he lov'd ſo well;
More men were wounded, no more ſlain outright.

Fran. Now truſt me, I am ſorry for the knight:
But is my brother ſafe?

Wend. All whole and ſound,
His body not being blemiſh'd with one wound:
But poor ſir Charles is to the priſon led,
To anſwer at th'aſſize for them that's dead.

Fran. I thank your pains, ſir, had the news been better
Your will was to have brought it, mr. Wendoll.

Sir

Sir Charles will find hard friends: his caſe is heinous,
And will be moſt ſeverely cenſur'd on;
I'm ſorry for him. Sir, a word with you:
I know you, ſir, to be a gentleman
In all things; your poſſibility but mean:
Pleaſe you to uſe my table, and my purſe,
They are yours.

Wind. O lord, ſir, I ſhall never deſerve it.

Fran. O ſir, diſparage not your worth too much,
You are full of quality, and fair deſert;
Chooſe of my men which ſhall attend you, ſir,
And he is yours. I will allow you, ſir,
Your man, your gelding, and your table
All at my own charge, be my companion.

Wend. Mr. Frankford, I have oft been bound to you
By many favours: this exceeds them all,
That I ſhall never merit your leaſt favour.
But when your laſt remembrance I forget,
Heaven at my ſoul exact that weighty debt.

Fran. There needs no proteſtation: for I know you
Virtuous, and therefore grateful. Pr'ythee Nan
Uſe him with all thy loving'ſt courteſy.

Anne. As far as modeſty may well extend,
It is my duty to receive your friend.

Fran. To dinner? come, ſir, from this preſent day
Welcome to me for ever: come away. [*Exit.*

Nic. I do not like this fellow by no means:
I never ſee him but my heart ſtill yearns;
Zounds, I could fight with him, yet know not why:
The devil and he are all one in mine eye. [*Exit.*

Enter Jenkin.

Jen. O Nick, what gentleman is that that comes to lie at our houſe? my maſter allows him one to wait on him, and I believe it will fall to thy lot.

Nick. I love my maſter, by theſe lips I do:
But rather than I'll ever come to ſerve him,
I'll turn away my maſter.

Enter Siſſy.

Siſſy. Nich'las, where are you, Nich'las? you muſt

come in, Nich'las, and help the gentleman off with his boots.

Nic. If I pluck off his boots, I'll eat the ſpurs,
And they ſhall ſtick faſt in my throat like burs.

Siſly. Then Jenkin, come you.

Jen. Nay, 'tis no boot for me to deny it. My maſter hath given me a coat here, but he takes pains himſelf to bruſh it once or twice a day with a holly-wand.

Siſly. Come, come, make haſte, that you may waſh your hands again, and help to ſerve in dinner.

Jen. You may ſee, my maſters, though it be afternoon with you, 'tis but early days with us, for we have not din'd yet: ſtay a little, I'll but go in and help to bear up the firſt courſe, and come to you again preſently.

[*Exit.*

Enter Malby and Cranwell.

Mal. This is the ſeſſions-day, pray can you tell me
How young ſir Charles hath ſped? Is he acquit,
Or muſt he try the law's ſtrict penalty?

Cran. He's clear'd of all, ſpight of his enemies,
Whoſe earneſt labour was to take his life:
But in this ſuit of pardon he hath ſpent
All the revenues that his father left him;
And he is now turn'd a plain countreyman,
Reform'd in all things: ſee, ſir, here he comes.

Enter ſir Charles and his Keeper.

Keeper. Diſcharge your fees, and you are then at freedom.

Char. Here, mr. Keeper, take the poor remainder
Of all the wealth I have: my heavy foes
Have made my purſe light; but, alas! to me
'Tis wealth enough that you have ſet me free.

Mal. God give you joy of your delivery,
I am glad to ſee you abroad, ſir Charles.

Char. The pooreſt knight in England, mr. Malby:
My life hath coſt me all my patrimony
My father left his ſon: well, god forgive them
That are the authors of my penury.

Enter

Enter Shafton.

Shaft. Sir Charles! a hand, a hand; at liberty?
Now by the faith I owe, I am glad to ſee it.
What want you? wherein may I pleaſure you?

Char. O me! O moſt unhappy gentleman!
I am not worthy to have friends ſtirr'd up,
Whoſe hands may help me in this plunge of want.
I would I were in heaven, to inherit there
Th'immortal birth-right which my ſaviour keeps,
And by no unthrift can be bought and ſold;
For here on earth what pleaſures ſhould we truſt?

Shaft. To rid you from theſe contemplations,
Three hundred pounds you ſhall receive of me;
Nay, five for fail: Come, ſir, the ſight of gold
Is the moſt ſweet receipt for melancholy,
And will revive your ſpirits. You ſhall hold law
With your proud adverſaries. Tuſh, let Frank Acton
Wage his knighthood-like expence with me,
And a' will ſink, he will: nay, good ſir Charles,
Applaud your fortune, and your fair eſcape
From all theſe perils.

Char. Oh ſir, they have undone me:
Two thouſand and five hundred pound a year
My father at his death poſſeſt me of;
All which the envious Acton made me ſpend.
And notwithſtanding all this large expence,
I had much ado to gain my liberty:
And I have only now a houſe of pleaſure,
With ſome five hundred pounds, reſerved
Both to maintain me and my loving ſiſter.

Shaf. That muſt I have, it lies convenient for me:
If I can faſten but one finger on him,
With my full hand I'll grind him to the heart.
'Tis not for love I profer'd him this coin,
But for my gain and pleaſure.——Come, ſir Charles,
I know you have need of money, take my offer.

Char. Sir, I accept it, and remain indebted
Even to the beſt of my unable power.
Come, gentlemen, and ſee it tender'd down. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Wendoll melancholy.

Wend. I am a villain if I apprehend
But ſuch a thought: then to attempt the deed,
Slave, thou art damn'd without redemption.
I'll drive away this paſſion with a ſong:
A ſong! ha, ha: a ſong! as if, fond man,
Thy eyes could ſwim in laughter, when thy ſoul
Lies drench'd and drowned in red tears of blood.
I'll pray, and ſee if God within my heart
Plant better thoughts: why prayers are meditations;
And when I meditate (O God forgive me)
It is on her divine perfections.
I will forget her; I will arm myſelf
Not t'entertain a thought of love to her:
And when I come by chance into her preſence,
I'll hale theſe balls until my eye-ſtrings crack,
From being pull'd and drawn to look that way.

Enter over the ſtage, Frankford, his Wife, and Nick.

O God! O God! with what a violence
I'm hurried to mine own deſtruction.
There goeſt thou, the moſt perfect man
That ever *England* bred a gentleman;
And ſhall I wrong his bed? Thou god of thunder,
Stay in thy thoughts of vengeance and of wrath,
Thy great, almighty, and all-judging hand
From ſpeedy execution on a villain;
A villain and a traitor to his friend.

Enter Jenkin.

Jenk. Did your worſhip call?

Wend. He doth maintain me, he allows me largely money to ſpend——

Jen. By my faith ſo do not you me, I cannot get a croſs of you.

Wend. My gelding, and my man.——

Jen. That's Sorrell and I.

Wen. This kindneſs grows of no alliance 'twixt us——

Jen. Nor is my ſervice of any great acquaintance.

Wen. I never bound him to me by deſert:
Of a mere ſtranger, a poor gentleman,
A man by whom in no kind he could gain:

And

And he hath plac'd me in his higheſt thoughts,
Made me companion with the beſt and chiefeſt
In Yorkſhire. He cannot eat without me,
Nor laugh without me: I am to his body
As neceſſary as his digeſtion;
And equally do make him whole or ſick:
And ſhall I wrong this man? Baſe man! ingrate!
Haſt thou the power ſtraight with thy goary hands
To rip thy image from his bleeding heart?
To ſcratch thy name from out the holy book
Of his remembrance; and to wound his name
That holds thy name ſo dear? or rend his heart
To whom thy heart was knit and join'd together?
And yet I muſt: Then, Wendoll, be content;
Thus villains, when they would, cannot repent.

Jen. What a ſtrange humour is my new maſter in! pray God he be not mad: if he ſhould be ſo, I ſhould never have any mind to ſerve him in Bedlam. It may be he's mad for miſſing of me.

Wen. What, Jenkin, where's your miſtreſs?

Jen. Is your worſhip married?

Wen. Why doſt thou aſk?

Jen. Becauſe you are my maſter, and if I have a miſtreſs I would be glad, like a good ſervant, to do my duty to her.

Wen. I mean miſtreſs Frankford.

Jen. Marry, ſir, her huſband is riding out of town, and ſhe went very lovingly to bring him on his way to horſe. Do you ſee, ſir? here ſhe comes, and here I go.

Wen. Vaniſh.

Enter miſtreſs Frankford.

Aun. Y'are well met, ſir; now in troth, my huſband,
Before he took horſe, had a great deſire
To ſpeak with you: we ſought about the houſe,
Hollow'd into the fields, ſent every way,
But could not meet you: therefore he enjoyn'd me
To do unto you his moſt kind commends.
Nay more, he wills you as you prize his love,
Or hold in eſtimation his kind friendſhip,
To make bold in his abſence, and command

Even as himſelf were preſent in the houſe:
For you muſt keep his table, uſe his ſervants,
And be a preſent Frankford in his abſence.
Wend. I thank him for his love.
Give me a name, you whoſe infectious tongues
Are tip'd with gall and poiſon, as you would
Think on a man that had your father ſlain,
Murdered your children, made your wives baſe ſtrumpets,
So call me, call me ſo: print in my face
The moſt ſtigmatick title of a villain,
For hatching treaſon to ſo true a friend.
Anne. Sir, you are much beholden to my huſband;
You are a man moſt dear in his regard.
Wend. I am bound unto your huſband, and you too.
I will not ſpeak to wrong a gentleman
Of that good eſtimation, my kind friend:
I will not, zounds, I will not. I may chuſe,
And I will chuſe. Shall I be ſo miſled?
Or ſhall I purchaſe to my father's creſt
The motto of a villain? If I ſay
I will not do it, what thing can inforce me?
What can compell me? What ſad deſtiny
Hath ſuch command upon my yielding thoughts?
I will not.—Ha! ſome fury pricks me on,
The ſwift fates drag me at their chariot wheel,
And hurry me to miſchief. Speak I muſt;
Injure myſelf, wrong her, deceive his truſt:
Anne. Are you not well, ſir, that you ſeem thus troubled?
There is ſedition in your countenance.
Wend. And in my heart, fair angel, chaſte and wiſe,
I love you: ſtart not, ſpeak not, anſwer not.
I love you: nay, let me ſpeak the reſt:
Bid me to ſwear, and I will call to record
The hoſt of heaven.
Anne. The hoſt of heaven forbid
Wendoll ſhould hatch ſuch a diſloyal thought.
Wend. Such is my fate, to this ſuit I was born,
To wear rich pleaſure's crown, or fortune's ſcorn.
Anne. My huſband loves you.

Wend.

Wend. I know it.

Anne. He eſteems you.
Even as his brain, his eye-ball, or his heart.

Wend. I have tried it.

Anne. His purſe is your exchequer, and his table
Doth freely ſerve you.

Wend. So I have found it.

Anne. O! with what face of braſs, what brow of
ſteel,
Can you, unblushing, ſpeak this to the face
Of the eſpouſed wife of ſo dear a friend?
It is my huſband that maintains your ſtate,
Will you diſhonour him? I am his wife
That in your power hath left his whole affairs,
It is to me you ſpeak.

Wend. O ſpeak no more,
For more than this I know, and have recorded
Within the red-leav'd table of my heart.
Fair, and of all belov'd, I was not fearful
Bluntly to give my life into your hand;
And at one hazard all my earthly means.
Go, tell your huſband; he will turn me off,
And I am then undone: I, care not, I,
'Twas for your ſake. Perchance in rage he'll kill me:
I care not, 'twas for you. Say, I mourn:
The general name of villain through the world,
Of traitor to my friend; I care not, I.
Beggery, ſhame, death, ſcandal and reproach,
For you I'll hazard all; why, what care I?
For you I'll love, and in your love I'll die.

Anne. You move me, ſir, to paſſion and to pity.
The love I bear my huſband, is as precious
As my ſoul's health.

Wen. I love your huſband too,
And for his love I will engage my life;
Miſtake me not, the augmentation
Of my ſincere affection born to you
Doth no whit leſſen my regard of him.
I will be ſecret, lady, cloſe as night;
And not the light of one ſmall glorious ſtar

Shall ſhine here in my forehead, to bewray
That act of night.
Anne. What ſhall I ſay?
My ſoul is wand'ring, and hath loſt her way.
Oh, mr. Wendoll! oh!
Wend. Sigh not, ſweet ſaint;
For every ſigh you breathe, draws from my heart
A drop of blood.
Anne. I ne'er offended yet:
My fault (I fear) will in my brow be writ.
Women that fall not quite bereft of grace,
Have their offences noted in their face;
I bluſh and am aſham'd. Oh maſter Wendoll,
Pray God I be not born to curſe your tongue
That hath inchanted me. This maze I am in,
I fear will prove the labyrinth of ſin.

Enter Nick.

Wend. The path of pleaſure, and the gate to bliſs
Which on your lips I knock at with a kiſs.
Nic. I'll kill the rogue.
Wen. Your huſband is from home, your bed's no blab.
Nay look not down and bluſh! [*Ex. Wen. and Anne.*
Nic. Zounds, I'll ſtab.
Ay Nick, was it thy chance to come juſt in the nick?
I love my maſter, and I hate that ſlave;
I love my miſtreſs, but theſe tricks I like not;
My maſter ſhall not pocket up this wrong,
I'll eat my fingers firſt. What ſayſt thou metal?
Does not that raſcal Wendoll go on legs
That thou muſt cut off? Hath he not ham-ſtrings
That thou muſt hough? Nay metal, thou ſhalt ſtand
To all I ſay; I'll henceforth turn a ſpy,
And watch them in their cloſe conveyances.
I never look'd for better of that raſcal
Since he came miching firſt into our houſe;
It is that Satan hath corrupted her;
For ſhe was fair and chaſte; I'll have an eye
In all their geſtures. Thus I think of them;

(If they proceed as they have done before)
Wendoll's a knave, my miſtreſs is a—— [*Exit.*

Enter Charles and Suſan.

Char. Siſter, you ſee we are driven to hard ſhift,
To keep this poor houſe we have left unſold;
I am now inforc'd to follow huſbandry,
And you to milk, and do we not live well?
Well, I thank God.

Suſ. O brother, here's a change
Since old ſir Charles died in our father's houſe!

Char. All things on earth thus change, ſome up, ſome down;
Content's a kingdom, and I wear that crown.

Enter Shaften with a ſerjeant.

Good-morrow, morrow ſir Charles, what with your ſiſter,
Plying your huſbandry?—Serjeant, ſtand off—
You have a pretty houſe here, and a garden,
And goodly ground about it. Since it lies
So near a lordſhip that I lately bought,
I would fain buy it of you. I will give you——

Char. O pardon me: This houſe ſucceſſively
Hath 'long'd to me and my progenitors
Three hundred years. My great great grandfather,
He is, whom firſt our gentle ſtile began,
Dwelt here; and in this ground, increas'd this mole-hill
Unto that mountain which my father left me.
Where he the firſt of all our houſe begun,
I now the laſt will end, and keep this houſe:
This virgin title, never yet deflower'd
By any unthrift of the Mountfords line;
In brief, I will not ſell it for more gold
Than you could hide or pave the ground withal.

Shaf. Ha, ha, a proud mind and a begger's purſe!
Where's my three hundred pounds, beſides the uſe?
I have brought it to execution
By courſe of law: what, is my money ready?

Char. An execution, ſir, and never tell me
You put my hand in ſuit! you deal extremely.

Shaf. Sell me the land, and I'll acquit you straight.
Char. Alas, alas! 'tis all trouble hath left me
To cherish me and my poor sister's life.
If this were sold, our names should then be quite
Raz'd from the bed-roll of gentility.
You see what hard shift we have made to keep it
Allied still to our own name: this palm, you see,
Labour hath glow'd within; her silver brow,
That never tasted a rough winter's blast
Without a mask or fan, doth with a grace
Defy cold winter, and his storms outface.
Sus. Sir, we feed sparing, and we labour hard,
We lie uneasy, to reserve to us
And our succession this small plot of ground.
Char. I have so bent my thoughts to husbandry,
That I protest I scarcely can remember
What a new fashion is; how silk or sattin
Feels in my hand: why pride is grown to us
A meer, meer stranger. I have quite forgot
The names of all that ever waited on me.
I cannot name ye any of my hounds;
Once from whose echoing mouths I heard all musick
That e'er my heart desired. What should I say?
To keep this place I have chang'd my self away.
Shaf. Arrest him at my suit; actions and actions
Shall keep thee in continual bondage fast.
Nay more, I'll sue thee by a late appeal,
And call thy former life in question.
The keeper is my friend, thou shalt have irons,
And usage such as I'll deny to dogs. Away with him.
Char. Ye are too timorous; but trouble is my master,
And I will serve him truly. My kind sister,
Thy tears are of no force to mollify
This flinty man. Go to my father's brother,
My kinsmen and allies; intreat them for me
To ransom me from this injurious man
That seeks my ruin.
Shaf. Come, irons, irons; come away,
I'll see thee lodg'd far from the sight of day.
Sus. My heart's so harden'd with the frost of grief,

Death

Death cannot pierce it through: Tyrant too fell,
So lead the fiends condemned souls to hell.

Enter Afton and Malby.

Fran. Again to prison? Malby, hast thou seen
A poor slave better torture'd? Shall we hear
The musick of his voice cry from the grate,
Meat for the Lord's sake? No, no, yet I am not
Thoroughly aveng'd. They say he had a pretty wench
To his sister: Shall I in my mercy take
To him and to his kindred, bribe the fool
To shame her self by lewd dishonest lust?
I'll proffer largely, but the deed being done,
I'll smile to see her base confusion.

Mal. Methinks, sir Francis, you are full reveng'd
For greater wrongs than he can proffer you.
See where the poor sad gentlewoman stands.

Fran. Ha, ha, now will I flout her poverty,
Deride her fortunes, scoff her base estate;
My very soul the name of Mountford hates.
But stay, my heart, oh what a look did fly
To strike my soul through with thy piercing eye!
I am enchanted, all my spirits are fled;
And with one glance my envious spleen struck dead.

Suf. Afton, that seeks our blood. [*Runs away.*

Fran. O chaste and fair!

Mal. Sir Francis, why sir Francis, in a trance?
Sir Francis, what cheer man? Come, come, how is't?

Fran. Was she not fair? Or else this judging eye
Cannot distinguish beauty.

Mal. She was fair.

Fran. She was an angel in a mortal's shape,
And ne'er descended from old Mountford's line.
But soft, soft, let me call my wits together.
A poor, poor wench, to my great adversary
Sister; whose very souls denounce stern war
Each against other. How now Frank, turn'd fool
Or madman, whether? But no; master of
My perfect senses and direct wits,
Then why should I be in this violent humour
Of passion and of love? and with a person

Se

So different every way: and so opposed
In all constructions; and still warring actions?
Fie, fie, how I dispute against my soul!
Come, come, I'll gain her; or in her fair quest
Purchase my soul free and immortal rest.

Enter three or four serving-men, one with a voider and a wooden knife to take away, another the salt and bread, another the table-cloth and napkins, another the carpet; Jenkin with two lights after them.

Jenk. So, march in order, and retire in battle-array. My master and the guests have supp'd already, all's taken away: here now spread for the servingmen in the hall. Butler, it belongs to your office.

But. I know it, Jenkin.
What d'ye call the gentleman that supt here to-night?

Jenk. Who, my master?

Wen. No, no, master Wendoll, he's a daily guest; I mean the gentleman that came but this afternoon.

Jenk. His name's mr. Cranwel. God's light, heark within there, my master calls to lay more billets upon the fire. Come, come, Lord how we that are in office here in the house are troubled! One spread the carpet in the parlour, and stand ready to snuff the lights, the rest be ready to prepare their stomachs. More lights in the hall there. Come Nic'las. [*Exit.*

Nic. I cannot eat, but had I Wendoll's heart
I would eat that; the rogue grows impudent.
Oh, I have seen such vile notorious tricks,
Ready to make my eyes dart from my head.
I'll tell my master, by this air I will;
Fall what may fall I'll tell him. Here he comes.

Enter master Frankford, as it were brushing the crumbs from his cloaths with a napkin, as newly risen from supper.

Frank. Nic'las, what make you here? why are not you
At supper in the hall among your fellows?

Nic. Master, I stay'd your rising from the board
To speak with you.

Frank. Be brief then, gentle Nic'las.

My

My wife and guests attend me in the parlour;
Why doſt thou pauſe? Now Nic'las you want money,
And unthrift-like would eat into your wages
E'er you have earn'd it; here ſir's half a crown;
Play the good huſband, and away to ſupper.

Nic. By this hand an honourable gentleman! I will not ſee him wrong'd.—Sir, I have ſerv'd you long; you entertained me ſeven years before your beard. You knew me, ſir, before you knew my miſtreſs.

Frank. What of this, good Nic'las?

Nic. I never was a make-bate, or a knave;
I have no fault but one, I'm given to quarrel,
But not with women. I will tell you, maſter,
That which will make your heart leap from your breaſt;
Your hair to ſtartle from your head, your ears to tingle.

Frank. What preparation's this to diſmal news?

Nick. 'Sblood, ſir, I love you better than your wife;
I'll make it good.

Fran. Y'are a knave, and I have much ado
With wonted patience to contain my rage,
And not to break thy pate. Thou'rt a knave;
I'll turn you, with your baſe compariſons
Out of my doors.

Nic. Do, do.
There is not room for Wendoll and me too
Both in one houſe. Oh maſter, maſter,
That Wendoll is a villain.

Fran. Ay, ſaucy!

Nic. Strike, ſtrike, do ſtrike; yet hear me, I am no fool,
I know a villain when I ſee him act
Deeds of a villain; maſter, maſter, that baſe ſlave
Enjoys my miſtreſs, and diſhonours you.

Fran. Thou haſt kill'd me with a weapon, whoſe ſharp point
Hath prick'd quite through and through my ſhiv'ring heart.
Drops of cold ſweat ſit dangling on my hairs;
Like morning dew upon the golden flowers;
And I am plung'd into ſtrange agonies.

What did'ſt thou ſay? If any word that touch'd
His credit, or her reputation;
It is as hard to enter my belief,
As Dives into heaven.

Nic. I can gain nothing; they are two
That never wrong'd me. I knew before
'Twas but a thankleſs office; and perhaps
As much as my ſervice, or my life is worth.
All this I know; but this and more,
More by a thouſand dangers could not hire me
To ſmother ſuch a heinous wrong from you;
I ſaw, and I have ſaid.

Fran. 'Tis probable; though blunt, yet he is honeſt;
Tho' I durſt pawn my life, and on their faith
Hazard the dear ſalvation of my ſoul;
Yet in my truſt I may be too ſecure.
May this be true? O, may it? Can it be?
Is it by any wonder poſſible?
Man, woman, what thing mortal can we truſt,
When friends and boſom wives prove ſo unjuſt?—
What inſtance haſt thou of this ſtrange report?

Nic. Eyes maſter, eyes.

Frank. Thy eyes may be deceiv'd, I tell thee:
For ſhould an angel from the heavens drop down,
And preach this to me that thy ſelf haſt told,
He ſhould have much ado to win belief,
In both their loves I am ſo confident.

Nic. Shall I diſcourſe the ſame by circumſtance?

Frank. No more; to ſupper, and command your fellows
To attend us and the ſtrangers. Not a word,
I charge thee on thy life; be ſecret then,
For I know nothing.

Nic. I am dumb; and now that I have eas'd my ſtomach, I will go fill my ſtomach. [*Exit.*

Frank. Away; be gone.
She is well born, deſcended nobly;
Virtuous her education, her repute
Is in the general voice of all the country
Honeſt and fair; her carriage, her demeanour

In

In all her actions that concern the love
To me her huſband, modeſt, chaſte, and godly,
Is all this ſeeming gold plain copper?
But he, that Judas that hath born my purſe,
Hath ſold me for a ſin. Oh God, oh God,
Shall I put up theſe wrongs? No, ſhall I truſt
The bare report of this ſuſpicious groom,
Before the double-gilt, the well-hatch ore
Of their two hearts? No, I will loſe theſe thoughts:
Diſtraction I will baniſh from my brow,
And from my looks exile ſad diſcontent,
Their wonted favours in my tongue ſhall flow;
Till I know all, I'll nothing ſeem to know.
Lights and a table there. Wife, mr. Wendoll, and gentle Maſter Cranwell.

Enter miſtreſs Frankford, maſter Wendoll, maſter Cranwell, Nick, and Jenkin, with cards, carpets, ſtools, and other neceſſaries.

Fran. Q maſter Cranwell, you are a ſtranger here,
And often baulk my houſe; faith, y'are a churl:
Now we have ſupp'd, a table and to cards.

Jenk. A pair of cards Nic'las, and a carpet to cover the table; where's Siſly with her counters and her box? Candles and candleſticks there. Fie, we have ſuch a houſhold of ſerving creatures, unleſs it be Nick and I, there's not one amongſt them all can ſay bo to a gooſe. Well ſaid Nick.

They ſpread a carpet, ſet down lights and cards.

Anne. Come, mr. Frankford, who ſhall take my part?

Frank. Marry that will I, ſweet wife.

Wend. No, by my faith, when you are together I ſit out; it muſt be miſtreſs Frankford and I, or elſe it is no match.

Frank. I do not like that match.

Nic. You have no reaſon marry, knowing all. [*Aſide.*

Frank. 'Tis no great matter neither. Come maſter Cranwell, ſhall you and I take them up?

Cran. At your pleaſure, ſir.

Fran. I muſt look to you, maſter Wendoll, for you'll be playing falſe; nay, ſo will my wife too.

Nick. I will be ſworn ſhe will. [*Aſide.*

Anne. Let them that are taken falſe forfeit the ſet.

Frank. Content; it ſhall go hard but I'll take you.

Cran. Gentlemen, what ſhall our game be?

Wend. Maſter Frankford, you play beſt at noddy.

Fran. You ſhall not find it ſo, indeed you ſhall not.

Anne. I can play at nothing ſo well as double ruff.

Frank. If maſter Wendoll and my wife be together, there's no playing againſt them at double hand.

Nic. I can tell you, ſir, the game that maſter Wendoll is beſt at.

Wend. What game is that, Nick?

Nic. Marry, ſir, knave out of doors.

Wend. She and I will take you at lodam.

Anne. Husband, ſhall we play at ſaint?

Frank. My ſaint's turn'd devil. No, we'll none of ſaint;
You are beſt at new-cut, wife; you'll play at that.

Wend. If you play at new-cut, I'm ſoonſt hitter of any lute for a wager.

Frank. 'Tis me they play on. Well, you may draw out
For all your cunning; 'twill be to your ſhame;
I'll teach you at your new-cut a new game.
Come, come.

Cran. If you cannot agree upon the game, to poſt and pair.

Wend. We ſhall be ſoonſt pairs, and my good hoſt When he comes late, he muſt kiſs the poſt.

Frank. Whoever wins, it ſhall be to thy coſt.

Cran. Faith, let it be wide-ruff, and let's make honours.

Fran. If you make honours, one thing let me crave,
Honour the king and queen; except the knave.

Wend. Well, as you pleaſe for that. Lift who ſhall deal.

Anne. The leaſt in ſight: what are you, maſter Wendoll?

Wend. I am a knave.

Nick.

Nick. I'll ſwear it.

Anne. I am queen.

Frank. A quean thou ſhould'ſt ſay; well, the cards are mine,
They are the groſſeſt pair that e'er I felt.

Anne. Shuffle, I'll cut; would I had never dealt.

Frank. I have loſt my dealing.

Wend. Sir, the fault's in me;
This queen I have more than mine own you ſee.
Give me the ſtock.

Frank. My mind's not on my game;
Many a deal I have loſt, the more's your ſhame.
You have ſerved me a bad trick, maſter Wendoll.

Wend. Sir, you muſt take your lot. To end this ſtrife,
know I have dealt better with your wife.

Fran. Thou haſt dealt falſely then.

Anne. What's trumps?

Wend. Hearts; partner, I rub.

Frank. Thou robb'ſt me of my ſoul, of her chaſte love;
In thy falſe dealing thou haſt robb'd my heart.
Booty you play, I like a loſer ſtand,
Having no heart, or here, or in my hand.
I will give o'er the ſet, I am not well;
Come, who will hold my cards?

Anne. Nay well, ſweet mr. Frankford!
Alas, what ails you? 'Tis ſome ſudden qualm.

Wend. How long have you been ſo, maſter Frankford?

Frank. Sir, I was lully, and I had my health,
But I grew ill when you began to deal.
Take hence this table. Gentle maſter Cranwell,
Y'are welcome; ſee your chamber at your pleaſure.
I'm ſorry that this megrim takes me ſo,
I cannot ſit and bear you company.
Jenkin, ſome lights, and ſhew him to his chamber.

Anne. A night-gown for my huſband, quickly there;
It is ſome rheum or cold.

Wend. Now, in good faith, this illneſs you have got

By ſitting late without your gown.
Frank. I know it, mr. Wendoll.
Go, go to bed, leſt you complain like me.
Wife, pr'ythee wife, into my bed-chamber;
The night is cold and raw, and rheumatick;
Leave me my gown and light, I'll walk away my fit.
Wend. Sweet ſir, good night.
Frank. Myſelf, good night.
Anne. Shall I attend you, husband?
Frank. No, gentle wife, thou'lt catch cold in thy head;
Pr'ythee be gone, ſweet, I'll make haſte to bed.
Anne. No ſleep will faſten on mine eyes, you know,
Until you come. [*Exit.*
Frank. Sweet Nan, I pr'ythee go.—
I have bethought me, get me by degrees
The keys of all my doors, which I will mould
In wax, and take their fair impreſſion,
To have by them new keys. This being compaſt,
At a ſet hour a letter ſhall be brought me:
And when they think they may ſecurely play,
They neareſt are to danger. Nick, I muſt rely
Upon thy truſt and faithful ſecrecy.
Nic. Build on my faith.
Fran. To bed then, not to reſt;
Care lodges in my brain, grief in my breaſt.
Enter ſir Charles his ſiſter, old Mountford, Sandy, Roger, and Tydy.
Mount. You ſay my nephew is in great diſtreſs:
Who brought it to him but his own lewd life?
I cannot ſpare a croſs. I muſt confeſs
He was my brother's ſon: why niece, what then?
This is no world in which to pity men.
Suſ. I was not born a begger, tho' his extremes
Enforce this language from me: I proteſt
No fortune of mine own could lead my tongue
To this baſe key. I do beſeech you uncle,
For the names ſake, for chriſtianity,
Nay, for God's ſake to pity his diſtreſs.

He

He is deny'd the freedom of the priſon,
And in the hole is laid with men condemn'd;
Plenty he hath of nothing but of irons,
And it remains in you to free him thence.
Mount. Money I cannot ſpare: men ſhould take heed,
He loſt my kindred when he fell to need.
Suſ. Gold is but earth, thou earth enough ſhalt have,
When thou haſt once took meaſure of thy grave.
You know me, maſter Sandy, and my ſuit.
Sandy. I knew you, lady, when the old man liv'd,
I knew you e'er your brother ſold his land;
Then you were miſtreſs Sue, trick'd up in jewels:
Then you ſung well, plaid ſweetly on the lute,
But now I neither know you nor your ſuit.
Suſ. You, maſter Roder, was my brother's tenant,
Rent-free he plac'd you in that wealthy farm
Of which you are poſſeſt.
Roder. True, he did;
And have I not there dwelt ſtill for his ſake?
I have ſome buſineſs now, but without doubt,
They that have hurl'd him in, will help him out. [*Exit.*
Suſ. Cold comfort ſtill: what ſay you, couſin Tydy?
Tydy. I ſay this comes of royſting, ſwaggering.
Call me not couſin: Each man for himſelf;
Some men are born to mirth, and ſome to ſorrow,
I am no couſin unto them that borrow. [*Exit.*
Suſ. Oh charity! why art thou fled to heaven,
And left all things upon this earth uneven?
Their ſcoffing anſwers I will ne'er return;
But to myſelf his grief in ſilence mourn.

Enter Sir Francis and Malby.

Fran. She is poor, I'll therefore tempt her with this gold.
Go, Malby, in my name deliver it,
And I will ſtay thy anſwer.
Fran. Fair miſtreſs, as I underſtand, your grief
Doth grow from want, ſo I have here in ſtore
A means to furniſh you, a bag of gold,
Which to your hands I freely tender you.

Suſ.

Suſ. I thank you, heavens; I thank you, gentle sir!
God make me able to requite this favour.
Mal. This gold *Sir Francis Acton* sends by me,
And prays you——
Suſ. Acton! O God! that name I'm born to curſe.
Hence bawd, hence broker: ſee, I ſpurn his gold.
My honour never ſhall for gain be ſold.
Fran. Stay, lady, ſtay.
Suſ. From you I'll poſting hie;
Even as the doves from feather'd eagles flie. [*Exit.*
Fran. She hates my name, my face, how ſhould I woo?
I am diſgrac'd in every thing I do:
The more ſhe hates me, and diſdains my love,
The more I am wrapt in admiration
Of her divine and chaſte perfections.
Woo her with gifts, I cannot: for all gifts
Sent in my name ſhe ſpurns. With looks I cannot,
For ſhe abhorrs my ſight. Nor yet with letters,
For none ſhe will receive. How then, how then?
Well, I will fallen ſuch a kindneſs on her,
As ſhall o'ercome her hate and conquer it.
Sir Charles her brother lies in execution
For a great ſum of money: and beſides
The appeal is ſued ſtill for my huntſmens death,
Which only I have power to reverſe:
In her I'll bury all my hate of him.
Go ſeek the Keeper, Malby, bring him to me:
To ſave his body I his debts will pay;
To ſave his life, I his appeal will ſtay.

Enter ſir Charles in priſon, with irons, his feet bare, his garments all ragged and torn.

Char. Of all on the earth's face moſt miſerable,
Breathe in this helliſh dungeon thy laments:
Thus like a ſlave ragg'd, like a felon gyv'd,
That hurls thee headlong to this baſe eſtate.
Oh unkind uncle! Oh my friends ingrate!
Unthankful kinſmen! Mountfords all too baſe,
To let the name be fetter'd in diſgrace.

A thou-

A thouſand deaths here in this grave I die;
Fear, hunger, ſorrow, cold, all threat my death,
And join together to deprive my breath.
But that which moſt torments me, my dear ſiſter
Hath left to viſit me, and from my friends
Hath brought no hopeful anſwer: therefore I
Divine they will not help my miſery.
If it be ſo, ſhame, ſcandal, and contempt
Attend their covetous thoughts; need make their graves;
Uſurers they live, and may they die like ſlaves.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Knight, be of comfort, for I bring thee free-
From all thy troubles. [dom

Char. Then I am doom'd to die;
Death is the end of all calamity.

Keep. Live, your appeal is ſtaid; the execution
Of all your debts diſcharg'd: your creditors
Even to the utmoſt peny ſatisfied.
In ſign whereof, your ſhackles I knock off;
You are not left ſo much indebted to us
As for your fees; all is diſcharg'd, all paid:
Go freely to your houſe, or where you pleaſe,
After long miſeries, embrace your eaſe.

Char. Thou grumbleſt out the ſweeteſt muſick to me
That ever organ play'd. Is this a dream?
Or do my waking ſenſes apprehend
The pleaſing taſte of theſe applauſive news?
Slave that I was, to wrong ſuch honeſt friends;
My loving kinſmen, and my near allies:
Tongue, I will bite thee for the ſcandal breath
Againſt ſuch faithful kinſmen: they are all
Compos'd of pity and compaſſion,
Of melting charity, and of moving ruth.
That which I ſpake before was in my rage;
They are my friends, the mirrors of this age:
Bounteous and free. The noble Mountfords race,
Ne'er bred a covetous thought, or humour baſe.

Enter Suſan.

Suſ. I can not longer ſtay from viſiting

My woful brother: while I could I kept
My hapleſs tiding from his hopeful ear.
Char. Siſter, how much am I indebted to thee,
And to thy travel?
Suſ. What! at liberty!
Char. Thou ſeeſt I am; thanks to thy induſtry:
Oh! unto which of all my courteous friends
Am I thus bound? My uncle Mountford, he
Even from an infant lov'd me; was it he?
So did my couſin Tydy; was it he?
So mr. Roder, mr. Sandy too:
Which of all theſe did this high kindneſs do?
Suſ. Charles, can you mock me in your poverty,
Knowing your friends deride your miſery?
Now I proteſt I ſtand ſo much amaz'd
To ſee your bonds free, and your irons knock'd off,
That I am wrap'd into a maze of wonder:
The rather, for I know not by what means
This happineſs hath chanc'd.
Char. Why by my uncle,
My couſins, and my friends; who elſe, I pray,
Would take upon them all my debts to pay?
Suſ. O brother, they are men all of flint,
Pictures of marble, and as void of pity
As chaſed bears. I begg'd, I ſued, I kneel'd,
Laid open all your griefs and miſeries;
Which they derided. More than that, deny'd us
A part in their alliance; but in pride,
Said that our kindred with our plenty dy'd.
Char. Drudges! too much; what did they? oh known evil!
Rich fly the poor, as good men ſhun the devil:
Whence ſhould my freedom come? of whom alive,
Saving of thoſe have I deſerv'd ſo well?
Gueſs, ſiſter, call to mind, remember me:
Theſe I have rais'd, they follow the world's guiſe;
Whom rich in honour, they in woe deſpiſe.
Suſ. My wits have loſt themſelves, let's aſk the keeper.
Char. Jaylor!
Keep. At hand, ſir.

Char.

Char. Of courteſy reſolve me one demand.
What was he took the burthen of my debts
From off my back, ſtaid my appeal to death,
Diſcharg'd my fees, and brought me liberty?

Keep. A courteous knight, and call'd ſir Francis Acton.

Char. Ha! Acton! Oh me, more diſtreſt in this
Than all my troubles! hale me back,
Double my irons, and my ſparing meals
Put into halves, and lodge me in a dungeon
More deep, more dark, more cold, more comfortleſs.
By Acton freed! not all thy manacles
Could fetter ſo my heels, as this one word
Hath thrall'd my heart; and it muſt now lie bound
In more ſtrict priſon than thy ſtony jail.
I am not free; I go but under bail.

Keep. My charge is done, ſir, now I have my fees;
As we get little, we will nothing leeſe.

Char. By Acton freed, my dangerous oppoſite!
Why to what end? or what occaſion? ha!
Let me forget the name of enemy,
And with indifference ballance this high favour: ha!

Suſ. His love to me; upon my ſoul 'tis ſo:
That is the root from whence theſe ſtrange things grow.

Char. Had this proceeded from my father, he [*Aſide.*
That by the law of nature is moſt bound
In offices of love, it had deſerv'd
My beſt employment to requite that grace.
Had it proceeded from my friends, or allies,
From them this action had deſerv'd my life:
And from a ſtranger more; becauſe from ſuch
There is leſs expectation of good deeds.
But he, nor father, nor ally, nor friend,
More than a ſtranger, both remote in blood,
And in his heart oppos'd my enemy,
That this high bounty ſhould proceed from him,
O there I loſe myſelf! What ſhould I ſay?
What think? what do, his bounty to repay?

Suſ. You wonder, I am ſure, whence this ſtrange kindneſs proceeds in Acton. I will tell you, brother:

He doats on me, and oft hath ſent me gifts,
Letters and tokens: I refus'd them all.
Char. I have enough, tho' poor, my heart is ſet,
In one rich gift to pay back all my debt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Frankford, and Nick with keys and a letter in his hand.

Fran. This is the night that I muſt play my part
To try two ſeeming angels. Where's my keys?
Nic. They are made according to your mould in wax;
I bade the ſmith be ſecret, gave him money,
And here they are. The letter, ſir.
Fran. True, take it, there it is;
And when thou ſeeſt me in my pleaſant'ſt vein,
Ready to ſit to ſupper, bring it me.
Nic. I'll do't, make no more queſtion but I'll do't. [*Exit.*

Enter mrs. Frankford, Cranwell, Wendoll, and Jenkin.

Anne. Sirrah, 'tis ſix a'clock already ſtruck,
Go bid them ſpread the cloth and ſerve in ſupper.
Jen. It ſhall be done, forſooth. Miſtreſs, where's
Spiggot, the butler, to give us our ſalt and trenchers?
Wend. We that have been a hunting all the day,
Come with prepared ſtomachs, mr. Frankford;
We wiſh'd you at our ſport.
Fran. My heart was with you, and my mind was on
you.
Fie mr. Cranwell, you are ſtill thus ſad:
A ſtool, a ſtool: where's Jenkin, and where's Nick?
'Tis ſupper-time at leaſt an hour ago;
What's the beſt news abroad?
Wend. I know none good.
Fran. But I know too much bad.

Enter Butler and Jenkin with a table-cloth, bread, trenchers and ſalt.

Cran. Methinks, ſir, you might have that intereſt
In your wife's brother, to be more remiſs
In his hard dealing againſt poor ſir Charles,

Who,

Who, as I hear, lies in York caſtle,
Needy, and in great want.

Fran. Did not more weighty buſineſs of mine own
Hold me away, I would have labour'd peace
Betwixt them with all care, indeed I would, ſir.

Anne. I'll write unto my brother earneſtly
In that behalf.

Wend. A charitable deed,
And will beget the good opinion
Of all your friends that love you, mrs. Frankford.

Fran. That's you for one; I know you love ſir Charles,
And my wife too well.

Wend. He deſerves the love
Of all true gentlemen; be yourſelves judge.

Fran. But ſupper, ho: now as thou lov'ſt me, Wendoll,
Which I am ſure thou doeſt; be merry, pleaſant,
And frolick it to-night: Sweet, mr. Cranwell,
Do you the like. Wife, I proteſt my heart
Was ne'er more bent on ſweet alacrity:
Where be thoſe lazy knaves to ſerve in ſupper?

Enter Nick.

Nic. Here's a letter, ſir.

Fran. Whence come's it? and who brought it?

Nic. A ſtripling that below attends your anſwer,
And as he tells me, it is ſent from York.

Fran. Have him into the cellar, let him taſte a cup of our March beer: Go, make him drink.

Nic. I'll make him drunk, if he be a Trojan.

Fran. My boots and ſpurs: where's Jenkin? God forgive me, how I neglect my buſineſs! wife, look here; I have a matter to be try'd to-morrow
By eight a'clock; and my attorney writes me,
I muſt be there betimes with evidence,
Or it will go againſt me. Where's my boots?

Enter Jenkin with boots and ſpurs.

Anne. I hope your buſineſs craves no ſuch diſpatch,
That you muſt ride to-night. [*Aſide.*

Wend. I hope it doth.

Fran. Gods me! no such dispatch!
Jenkin, my boots: where's Nick? Saddle my Roan,
And the gray dapple for himself:—come on, sir,
It much concerns me. Gentle master Cranwell,
And master Wendoll, in my absence, use
The very ripest pleasures of my house.

Wend. Lord, master Frankford, will you ride to-night?
The ways are dangerous.

Fran. Therefore will I ride
Appointed well; and so shall Nick my man.

Anne. I'll call you up by five o'clock to-morrow.

Fran. No, by my faith wife, I'll not trust to that,
'Tis not such easy rising in a morning
From one I love so dearly: no, by my faith,
I shall not leave so sweet a bedfellow,
But with much pain: you have made me a sluggard
Since I first knew you.

Anne. Then if you needs will go
This dangerous evening; master Wendoll,
Let me intreat you bear him company.

Wend. With all my heart, sweet mistress: my boots there?

Fran. Fie, no, that for my private business!
I should disease my friend, and be a trouble
To the whole house: Nick!—

Nick. Anon, sir.

Fran. Bring forth my gelding.—As you love me, sir,
Use no more words: a hand, good master Cranwell.

Cran. Sir, God be your good speed.

Fran. Goodnight, sweet Nan; nay, nay, a kiss and part.
Dissembling lips, you suit not with my heart. *Aside.*

Wend. How business, time, and hours, all gracious prove,
And are the furtherers to my new-born love!
I am husband now in master Frankford's place,
And must command the house. My pleasure is
We will not sup abroad so publickly,
But in your private chamber, mistress Frankford.

Anne.

Anne. O ſir, you are too publick in your love,
And matter Frankford's wife.

Cran. Might I crave favour,
I would entreat you I might ſee my chamber;
I am on the ſudden grown exceeding ill,
And would be ſpar'd from ſupper.

Wend. Light there, ho.
See you want nothing, ſir; for if you do,
You injure that good man, and wrong me too.

Cran. I will make bold: good-night. [*Exit.*

Wend. How all conſpire
To make our boſom ſweet, and joys entire!
Come, Nan, I pr'ythee let us ſup within.

Ann. O! what a clog unto the ſoul is ſin!
We pale offenders are ſtill full of fear;
Every ſuſpicious eye brings danger near:
When they whoſe clear hearts from offence are free,
Deſpiſe report, baſe ſcandals do outface,
And ſtand at mere defiance with diſgrace.

Wend. Fie, fie, you talk too like a puritan.

Anne. You have tempted me to miſchief, mr. Wendoll,
I have done, I know not what. Well, you plead cuſtom;
That which for want of wit I granted erſt,
I now muſt yield through fear. Come, come, let's in,
Once o'er ſhoes, we are ſtraight o'er head in ſin.

Wend. My jocund ſoul is joyful above meaſure,
I'll be profuſe in Frankford's richeſt treaſure. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Siſly, Jenkin, and Butler.

Jen. My miſtreſs, and mr. Wendoll, my maiſter, ſup in her chamber to-night: Siſly, you are preferr'd from being the cook, to be chamber-maid; of all the loves betwixt thee and me, tell me what thou think'ſt of this?

Siſly. Mum; there's an old proverb, When the cat's away, the mouſe may play.

Jen. Now you talk of a cat, Siſly, I ſmell a rat.

Siſly. Good words, Jenkin, leſt you be call'd to anſwer them.

Jen. Why, God make my miſtreſs an honeſt woman, are not theſe good words? Pray God my new maiſter

play not the knave with my old maiſter; is there any hurt in this? God ſend no villainy intended; and if they do ſup together, pray God they do not lie together. God make my miſtreſs chaſte, and make us all his ſervants: what harm is there in all this? Nay more; here is my hand, thou ſhalt never have my heart unleſs thou ſay Amen.

Siſly. Amen, I pray God, I ſay.

Enter Serving-men.

Ser. My miſtreſs ſends that you ſhould make leſs noiſe, to lock up the doors, and ſee the houſhold all got to bed: you, Jenkin, for this night are made the porter to ſee the gates ſhut in.

Jen. Thus by little and little I creep into office. Come, to kennel, my maſters, to kennel, 'tis eleven a'clock already.

Ser. When you have lock'd the gates in, you muſt ſend up the keys to my miſtreſs.

Siſly. Quickly, for god's ſake, Jenkin, for I muſt carry them: I am neither pillow nor bolſter, but I know more than them both.

Jen. To bed, good Spiggot, to bed, good honeſt ſerving creatures, and let us ſleep as ſnug as pigs in peaſe-ſtraw. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Frankford and Nick.

Fran. Soft, ſoft; we have tied your geldings to a tree two flight ſhot off, left by their thundering hoofs they blab our coming. Hear'ſt thou no noiſe?

Nic. I hear nothing but the owl and you.

Fran. So: now my watch's hand points upon twelve,
And it is juſt midnight: where are my keys?

Nic. Here, ſir.

Fran. This is the key that opes my outward gate;
This is the hall-door; this the withdrawing chamber:
But this, that door that's bawd unto my ſhame;
Fountain and ſpring of all my bleeding thoughts,
Where the moſt hallowed order and true knot
Of nuptial ſanctity hath been profan'd;
It leads to my polluted bed-chamber,
Once my terreſtrial heaven, now my earth's hell,

The

The place where ſins in all their ripeneſs dwell.
But I forget myſelf, now to my gate.

Nic. It muſt ope with far leſs noiſe than Cripple-gate, or your plot's daſh'd.

Fran. So, reach me my dark lanthorn to the reſt; Tread ſoftly, ſoftly.

Nic. I will walk on eggs this pace.

Fran. A general ſilence hath ſurpriz'd the houſe, And this is the laſt door. Aſtoniſhment, Fear, and amazement beat upon my heart, Even as a madman beats upon a drum: O keep my eyes, you heavens, before I enter, From any ſight that may transfix my ſoul: Or if there be ſo black a ſpectacle, Oh ſtrike mine eyes ſtark blind. Or if not ſo, Lend me ſuch patience to digeſt my grief, That I may keep this white and virgin hand From any violent outrage, or red murder; And with that prayer I enter.

Nic. Here's a circumſtance indeed, a man may be made a cuckold in the time he's about it. And the caſe were mine, as 'tis my maſter's, 'ſblood, that he makes me ſwear, I would have plac'd his action, enter'd there; I would, I would.

Fran. Oh! oh!

Nic. Maſter! 'ſblood! maſter! maſter!

Fran. Oh me unhappy! I have found them lying Cloſe in each other's arms, and faſt aſleep. But that I would not damn two precious ſouls, Bought with my ſaviour's blood, and ſend them laden, With all their ſcarlet ſins upon their backs, Unto a fearful judgment, their two lives Had met upon my rapier.

Nic. Maſter, what have ye left them ſleeping ſtill? Let me go wake 'em.

Fran. Stay, let me pauſe a while. O God! O God! that it were poſſible To undo things done; to call back yeſterday: That time could turn up his ſwift ſandy glaſs, To untell the days, and to redeem theſe hours.

Or that the ſun
Could, riſing from the weſt, draw his coach backward;
Take from th'account of time ſo many minutes,
Till he had all theſe ſeaſons call'd again,
Thoſe minutes, and thoſe actions done in them,
Even from her firſt offence; that I might take her
As ſpotleſs as an angel in my arms.
But, oh! I talk of things impoſſible,
And caſt beyond the moon. God give me patience,
For I will in and wake them. [*Exit.*

Nic. Here's patience per force,
He needs muſt trot afoot that tires his horſe.

Enter Wendoll running over the ſtage in a night-gown, he after him with his ſword drawn, the maid in her ſmock ſtays his hand, and claſps hold on him. He pauſes for a while.

Fran. I thank thee, maid, thou like an angel's hand
Haſt ſtay'd me from a bloody ſacrifice.
Go, villain, and my wrongs ſit on thy ſoul
As heavy as this grief doth upon mine.
When thou record'ſt my many courteſies,
And ſhalt compare them with thy treacherous heart,
Lay them together, weigh them equally,
'Twill be revenge enough. Go, to thy friend
A Judas; pray, pray, leſt I live to ſee
Thee, Judas-like, hang'd on an elder-tree.

Enter miſtreſs Frankford in her ſmock, night-gown, and night-attire.

Anne. O by what word? what title? or what name
Shall I intreat your pardon? Pardon! oh!
I am as far from hoping ſuch ſweet grace,
As Lucifer from heaven. To call you huſband!
(O me moſt wretched!) I have loſt that name,
I am no more your wife.

Nic. 'Sblood, ſir, ſhe ſwoons.

Fran. Spare thou thy tears, for I will weep for thee;
And keep thy count'nance, for I'll bluſh for thee:
Now, I proteſt, I think, 'tis I am tainted,

For

For I am moſt aſham'd; and 'tis more hard
For me to look upon thy guilty face,
Than on the ſun's clear brow:
What would'ſt thou ſpeak?

Anne. I would I had no tongue, no ears, no eyes,
No apprehenſion, no capacity.
When do you ſpurn me like a dog? when tread me
Under feet? when drag me by the hair?
Tho' I deſerve a thouſand thouſand fold
More than you can inflict: yet once my huſband,
For womanhood, to which I am a ſhame,
Though once an ornament; even for his ſake
That hath redeem'd our ſouls, mark not my face,
Nor hack me with your ſword: but let me go
Perfect and undeformed to my tomb.
I am not worthy that I ſhould prevail
In the leaſt ſuit; no, not to ſpeak to you,
Nor look on you, nor to be in your preſence:
Yet as an abject this one ſuit I crave,
This granted, I am ready for my grave.

Fran. My God, with patience arm me! riſe, nay riſe,
And I'll debate with thee. Was it for want
Thou plaid'ſt the ſtrumpet? Was't thou not ſupply'd
With every pleaſure, faſhion, and new toy;
Nay even beyond my calling?

Anne. I was.

Fran. Was it then diſability in me?
Or in thine eye ſeem'd he a properer man?

Anne. O no.

Fran. Did not I lodge thee in my boſom?
Wear thee in my heart?

Anne. You did.

Fran. I did indeed, witneſs my tears I did.
Go bring my infants hither. O Nan, O Nan;
If neither fear of ſhame, regard of honour,
The blemiſh of my houſe, nor my dear love
Could have with-held thee from ſo lewd a fact:
Yet for theſe infants, theſe young harmleſs ſouls,
On whoſe white brows thy ſhame is character'd,
And grows in greatneſs as they wax in years;

Look but on them, and melt away in tears.
Away with them; left as her ſpotted body
Hath ſtain'd their names with ſtripe of baſtardy,
So her adulterous breath may blaſt their ſpirits
With her infectious thoughts. Away with them.

Anne. In this one life I die ten thouſand deaths.

Frank. Stand up, ſtand up, I will do nothing raſhly:
I will retire a while into my ſtudy,
And thou ſhalt hear thy ſentence preſently. [*Exit.*

Anne. 'Tis welcome, be it death. O me baſe ſtrumpet,
That having ſuch a huſband, ſuch ſweet children,
Muſt enjoy neither! oh to redeem mine honour,
I would have this hand cut off, theſe my breaſts ſear'd,
Be rack'd, ſtrappado'd, put to any torment:
Nay, to wipe but this ſcandal out, I would hazard
The rich and dear redemption of my ſoul.
He cannot be ſo baſe as to forgive me;
Nor I ſo ſhameleſs to accept his pardon.
O women, women, you that yet have kept
Your holy matrimonial vow unſtain'd,
Make me your inſtance, when you tread awry,
Your ſins, like mine, will on your conſcience lie.

Enter Siſly, Spiggot, all the ſervingmen, and Jenkin, as newly come out of bed.

All. O miſtreſs, miſtreſs, what have you done miſtreſs?

Nic. What a caterwauling keep you here?

Jenk. O lord miſtreſs, how comes this to paſs? my maſter is run away in his ſhirt, and never ſo much as call'd me to bring his cloaths after him.

Anne. See what guilt is! here ſtand I in this place,
Aſham'd to look my ſervants in the face.

Enter mr. Frankford and Cranwell; whom ſeeing, ſhe falls on her knees.

Fran. My words are regiſter'd in heaven already,
With patience hear me. I'll not martyr thee,
Nor mark thee for a ſtrumpet; but with uſage
Of more humility torment thy ſoul,
And kill thee even with kindneſs.

Cran. Mr. Frankford.

Frank. Good mr. Cranwel. Woman, hear thy judgment;

Go make thee ready in thy beſt attire;
Take with thee all thy gowns, all thy apparel:
Leave nothing that did ever call thee miſtreſs,
Or by whoſe ſight, being left here in the houſe,
I may remember ſuch a woman was.
Chuſe thee a bed and hangings for thy chamber;
Take with thee every thing which hath thy mark,
And get thee to my manor ſeven mile off;
Where live, 'tis thine, I freely give it thee.
My tenants by ſhall furniſh thee with wains
To carry all thy ſtuff within two hours;
No longer will I limit thee my ſight.
Chuſe which of all my ſervants thou lik'ſt beſt,
And they are thine to attend thee.

Anne. A mild ſentence.

Fran. But as thou hop'ſt for heaven, as thou believ'ſt
Thy name's recorded in the book of life,
I charge thee never after this ſad day
To ſee me, or to meet me; or to ſend
By word, or writing, gift, or otherwiſe
To move me, by thy ſelf, or by thy friends;
Nor challenge any part in my two children.
So, farewel Nan; for we will henceforth be
As we had never ſeen, ne'er more ſhall ſee.

Anne. How full my heart is, in mine eyes appeare;
What wants in words, I will ſupply in tears.

Frank. Come, take your coach, your ſtuff; all muſt along:
Servants and all make ready, all be gone,
It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Charles gentleman-like, and his ſiſter gentlewoman-like.

Suſ. Brother, why have you trick'd me like a bride?
Bought me this gay attire, theſe ornaments?
Forget you our eſtate, our poverty?

Char. Call me not brother, but imagine me
Some barbarous out-law, or uncivil kern:
For if thou ſhut'ſt thy eye, and only hear'ſt

The words that I ſhall utter, thou ſhalt judge me
Some ſtaring ruffian, not thy brother Charles.
O ſiſter!—

Suſ. O brother, what doth this ſtrange language mean?

Char. Doſt love me, ſiſter? would'ſt thou ſee me live
A bankrupt begger in the world's diſgrace,
And die indebted to mine enemies?
Would'ſt thou behold me ſtand like a huge beam
In the world's eye, a by-word and a ſcorn?
It lies in thee of theſe to acquit me free,
And all my debt I may out-ſtrip by thee.

Suſ. By me; why I have nothing, nothing left,
I owe even for the cloaths upon my back;
I am not worth——

Char. O ſiſter, ſay not ſo;
It lies in you my down-caſt ſtate to raiſe;
To make me ſtand on even points with the world.
Come, ſiſter, you are rich; indeed you are:
And in your power you have without delay,
Acton's five hundred pound back to repay.

Suſ. Till now I had thought y'had lov'd me. By my honour
(Which I have kept as ſpotleſs as the moon)
I ne'er was miſtreſs of that ſingle doit
Which I reſerv'd not to ſupply your wants:
And d'ye think that I would hoard from you?
Now, by my hopes in heaven, knew I the meane
To buy you from the ſlavery of your debts
(Eſpecially from Acton whom I hate)
I would redeem it with my life or blood.

Char. I challenge it; and kindred ſet apart,
Thus (ruffian-like) I lay ſiege to thy heart.
What do I owe to Acton?

Suſ. Why ſome five hundred pounds,
Towards which I ſwear,
In all the world I have not one denier.

Char. It will not prove ſo. Siſter, now reſolve me;
What do you think (and ſpeak your conſcience)

Would

Would Acton give, might he enjoy your bed?
Suſ. He would not think to ſpend a thouſand pound,
To give the Mountford's name ſo deep a wound.
Char. A thouſand pound? I but five hundred owe,
Grant him your bed, he's pay'd with intereſt ſo.
Suſ. O brother!
Char. O ſiſter, only this one way,
With that rich jewel you my debts may pay:
In ſpeaking this my cold heart ſhakes with ſhame.
Nor do I woo you in a brother's name,
But in a ſtranger's. Shall I die in debt
To Acton my grand foe, and you ſtill wear
The precious jewel that he holds ſo dear?
Suſ. My honour I eſteem as dear and precious
As my redemption.
Char. I eſteem you, ſiſter, as dear,
For ſo dear prizing it.
Suſ. Will Charles
Have me cut off my hands, and ſend them Acton?
Rip up my breaſt, and with my bleeding heart
Preſent him, as a token?
Char. Neither, ſiſter:
But hear me in my ſtrange aſſertion.
Thy honour and my ſoul are equal in my regard;
Nor will thy brother Charles ſurvive thy ſhame.
His kindneſs (like a burden hath ſurcharg'd me,
And under his good deeds, I ſtooping, go
Not with an upright ſoul. Had I remain'd
In priſon ſtill, there doubtleſs I had died:
Then unto him that freed me from that priſon,
Still do I owe this life. What mov'd my foe
To infranchiſe me? 'Twas ſiſter for your love.
With full five hundred pounds he bought your love,
And ſhall he not enjoy it? Shall the weight
Of all this heavy burden lean on me,
And will not you bear part? You did partake
The joy of my releaſe, will you not ſtand
In joint-bond bound to ſatisfy the debt?
Shall *I* be only charg'd?
Suſ. But that I know

Theſe arguments come from an honour'd mind,
As in your moſt extremity of need
Scorning to ſtand in debt to one you hate;
Nay, rather would engage your unſtain'd honour
Than to be held ingrate, I ſhould condemn you.
I ſee your reſolution, and aſſent;
So Charles will have me, and I am content.
Char. For this I trick'd you up.
Suſ. But here's a knife,
To ſave mine honour, ſhall ſlice out my life.
Char. Ay, now thou pleaſeſt me a thouſand times
More in thy reſolution than thy grant.
Obſerve her love: to ſooth it to my ſuit,
Her honour ſhe will hazard (though not loſe:)
To bring me out of debt, her rigorous hand
Will pierce her heart. Oh wonder! that will chuſe
Rather than ſtain her blood her life to loſe.
Come, you ſad ſiſter to a woeful brother,
This is the gate: I'll bear him ſuch a preſent,
Such an acquittance for the knight to ſeal,
As will amaze his ſenſes; and ſurprize
With admiration all his fantaſies.

Enter Acton and Malby.

Suſ. Before his unchaſte thoughts ſhall ſeize on me;
'Tis here, ſhall my impriſon'd ſoul ſet free.
Act. How! Mountford with his ſiſter hand in hand!
What miracle's afoot?
Mal. It is a ſight
Begets in me much admiration.
Char. Stand not amaz'd to ſee me thus attended:
Acton, I owe thee money, and being unable
To bring thee the full ſum in ready coin,
Lo! for thy more aſſurance here's a pawn;
My ſiſter, my dear ſiſter, whoſe chaſte honour
I prize above a million; here, nay take her,
She's worth your money man, do not forſake her.
Fran. I would he were in earneſt.
Suſ. Impute it not to my immodeſty,
My brother being rich in nothing elſe
But in his intereſt that he hath in me,

Accord-

According to his poverty hath brought you
Me, all his ſtore; whom howſoe'er you prize
As forfeit to your hand, he values highly,
And would not ſell but to acquit your debt,
For any emperor's ranſom.

Fran. Stern heart, relent,
Thy former cruelty at length repent.
Was ever known in any former age
Such honourable wreſted courteſy?
Lands, honours, life, and all the world forego,
Rather than ſtand engag'd to ſuch a foe.

Char. Acton, ſhe is too poor to be thy bride,
And I too much oppos'd to be thy brother.
There, take her to thee, if thou haſt the heart
To ſeize her as a rape or luſtful prey,
To blur our houſe that never yet was ſtain'd;
To murder her that never meant thee harm;
To kill me now whom once thou ſav'dſt from death,
Do then, at once on her; all theſe rely
And periſh with her ſpotted chaſtity.

Fran. You overcome me in your love, ſir Charles.
I cannot be ſo cruel to a lady
I love ſo dearly. Since you have not ſpar'd
To ingage your reputation to the world,
Your ſiſter's honour which you prize ſo dear,
Nay all the comfort which you hold on earth,
To grow out of my debt, being your foe,
Your honour'd thoughts, lo! thus I recompence.
Your metamorphos'd foe receives your gift
In ſatisfaction of all former wrongs.
This jewel I will wear here in my heart:
And where before I thought her for her wants
Too baſe to be my bride: to end all ſtrife,
I ſeal you my dear brother, her my wife.

Suſ. You ſtill exceed us; I will yield to fate,
And learn to love, where I till now did hate.

Char. With that enchantment you have charm'd my ſoul,
And made me rich even in thoſe very words;
I pay no debt, but am indebted more,

Rich

Rich in your love, I never can be poor.

Fran. All's mine is yours, we are alike in ſtate,
Let's knit in love what was oppos'd in hate.
Come, for our nuptials we will ſtraight provide,
Bleſt only in our brother and fair bride.

Enter Cranwel, Frankford, and Nick.

Cran. Why do you ſearch each room about your houſe,
Now that you have diſpatch'd your wife away?

Fran. O ſir, to ſee that nothing may be left
That ever was my wife's: I lov'd her dearly,
And when I do but think of her unkindneſs,
My thoughts are all in hell; to avoid which torment,
I would not have a bodkin or a cuff,
A bracelet, necklace, or rebato wier;
Nor any thing that ever was called her's,
Left me, by which I might remember her.
Seek round about.

Nic. 'Sblood maſter, here's her lute flung in a corner.

Fran. Her Lute? Oh God! upon this inſtrument
Her fingers have ran quick diviſion,
Swifter than that which now divides our hearts.
Theſe frets have made me pleaſant, that have now
Frets of my heart-ſtrings made. O maſter Cranwel,
Oft hath ſhe made this melancholy wood
(Now mute and dumb for her diſaſtrous chance)
Speak ſweetly many a note; ſound many a ſtrain
To her own raviſhing voice, which being well ſtrung,
What pleaſant ſtrange airs have they jointly rung?
Poſt with it after her; now nothing's left;
Of her and her's I am at once bereft.

Nic. I'll ride and over-take her, do my meſſage
And come back again.

Cran. Mean time, ſir, if you pleaſe
I'll to ſir Francis Acton, and inform him
Of what hath paſt betwixt you and his ſiſter.

Fran. Do as you pleaſe; how ill am I beſtead,
To be a widower e'er my wife be dead!

Enter

Enter mrs. Frankford, with Jenkin, her maid Siſly, her coach-man, and three carters.

Anne. Bid my coach ſtay: why ſhould I ride in ſtate,
Being hurl'd ſo low down by the hand of fate?
A ſeat like to my fortunes let me have;
Earth for my chair, and for my bed a grave.

Jen. Comfort, good miſtreſs; you have watered your coach with tears already: you have but two miles now to go to your manor. A man cannot ſay by my old maſter Frankford as he may ſay by me, that he wants manors; for he hath three or four; of which this is one that we are going to now.

Siſly. Good miſtreſs be of good chear; ſorrow you ſee hurts you, but helps you not: we all mourn to ſee you ſo ſad.

Cart. Miſtreſs, I ſee ſome of my landlord's men
Come riding poſt, 'tis like he brings ſome news.

Anne. Comes he from mr. Frankford he is welcome,
So is his news becauſe they come from him.

Enter Nicholas.

Nic. There.

Anne. I know the lute; oft have I ſung to thee:
We both are out of tune, both out of time.

Nic. Would that had been the worſt inſtrument that e'er you play'd on. My maſter commends him unto ye; there's all he can find that was ever yours: he hath nothing left that ever you could lay claim to but his own heart, and he could not afford you that. All that I have to deliver you is this; he prays you to forget him, and ſo he bids you farewell.

Anne. I thank him; he is kind, and ever was.
All you that have true feeling of my grief,
That know my loſs, and have relenting hearts,
Gird me about; and help me with your tears
To waſh my ſpotted ſins: my lute ſhall groan;
It cannot weep, but ſhall lament my moan.

Enter Wendoll.

Wend. Purſu'd with horror of a guilty ſoul,
And with the ſharp ſcourge of repentance laſh'd,

I fly

I fly from mine own ſhadow. O my ſtars!
What have my parents in their lives deſerv'd,
That you ſhould lay this penance on their ſon?
When I but think of mr. Frankford's love,
And lay it to my treaſon, or compare
My murdering him for his relieving me,
It ſtrikes a terror like a light'ning's flaſh
To ſcorch my blood up. Thus I, like the owl
Aſham'd of day, live in theſe ſhadowy woods,
Afraid of every leaf or murmuring blaſt,
Yet longing to receive ſome perfect knowledge
How he hath dealt with her. Oh my ſad fate,
Here, and ſo far from home, and thus attended!
Oh God! I have divorc'd the trueſt turtles
That ever liv'd together, and being divided
In ſeveral places, make their ſeveral moan;
She in the fields laments, and he at home.
So poets write, that Orpheus made the trees
And ſtones to dance to his melodious harp,
Meaning the ruſtick and the barbarous hinds,
That had no underſtanding part in them:
So ſhe from theſe rude carters tears extracts,
Making their flinty hearts with grief to riſe,
And draw down rivers from their rocky eyes.

Anne. If you return unto my maſter,
(Tho' not from me; for I am unworthy
To blaſt his name ſo with a ſtrumpet's tongue)
That you have ſeen me weep, wiſh myſelf dead.
Nay, you may ſay too (for my vow is paſt)
Laſt night you ſaw me eat and drink my laſt.
This to your maſter you may ſay and ſwear:
For it is writ in heaven, and decreed here.

Nic. I'll ſay you wept: I'll ſwear you made me ſad.
Why how now, eyes? what now? what's here to do?
I'm gone, or I ſhall ſtrait turn baby too.

Wend. I cannot weep, my heart is all on fire;
Curſt be the fruits of my unchaſte deſire.

Anne. Go, break this lute on my coach's wheel,
As the laſt muſick that I e'er ſhall make;
Not as my huſband's gift, but my farewell
To all earth's joy; and ſo your maſter tell.

Nic.

Nic. If I can for crying.
Wend. Grief have done,
Or like a mad-man I ſhall frantick run.
Anne. You have beheld the woefull'ſt wretch on earth;
A woman made of tears: would you had words
To expreſs but what you ſee. My inward grief
No tongue can utter: yet unto your power
You may deſcribe my ſorrow, and diſcloſe
To thy ſad maſter my abundant woes.
Nic. I'll do your commendations.
Anne. O no:
I dare not ſo preſume; nor to my children;
I am diſclaim'd in both, alas, I am:
O never teach them, when they come to ſpeak,
To name the name of mother: chide their tongue
If they by chance light on that hated word;
Tell them 'tis naught: for when that word they name,
(Poor pretty ſouls) they harp on their own ſhame.
Wend. To recompence her wrongs, what can'ſt thou do?
Thou haſt made her huſbandleſs and childleſs too.
Anne. I have no more to ſay. Speak not for me;
Yet you may tell your maſter what you ſee.
Nic. I'll do't, [*Exit.*
Wend. I'll ſpeak to her, and comfort her in grief.
Oh! but her wound cannot be cur'd with words:
No matter tho', I'll do my beſt good-will
To work a cure on her whom I did kill.
Anne. So, now unto my coach, then to my home,
So to my death-bed; for from this ſad hour,
I never will nor eat, nor drink, nor taſte
Of any cates that may preſerve my life:
I never will nor ſmile, nor ſleep, nor reſt.
But when my tears have waſh'd my black ſoul white,
Sweet Saviour to thy hands I yield my ſprite.
Wend. O mrs. Frankford——
Anne. O for God's ſake fly;
The devil doth come to tempt me e'er I die.
My coach: this fiend, that with an angel's face
Conjur'd mine honour, 'till he fought my wrack,

In

In my repentant eye ſeems ugly black.

[*Exeunt all; the carters whiſtling.*

Jen. What, my young maſter that fled in his ſhirt? How come you by your clothes again? You have made our houſe in a ſweet pickle, ha'ye not, think you? What ſhall I ſerve you ſtill, or cleave to the old houſe?

Wend. Hence, ſlave, away with thy unſeaſon'd mirth;
Unleſs thou can'ſt ſhed tears, and ſigh, and howl,
Curſe thy ſad fortunes, and exclaim on fate,
Thou art not for my turn.

Jen. Marry, and you will not, another will: farewell and be hang'd, would you had never come to have kept this quoil within our doors, we ſhall ha' you run away like a ſpright again.

Wend. She's gone to death, I live to want and woe.
Her life, her ſins, and all upon my head.
And I muſt now go wander like a Cain
In foreign countries and remoted climes,
Where the report of my ingratitude
Cannot be heard. I'll over firſt to France
And ſo to Germany and Italy;
Where when I have recover'd, and by travel
Gotten thoſe perfect tongues, and that theſe rumours
May in their heighth abate, I will return:
And I divine (however now dejected)
My worth and parts being by ſome great man prais'd,
At my return I may in court be rais'd. [*Exit.*

Enter ſir Francis, ſir Charles, Cranwell, and Suſan.

Fran. Brother, and now my wife, I think theſe troubles
Fall on my head by juſtice of the heavens,
For being ſo ſtrict to you in your extremities:
But we are now aton'd. I would my ſiſter
Could with like happineſs o'ercome her griefs,
As we have ours.

Suſ. You tell us, mr. Cranwell, wond'rous things,
Touching the patience of that gentleman,
With what ſtrange virtue he demeans his grief.

Cran. I told you what I was witneſs of;
It was my fortune to lodge there that night.

Fran.

Fran. O that ſame villain, Wendoll, 'twas his tongue
That did corrupt her; ſhe was of herſelf
Chaſte and devoted well. Is this the houſe?

Cran. Yes, ſir, I take it here your ſiſter lies.

Fran. My brother Frankford ſhew'd too mild a ſpirit
In the revenge of ſuch a loathed crime;
Leſs than he did, no man of ſpirit could do:
I am ſo far from blaming his revenge,
That I commend it. Had it been my caſe,
Their ſouls at once had from their breaſts been freed,
Death to ſuch deeds of ſhame is the due meed.

Enter Jenkin.

Jen. O my miſtreſs, miſtreſs, my poor miſtreſs.

Siſly. Alas! that ever I was born; what ſhall I do for my poor miſtreſs?

Char. Why, what of her?

Jen. O lord, ſir, ſhe no ſooner heard that her brother and her friends were come to ſee how ſhe did, but ſhe for very ſhame of her guilty conſcience, fell into ſuch a ſwoond, that we had much ado to get life in her.

Suſ. Alas! that ſhe ſhould bear ſo hard a fate;
Pity it is repentance comes too late.

Alton. Is ſhe ſo weak in body?

Jen. O ſir, I can aſſure you there's no hope of life in her, for ſhe will take no ſuſt'nance: ſhe hath plainly ſtarv'd herſelf, and now ſhe's as lean as a lath. She ever looks for the good hour. Many gentlemen and gentlewomen of the country are come to comfort her.

Enter mrs. Frankford in her bed.

Mal. How fare you, mrs. Frankford?

Anne. Sick, ſick, oh ſick: Give me ſome air. I pray
Tell me, oh tell me, where's mr. Frankford.
Will he not deign to ſee me e'er I die?

Mal. Yes, mrs. Frankford: divers gentlemen
Your loving neighbours, with that juſt requeſt
Have mov'd and told him of your weak eſtate:
Who, tho' with much ado to get belief,
Examining of the general circumſtance,

See-

Seeing your ſorrow and your penitence,
And hearing therewithall the great deſire
You have to ſee him e'er you left the world,
He gave to us his faith to follow us,
And ſure he will be here immediately.

Anne. You have half reviv'd me with the pleaſing news:
Raiſe me a little higher in my bed.
Bluſh I not, brother Acton? Bluſh I not, ſir Charles?
Can you not read my fault writ in my cheek?
Is not my crime there? tell me, gentlemen.

Char. Alas! good miſtreſs, ſickneſs hath not left you
Blood in your face enough to make you bluſh.

Anne. Then ſickneſs like a friend my fault would hide.
Is my huſband come? My ſoul but tarries
His arrival, then I am fit for heaven.

Acton. I came to chide you, but my words of hate
Are turn'd to pity and compaſſionate grief.
I came to rate you, but my brawls, you ſee,
Melt into tears, and I muſt weep by thee.
Here's mr. Frankford now.

Enter Frankford.

Fran. Good-morrow, brother; morrow, gentlemen:
God, that hath laid this croſs upon our heads,
Might (had he pleas'd) have made our cauſe of meeting
On a more fair and more contented ground:
But he that made us, made us to this woe.

Anne. And is he come? Methinks that voice I know.

Fran. How do you, woman?

Anne. Well, mr. Frankford, well; but ſhall be better
I hope within this hour. Will you vouchſafe
(Out of your grace, and your humanity)
To take a ſpotted ſtrumpet by the hand?

Fran. This hand once held my heart in faſter bonds
Than now 'tis grip'd by me. God pardon them
That made us firſt break hold.

Anne. Amen, amen.
Out of my zeal to heaven, whither I'm now bound,
I was ſo impudent to wiſh you here;

And once more beg your pardon. Oh! good man,
And father to my children, pardon me,
Pardon, o pardon me! my fault ſo heinous is,
That if you in this world forgive it not,
Heaven will not clear it in the world to come.
Faintneſs hath ſo uſurp'd upon my knees,
That kneel I cannot: But on my heart's knees
My proſtrate ſoul lies thrown down at your feet
To beg your gracious pardon: Pardon, O pardon me!

Fran. As freely from the low depth of my ſoul
As my redeemer hath for us given his death,
I pardon thee; I will ſhed tears for thee;
Pray with thee; and in mere pity of thy weak eſtate,
I'll wiſh to die with thee.

All. So do we all.

Nic. So will not I;
I'll ſigh and ſob, but by my faith not die.

Acton. O mr. Frankford, all the near alliance
I loſe by her, ſhall be ſupply'd in thee;
You are my brother by the neareſt way,
Her kindred hath fall'n off, but yours doth ſtay.

Fran. Even as I hope for pardon at that day,
When the great judge of heaven in ſcarlet ſits,
So be thou pardon'd. Tho' thy raſh offence
Divorc'd our bodies, thy repentant tears
Unite our ſouls.

Char. Then comfort, miſtreſs Frankford,
You ſee your huſband hath forgiven your fall;
Then rouze your ſpirits, and cheer your fainting ſoul.

Suſ. How is it with you?

Acton. How d'ye feel yourſelf?

Anne. Not of this world.

Fran. I ſee you are not, and I weep to ſee it.
My wife, the mother to my pretty babes;
Both theſe loſt names I do reſtore thee back,
And with this kiſs I wed thee once again:
Tho' thou art wounded in thy honour'd name,
And with that grief upon thy death-bed lieſt,
Honeſt in heart, upon my ſoul thou dieſt.

Anne.

Anne. Pardon'd on earth, ſoul, thou in heaven art free
Once more; thy wife dies thus embracing thee.
Fran. New married, and new widow'd; oh! ſhe's dead,
And a cold grave muſt be her nuptial bed.
Char. Sir, be of good comfort; and your heavy ſorrow
Part equally amongſt us: ſtorms divided,
Abate their force, and with leſs rage are guided.
Cran. Do, maſter Frankford; he that hath leaſt part,
Will find enough to drown a troubled heart.
Acton. Peace with thee, Nan. Brothers and gentlemen,
(All we that can plead intereſt in her grief)
Beſtow upon her body funeral tears.
Brother, had you with threats and uſage bad
Puniſh'd her ſin, the grief of her offence
Had not with ſuch true ſorrow touch'd her heart.
Fran. I ſee it had not: therefore on her grave
Will I beſtow this funeral epitaph,
Which on her marble tomb ſhall be engrav'd.
In golden letters ſhall theſe words be fill'd,
Here lies ſhe whom her huſband's kindneſs kill'd.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE.

AN honeſt crew, diſpoſed to be merry,
Came to a tavern by, and call'd for wine:
The drawer brought it (ſmiling like a cherry)
And told them it was pleaſant, neat and fine.
Taſte it, quoth one: he did; o fie! (quoth he)
This wine was good; now't runs too near the lee.

Another ſip'd to give the wine his due,
And ſaid unto the reſt it drunk too flat;
The third ſaid, it was old; the fourth, too new;
Nay, quoth the fifth, the ſharpneſs likes me not.
Thus, gentlemen, you ſee, how in one hour
The wine was new, old, flat, ſharp, ſweet, and ſour.

Unto this wine we do allude our play;
Which ſome will judge too trivial, ſome too grave:
You as our gueſts we entertain this day,
And bid you welcome to the beſt we have:
Excuſe us then; good wine may be diſgrac'd,
When every ſeveral mouth hath ſundry taſte.

EASTWARD HOE.

A

COMEDY.

BY

BEN JOHNSON, GEORGE CHAPMAN,
and JOHN MARSTON.

THIS Play was the joint Production of Ben Johnſon, Chapman, *and* Marſton. *It was firſt printed in* 1605, *and was occaſion'd by a Play of* Decker's, *call'd* Weſtward Hoe. *What Part each Author had in the Compoſition of this Play, may perhaps be difficult to aſſign: But from the Correctneſs and Regularity of the Plan, one would be apt to give that Part of it to* Ben Johnſon. *It was ſome Years ago revived and altered by Mr.* Tate, *who call'd it* Cuckold's Haven.

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

NOT out of envy, (for there's no effect,
Where there's no cauſe) nor out of imitation,
For we have evermore been imitated;
Nor out of our contention to do better,
Than that which is oppoſ'd to ours in title;
For that was good, and better cannot be.
And for the title, if it ſeem affected,
We might as well have call'd it, God you good even!
Only that eaſtward, weſtwards ſtill exceeds;
Honour the ſun's fair riſing, not his ſetting.
Nor is our title utterly enforc'd,
As by the points we touch at you ſhall ſee.
Bear with our willing pains; if dull or witty,
We truly tender it to the city.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Touchſtone; an honeſt goldſmith in the city.
Quickſilver; a rake, his 'prentice.
Golding; his ſober 'prentice.
Sir Petronel Flaſh; a poor knight.
Security; an old uſurer.
Bramble; a lawyer.
Seagul; captain of a ſhip.
Scrapethrift; } two of his paſſengers.
Spendall; }
Slitgut; a butcher's 'prentice.
Poldavy; a *French* taylor.
Holdfaſt; } two officers belonging to the Compter.
Wolf; }

WOMEN.

Mrs. Touchſtone; the goldſmith's wife.
Girtred; her daughter, that affects to be a fine lady.
Mildred; her good daughter.
Winifred; Security's wife.
Syndefy; a caſt-miſtreſs of Quickſilver's.

Mrs. Fond, Mrs. Gazer, Bettrice, Hamlet, Potkin, Page, Footman, Conſtables, Priſoners, &c.

EASTWARD HOE.

Act. I. Scene I.

Enter maſter Touchſtone and Quickſilver at ſeveral doors, Quickſilver with his hat, pumps, ſhort ſword and dagger, and a racket truſs'd up under his cloak. At the middle door, enter Golding, diſcovering a goldſmith's ſhop, and he walking ſhort turns before it.

Touch. AND whither with you now? what looſe action are you bound for? come, what comrades are you to meet withal? where's the ſupper? where's the rendezvous?

Quick. Indeed, and in very good ſober truth, ſir—

Touch. Indeed, and in very good ſober truth, ſir? Behind my back thou wilt ſwear faſter than a French foot-boy, and talk more baudily than a common mid-wife; and now, indeed and in very good ſober truth, ſir; but if a privy ſearch ſhould be made, with what furniture are you rigg'd now? Sirrah, I tell thee I am thy maſter, William Touchſtone goldſmith, and thou my

'prentice, Francis Quickſilver, and I will ſee whither you are running. *Work upon that now.*

Quick. Why, ſir, I hope a man may uſe his recreation with his maſter's profit.

Touch. 'Prentices recreations are ſeldom with their maſter's profit. *Work upon that now.* You ſhall give up your cloak, tho' you be no alderman. Heyday! ruffians! ha! ſword! pumps! here's a racket, indeed! [*Touch. uncloaks Quick.*

Quick. Work upon that now.

Touch. Thou ſhameleſs varlet, do'ſt thou jeſt at thy lawful maſter, contrary to thy indentures?

Quick. 'Sblood, ſir, my mother's a gentlwoman, and my father a juſtice of peace, and of *quorum*; and tho' I am a younger brother, and a 'prentice, yet, I hope, I am my father's ſon; and, by god'ſlid, 'tis for your worſhip, and for your commodity, that I keep company. I am entertain'd among gallants, 'tis true; they call me couſin Frank, right; I lend them monies, good; they ſpend it, well: But when they are ſpent, muſt not they ſtrive to get more? muſt not their land ſlie? and to whom? ſhall not your worſhip ha' the refuſal? Well, I am a good member of the city, if I were well conſidered. How would merchants thrive, if gentlemen would not be unthrifts? how could gentlemen be unthrifts, if their humours were not fed? how ſhould their humours be fed, but by white meat, and cunning ſecondings? Well, the city might conſider us. I am going to an ordinary now; the gallants fall to play; I carry light gold with me; the gallants call, couſin Frank, ſome gold for ſilver: I change; gain by it; the gallants loſe the gold, and then call, couſin Frank, lend me ſome ſilver. Why——

Touch. Why? I cannot tell; ſeven ſcore pound art thou out in the caſh; but look to it, I will not be gallanted out of my monies. And as for my riſing by other mens fall, God ſhield me! Did I gain my wealth by ordinaries? no: by exchanging of gold? no: by keeping of gallants company? no: I hir'd me a little ſhop, ſought low, took ſmall gain, kept no debt book, garniſh'd

stalled my shop, for want of plate, with good, wholsome thrifty sentences: as, *Touchstone, keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee. Light gains make heavy purses. 'Tis good to be merry and wise.* And when I was wiv'd, having something to stick too, I had the horn of suretiship ever before my eyes. You all know the device of the horn, where the young fellow slips in at the butt-end, and comes squeez'd out at the buckall: and I grew up; and, I praise providence, I bear my brows now as high as the best of my neighbours: But thou—Well, look to the accounts; your father's bond lies for you: seven score pound is yet in the rear.

Quick. Why, 'slid, sir, I have as good, as proper gallants words for it, as any are in London: gentlemen of good phrase, perfect language, passingly behav'd; gallants that wear socks and clean linen, and call me kind cousin Frank! good cousin Frank! for they know my father: and, by god'slid, shall not I trust 'em? not trust?

Enter a Page, as enquiring for Touchstone's shop.

Gold. What do ye lack, sir? what is't you'll buy, sir?

Touch. Ay, marry, sir, there's a youth of another piece! there's thy fellow-'prentice, as good a gentleman born as thou art: nay, and better mean'd. But does he pump it, or racket it? Well, if he thrive not, if he out-last not a hundred such crackling bavins as thou art, God and men neglect industry.

Gold. It is his shop, and here my master walks.

[*To the Page.*

Touch. With me, boy?

Page. My master, sir Petronel Flash, recommends his love to you, and will instantly visit you.

Touch. To make up the match with my eldest daughter, my wife's dilling, whom she longs to call madam. He shall find me unwillingly ready, boy. [*Exit Page.* There's another affliction too. As I have two 'prentices; the one of a boundless prodigality, the other of a most hopeful industry: so have I only two daughters; the eldest, of a proud ambition, and nice wantonness; the

other, of a modeſt humility, and comely ſoberneſs. The one muſt be ladyfied, forſooth, and be attir'd juſt to the court-cut, and long tail. So far is ſhe ill-natur'd to the place and means of my preferment and fortune, that ſhe throws all the contempt and deſpight, hatred itſelf can caſt upon it. Well, a piece of land ſhe has; 'twas her grandmother's gift; let her, and her ſir Petronel, flaſh out that: but as for my ſubſtance, ſhe that ſcorns me, as I am a citizen and tradeſman, ſhall never pamper her pride with my induſtry: ſhall never uſe me as men do foxes; keep themſelves warm in the ſkin, and throw the body that bare it to the dunghill. I muſt go entertain this ſir Petronel. Golding, my utmoſt care's for thee, and only truſt in thee; look to the ſhop. As for you, maſter Quickſilver, think of huſks; for thy courſe is running directly to the prodigal's hog-trough.' Huſks! ſirrah! *Work upon that now.* [*Exit Touch.*

Quick. Marry, pho, goodman Flat-cap: 'ſfoot, tho' I am a 'prentice, I can give arms: my father's a juſtice o' peace by deſcent; and, 'ſblood——

Gold. Fie, how you ſwear!

Quick. 'Sfoot man, I am a gentleman, and may ſwear by my pedigree. God's my life, ſirrah Golding, wilt be ruled by a fool? turn good fellow, turn ſwaggering gallant; and *let the welkin roar, and Erebus alſo.* Look not weſtward to the fall of don Phœbus; but to the eaſt, *Eaſtward hoe.*

" *Where radiant beams of luſty Sol appear,*
" *And bright Eous makes the welkin clear.*

We are both gentlemen, and therefore ſhould be no coxcombs: let's be no longer fools to this flat-cap, Touchſtone, eaſtward bully! this ſattin belly, and canvas back'd Touchſtone—'Slife, man, his father was a maltman, and his mother ſold ginger-bread in Chriſt-church.

Gold. What would you ha' me do?

Quick. Why, do nothing: be like a gentleman, be idle; the curſe of man is labour. Wipe thy bum with teſtoons, and make ducks and drakes with ſhillings. What, Eaſtward hoe! wilt thou cry, what is't we lack? ſtand with a bare pate, and a dropping noſe under

under a wooden pent-houſe, and art a gentleman? wilt thou bear tankards, and may'ſt bear arms? Be rul'd, turn gallant, Eaſtward hoe! *ta, lyre, lyre, ro. Who calls Jerinamo?. Speak, here I am.* Gods ſo, how like a ſheep thou look'ſt! A' my conſcience, ſome cow-herd begat thee, thou Golding of Golding-hall! Ha, boy?

Gold. Go, ye are a prodigal coxcomb! I a cow-herd's ſon! becauſe I turn not a drunken, whore-hunting rake-hell, like thyſelf. [*He offers to draw, and Golding trips up his heels, and holds him.*

Quick. Rake-hell, rake-hell!

Gold. Piſh; in ſoft terms, you are a cowardly bragging boy! I'll ha' ye whipt.

Quick. Whipt? that's good, i'faith! Untruſs me—

Gold. No; thou wilt undo thyſelf. Alas! I behold thee with pity, not with anger. Thou common ſhot-clog, gull of all companies! methinks I ſee thee already walking in Morefields, without a cloak; with half a hat; without a band; a doublet with three buttons; without a girdle; a hoſe, with one point; and no garter; with a cudgel under thine arm, borrowing and begging three pence.

Quick. Nay, 'ſlife, take this, and take all: as I am a gentleman born, I'll be drunk, grow valiant, and beat thee. [*Exit.*

Gold. Go, thou moſt madly vain! whom nothing can recover, but that which reclaims atheiſts, and makes great perſons ſometimes religious, calamity. As for my place and life, thus I have read:

Whate'er ſome wainer youth may term diſgrace,
The gain of honeſt pains is never baſe:
From trades, from arts, from valour honour ſprings;
Theſe three are founts of gentry, yea of kings.

Enter Girtred, Mildred, Bettrice, and Poldavy a taylor. Poldavy with a fair gown, Scotch farthingale, and a French fall in his arms. Girtred in a French head attire, and a citizen's gown; Mildred ſowing; and Bettrice leading a monkey after her.

Gir. For the passion of patience, look if sir Petronell approach! that sweet, that fine, that delicate, that—for love's sake, tell me if he come! Oh, sister Mill, tho' my father be a low-capt tradesman, yet I must be a lady: and I praise God my mother must call me madam. Does he come? off with this gown for shame's sake, off with this gown! let not my knight take me in the city-cut, in any hand: tear't! pox on't (does he come?) tear't off! *Thus whilst she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake,* &c.

Mil. Lord, sister, with what an immodest impatiency, and disgraceful scorn, do you put off your city tire! I am sorry to think you imagine to right yourself, in wronging that which hath made both you and us.

Gir. I tell you, I cannot endure it; I must be a lady: do you wear your quoiff, with a London licket; your shamen petticoat, with two guards; the buffin gown, with the tuftaffitie cap, and the velvet lace: I must be a lady, and I will be a lady. I like some humours of the city dames well: To eat cherries only at an angel a pound, good; to dy rich scarlet, black, pretty; to line a grogram gown clean through with velvet, tolerable; their pure linen, their smocks of three pound a smock, are to be born withall: but your mincing niceries, taffata pipkins, durance petticoats, and silver bodkins—God's my life, as I shall be a lady, I cannot endure it. Is he come yet? Lord, what a long knight 'tis! *And ever she cry'd, shoot home*—and yet I knew one longer—*And ever she cry'd, shoot home; fa, la, sol, re, lo, la.*

Mil. Well, sister, those that scorn their nest, oft flie with a sick wing.

Gir. Bow-bell!

Mil. Where titles presume to thrust before fit means to second them, wealth and respect often grow fallen, and will not follow. For sure in this, I would for your sake I spake not truth. *Where ambition of place goes before fitness of birth, contempt and disgrace follow.* I heard a scholar once say, that Ulysses, when he counterfeited himself mad, yoak'd cats, and foxes, and dogs together, to draw his plough, whiles he followed and sowed salt:

But

Before I judge them truly mad, that yoak citizens and courtiers, tradesmen and soldiers, a goldsmith's daughter and a knight. *Wel.* Well, sister, pray God my father sow not fall too.

Gir. Alas, poor Mill! when I am a lady, I'll pray for thee, yet i'faith: nay, and I'll vouchsafe to call thee sister Mill, still; for tho' thou art not like to be a lady, as I am, yet sure thou art a creature of God's making, and may'st peradventure be sav'd as soon as I, (does he come?) *And ever and anon she doubled in her song.* Now, (lady's my comfort) what a profane ape's here? Taylor Poldavis, pr'ythee fit it, fit it! is this a right Scot? Does it clip close? and bear up round?

Pold. Fine and stifly, i'faith; it will keep your thighs so cool, and make your waist so small! Here was a fault in your body; but I have supplied the defect, with the effect of my steel instrument; which, tho' it have but one eye, can see to rectify the imperfection of the proportion.

Gir. Most edifying taylor! I protest, you taylors are most sanctified members; and make many crooked things go upright. How must I bear my hands? light? light?

Pold. O ay, now you are in the lady fashion, you must do all things light. Tread light, light; ay, and fall so: that's the court-amble. [*She trips about the stage.*

Gir. Has the court ne'er a trot?

Pold. No, but a false gallop, lady.

Gir. *And if she will not go to bed.* [*Cantat.*

Bet. The knight's come, forsooth.

Enter sir Petronel, mr. Touchstone, and mrs. Touchstone.

Gir. Is my knight come? O the lord, my husband! Sister, do my cheeks look well? give me a little hot o' the ear that I may seem to blush. Now, now! so, there! there! here he is! O my dearest delight! lord! lord! and how does my knight?

Touch. Fie, with more modesty.

Gir. Modesty! why, I am no citizen now. Modesty! am I not to be married? y'are best to keep me modest now I am to be a lady.

Sir Pet.

Sir Pet. Boldneſs is a good faſhion, and court-like.

Gir. Ay, in a country lady I hope it is, as I ſhall be. And how chance ye came no ſooner, knight?

Sir Pet. Faith, I was ſo entertained in the progreſs with one count Epernoum, a Welch knight; we had a match at Baloon too with my lord Whachum, for four crowns.

Gir. At Baboon? Jeſu! you and I will play at Baboon in the country.

Sir Pet. O ſweet lady, 'tis a ſtrong play with the arm.

Gir. With arm or leg, or any other member, if it be a court-ſport. And when ſhall's be married, my knight?

Sir Pet. I come now to conſummate it; and your father may call a poor knight, ſon in law.

Mr. Touch. Sir, ye are come; what is not mine to keep, I muſt not be ſorry to forego. A hundred pound land her grandmother left her; 'tis your's: herſelf (as her mother's gift) is your's. But if you expect aught from me, know, my hand and mine eyes open together; I do not give blindly. *Work upon that now.*

Sir Pet. Sir, you miſtruſt not my means? I am a knight.

Touch. Sir, ſir, what I know not, you will give me leave to ſay I am ignorant of.

Mrs. Touch. Yes, that he is a knight; I know where he had money to pay the gentlemen uſhers and heralds their fees. Ay, that he is a knight, and ſo might you have been too, if you had been aught elſe than an aſs, as well as ſome of your neighbours. An I thought you would not ha' been knighted, (as I am an honeſt woman) I would ha' dubb'd you myſelf. I praiſe God, I have where withal. But as for you, daughter—

Gir. Ay, mother, I muſt be a lady to-morrow: and by your leave, mother, (I ſpeak it not without my duty, but only in the right of my huſband) I muſt take place of you, mother.

Mrs. Touch. That you ſhall, lady-daughter; and have a coach as well as I too.

Gir. Yes, mother. But, by your leave, mother, (I ſpeak it not without my duty, but only in my huſband's right) my coach-horſes muſt take the wall of your coach-horſes.

Touch.

Touch. Come, come, the day grows low; 'tis supper-time. Use my house; the wedding solemnity is at my wife's cost; thank me for nothing but my willing blessing: for (I cannot feign) my hopes are faint. And, sir, respect my daughter: she has refus'd for you, wealthy and honest matches; known good men, well monied, better traded, best reputed.

Gir. Body a truth, citizens! citizens! sweet knight, as soon as ever we are married, take me to thy mercy out of this miserable city, presently! carry me out of the scent of Newcastle coal, and the hearing of Bow-bell, I beseech thee, down with me, for God's sake.

Touch. Well, daughter, I have read that old witsings:

The greatest rivers flow from little springs.
Though thou art full, scorn not thy means at first;
He that has most drunk, may soonest be a thirst.

Work upon that now.

All but Touchstone, Mildred, and Golding depart.

No, no; yonder stand my hopes. Mildred, come hither, daughter: And how approve you your sister's fashion? how do you fancy her choice? what dost thou think?

Mil. I hope, as a sister, well.

Touch. Nay but, nay, but how doest thou like her behaviour and humour? speak freely.

Mil. I am loath to speak ill; and yet, I am sorry of this I cannot speak well.

Touch. Well; very good; as I would wish: a modest answer. Golding, come hither: hither Golding. How doest thou like the knight, sir Flash? does he not look big? how lik'st thou the elephant? he says, he has a castle in the country.

Gold. Pray heaven, the elephant carry not his castle on his back.

Touch. 'Fore heaven, very well: but seriously, how doest repute him?

Gold. The best I can say of him is, I know him not.

Touch. Ha, Golding, I commend thee; I approve thee; and will make it appear, my affection is strong to thee. My wife has her humour, and I will ha' mine.

Do'st

Doest thou see my daughter here? she is not fair, well-favoured or so; indifferent; which modest measure of beauty, shall not make it thy only work to watch her; nor sufficient mischance to suspect her. Thou art towardly; she is modest; thou art provident; she is careful. She's now mine: give me thy hand, she's now thine. *Work upon that now.*

Gold. Sir, as your son, I honour you; and as your servant, obey you.

Touch. Say'st thou so? Come hither, Mildred. Do you see yon fellow? He is a gentleman, (tho' my prentice) and has somewhat to take too; a youth of good hope; well friended, well parted. Are you mine? you are his. *Work you upon that now.*

Mil. Sir, I am all your's; your body gave me life; your care and love, happiness of life: let your virtue still direct it; for to your wisdom I wholly dispose myself.

Touch. Say'st thou so? Be you two better acquainted; lip her, lip her, knave! so, shut up: in. We must make holiday. [*Exit Gold. and Mild.*

This match shall on; for I intend to prove
Which t'rives the best, the mean, or lofty love:
Whether fit wedlock, vow'd 'wixt like and like;
Or prouder hopes, which daringly o'erstrike
Their place and means. [To the audience.] *'Tis honest time's expence,*
When seeming lightness bears a moral sense.
Work upon that now.

Act. II. Scen. I.

Touchstone, Golding, and Mildred, sitting on either side of the stall.

Touch. QUicksilver! maister Francis Quicksilver! maister Quicksilver!

Enter Quicksilver.

Quick. Here, sir—ump. *Touch.*

Touch. So, sir; nothing but flat mr. Quicksilver (without any familiar addition) will fetch you! Will you trass my points, sir?

Quick. Ay, forsooth—ump.

Touch. How now, sir! the drunken hiccup so soon this morning?

Quick. 'Tis but the coldness of my stomach, forsooth.

Touch. What! have you the cause natural for it? y'are a very learned drunkard. I believe I shall miss some of my silver-spoons, with your learning. The nuptial night will not moisten your throat sufficiently, but the morning likewise must rain her dews into your gluttonous wesand.

Quick. An't please you, sir, we did but drink (ump) to the coming off of the knightly bridegroom.

Touch. To the coming off an him?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; we drunk to his coming on (ump) when we went to bed; and now we are up, we must drink to his coming off: for that's the chief honour of a soldier, sir, and therefore we must drink so much the more to it, forsooth—ump.

Touch. A very capital reason! So that you go to bed late, and rise early to commit drunkenness: You fulfill the scripture very sufficient wickedly, forsooth.

Quick. The knight's men, forsooth, be still a' their knees at it—ump; and because 'tis for your credit, sir, I would be loth to flinch.

Touch. I pray, sir, e'en to 'em again then: y'are one of the separated crew; one of my wife's faction, and my young lady's; with whom, and with their great match, I will have nothing to do.

Quick. So, sir, now I will go keep my (ump) credit with them; an't please you, sir.

Touch. In any case sir, lay one cup of sack more a' your cold stomach, I beseech you.

Quick. Yes, forsooth. [*Exit Quick.*

Touch. This is for my credit! Servants ever maintain drunkenness in their master's house, for their master's credit; a good idle serving-man's reason! I thank time, the night is past: I ne'er wak'd to such cost: I think we have

have stow'd more sorts of flesh in our bellies than ever Noah's ark received: and for wine — why my house turns giddy with it: and more noise in it than at a conduit. Ah me! even beasts condemn our gluttony! Well, 'tis our city's fault; which, because we commit seldom, we commit the more sinfully. We lose no time in our sensuality, but we make amends for it: O that we would do so in virtue, and religious negligences! But see, here are all the sober parcels my house can shew. I'll eaves drop, hear what thoughts they utter this morning.

Enter Golding and Mildred.

Gold. But is it possible, that you seeing your sister prefer'd to the bed of a knight, should contain your affections in the arms of a 'prentice?

Mil. I had rather make up the garment of my affections in some of the same piece, than, like a fool, wear gowns of two colours, or mix sackcloth with sattin.

Gold. And do the costly garments, the title and fame of a lady, the fashion, observation, and reverence proper to such preferment, no more inflame you, than such convenience as my poor means and industry can offer to your virtues?

Mil. I have observ'd that the bridle given to those violent flatteries of fortune, is seldom recover'd: they bear one headlong in desire, from one novelty to another: and where those ranging appetites reign, there is ever more passion than reason; no stay, and so no happiness, These hasty advancements are not natural. Nature hath given us legs, to go to our objects; not wings, to fly to them.

Gold. How dear an object you are to my desires, I cannot express; whose fruition would my master's absolute consent and yours vouchsafe me, I should be absolutely happy. And tho' it were a grace, so far beyond my merit, that I should blush with unworthiness to receive it; yet thus far, both my love and my means shall assure your requital: you shall want nothing fit for your birth and education. What increase of wealth and advancement the honest and orderly industry and skill of

our

our trade will afford in any, I doubt not, will be a-spir'd to by me. I will ever make your contentment the end of my endeavours. I will love you above all; and only your grief shall be my misery, and your delight my felicity.

Touch. Work upon that now! By my hopes, he woes honestly and orderly. He shall be the anchor of my hope. Look ye, see the ill-yoak'd monster, his fellow!

Enter Quicksilver, unlac'd, a trowel about his neck, in his flat cap, drunk.

Quick. Eastward hoe! *Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia.*

Touch. Drunk now downright, o' my fidelity!

Quick. Am-pum pullico, pullo! howle, quoth the Caliver.

Gold. Fie! fellow Quicksilver, what a pickle are you in?

Quick. Pickle! pickle in thy throat. Zounds, pickle! wa, ha, ho! Good-morrow, knight Petronel: morrow, lady Goldsmith. Come off, knight, with a counterbuff, for the honour of knighthood.

Gold. Why how now, sir, do you know where you are?

Quick. Where I am! why, 'sblood, you joulthead, where am I?

Gold. Go to, go to; for shame go to bed, and sleep out this immodesty: thou sham'st both my master and his house.

Quick. Shame! what shame? I thought thou would'st shew thy bringing up: an thou wert a gentleman as I am, thou would'st think it no shame to be drunk. Lend me some money; save my credit. I must dine with the serving-men and their wives: and their wives, sirrah.

Gold. E'en who you will; I'll not lend thee three pence.

Quick. 'Sblot, lend me some mony: *Hast thou not Hyren here?*

Touch. Why, how now, sirrah? what vein's this, sirrah?

Quick.

Quick. *What cries on murder? Lady, wads it you?* How does our master? pr'ythee cry, Eastward hoe!

Touch. Sirrah, sirrah, y'are past your hiccup now, I see, you're drunk.

Quick. 'Tis for your credit, master.

Touch. And I hear you keep a whore in town.

Quick. 'Tis for your credit, master.

Touch. And what you are out in cash, I know.

Quick. So do I: my father's a gentleman; *Work upon that now.* Eastward hoe!

Touch. Sir, Eastward hoe will make you go Westward hoe, I will no longer dishonest my house, nor endanger my stock with your license. There, sir; there's your indenture. All your apparel (that I must know) is on your back: and from this time my door is shut to you. From me be free; but for other freedom, and the monies you have wasted, Eastward hoe shall not serve you.

Quick. Am I free o' my fetters? Rent: fly with a duck in thy mouth: and now I tell thee, Touchstone——

Touch. Good sir!

Quick. *When this eternal substance of my soul*——

Touch. Well said; change your gold-ends for your play-ends.

Quick. *Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh*——

Touch. What then, sir?

Quick. *I was a courtier in the Spanish court, and Don Andrea was my name*——

Touch. Good master Don Andrea, will you march?

Quick. Sweet Touchstone, will you lend me two shillings?

Touch. Not a penny.

Quick. Not a penny? I have friends, and I have acquaintance. I will pass at thy shop-posts, and throw rotten eggs at thy sign: *Work upon that now.*

[*Exit, staggering.*

Touch. Now, sirrah, you hear you; you shall serve me no more neither: not an hour longer.

Gold. What mean you, sir?

Touch.

Touch. I mean to give thee thy freedom; and with thy freedom my daughter: and with my daughter, a father's love. And with all these such a portion as shall make knight Petronel himself envy thee. Y'are both agreed; are ye not?

Ambo. With all submission both of thanks and duty.

Touch. Well then, the great power of heaven bless and confirm you! And, Golding, that my love to thee may not shew less than my wife's love to my eldest daughter, thy marriage feast shall equal the knight's and hers.

Gold. Let me beseech you, no, sir. The superfluity and cold meat left at their nuptials will with bounty furnish ours. The grossest prodigality is superfluous cost of the belly: nor would I wish any invitement of states or friends, only your reverend presence and witness shall sufficiently grace and confirm us.

Touch. Son, to mine own bosom; take her and my blessing. The nice fondling, my lady, sir— reverence, that I must not now presume to call daughter, is so ravish'd with desire to hansel her new coach, and see her knight's Eastward castle, that the next morning will sweat with her busy setting forth. Away will she and her mother; and while their preparation is making, ourselves with some two or three other friends, will consummate the humble match, we have in God's name concluded.

'Tis to my wish; for I have often read,
Fit birth, fit age, keep long a quiet bed.
'Tis to my wish; for tradesmen (well 'tis known)
Get with more ease, than gentry keeps his own.

[*Exit.*

Enter Security.

Secu. My privy guest, lusty Quicksilver, has drunk too deep of the bride-bowl; but with a little sleep he is much recover'd: and I think is making himself ready to be drunk in a gallanter likeness. My house is as 'twere the cave, where the young out-law hoards the stol'n vails of his occupation: And here, when he will revel it in his prodigal similitude, he retires to his trunk; and (I may say softly) his punk. He dares trust me with the keeping

keeping of both; for I am security itself: my name is Security, the famous usurer.

Enter Quicksilver, in his 'prentice's coat and cap; his gallant breeches and stockings; gartering himself. Security following.

Quick. Come, old Security, thou father of destruction! th' indented sheepskin is burn'd, wherein I was wrapt; and I am now loose, to get more children of perdition into thy usurous bonds. Thou feed'st my letchery, and I thy covetousness. Thou art pander to me, for my wench: and I to thee, for thy cousinage. *K. me K. thee,* runs thro' court and country.

Secu. Well said, my subtle Quicksilver. These K's ope the doors to all this world's felicity. The dullest forehead sees it. Let not mr. Courtier think he carries all the knavery on his shoulders. I have known poor Hob in the country, that has worn hob-nails on's shoes, have as much villainy in's head as he that wears gold buttons in's cap.

Quick. Why, man, 'tis the London highway to thrift; if virtue be us'd, 'tis but a 'scape to the nett of villainy. They that use it simply, thrive simply, I warrant. Weight and fashion makes goldsmiths cuckolds.

Enter Syndefy, with Quicksiver's doublet, cloak, rapier, and dagger.

Synd. Here, sir, put off the other half of your 'prentiship.

Quick. Well said, sweet Syndefy, bring forth my bravery,
Now let my trunks shoot forth their silks conceal'd:
I now am free; and now will justify
My trunks and punks. Avant, dull flat-cap, then?
Via, the curtain that shadowed Borgia!
There lie, thou husk of my envassall'd state.
I, Sampson, now have burst the Philistine's bands!
And in thy lap, my lovely Dalila,
I'll lie; and snore out my enfranchis'd state.

When

When Sampson was a tall young man,
His power and strength increased then;
He sold no more, nor cup, nor can;
But did them all despise.
Old Touchstone, now write to thy friends,
For one to sell thy base gold ends;
Quicksilver, now no more attends
Thee, Touchstone.

But, dad, hast thou seen my running gelding dress'd to day?

Secu. That I have, Frank. The ostler o'th' Cock dress'd him for a breakfast.

Quick. What did he eat him?

Secu. No; but he eat his breakfast for dressing him; and so dress'd him for breakfast.

Quick. *O witty age, where age is young in wit;*
And all youths words have gray beards full of it!

Secu. But, alas, Frank! how will all this be maintain'd now? your place maintain'd it before.

Quick. Why, and I maintain'd my place. I'll to the court; another manner of place for maintenance, I hope, than the silly city. I heard my father say, I heard my mother sing, an old song and a true: *Thou art a she fool, and know'st not what belongs to our male wisdom.* I shall be a merchant, forsooth! trust my estate in a wooden trough, as he does! What are these ships, but tennis-balls for the wind to play withall? Tost from one wave to another: now under-line, now over the house: Sometimes brick-wall'd against a rock, so that the guts fly out again: sometimes struck under the wide hazard, and farewell mr. merchant!

Syn. Well, Frank, well; the seas you say are uncertain; but he that sails in your court-seas, shall find'em ten times fuller of hazard; wherein to see what is to be seen, is torment more than a free spirit can indure: But when you come to suffer, how many injuries swallow you? What care and devotion must you use to humour an imperious lord; proportion your looks to his looks; smiles to his smiles; fit your sails to the wind of his breath!

Quick.

Quick. Tuſh! he's no journey-man in his craft that cannot do that.

Syn. But he's worſe than a 'prentice that does it: not only humouring the lord, but every trencher-bearer, every groom, that by indulgence and intelligence crept into his favour, and by panderiſm into his chamber; he rules the roaſt. And when my honourable lord ſays it ſhall be thus, my worſhipful raſcal (the groom of his cloſe ſtool) ſays it ſhall not be thus; claps the door after him, and who dares enter? A 'prentice, quoth you? 'tis but to learn to live, and does that diſgrace a man? he that riſes hardly, ſtands firmly; but he that riſes with eaſe, alas, falls as eaſily.

Quick. A pox on you, who taught you this morality?

Secu. 'Tis along of this witty age, mr. Francis. But indeed, mrs. Syndeſie, all trades complain of inconvenience; and therefore, 'tis beſt to have none. The merchant he complains, and ſays, traffick is ſubject to much uncertainty and loſs: let 'em keep their goods on dry land with a vengeance, and not expoſe other mens ſubſtances to the mercy of the winds, under protection of a wooden wall, as mr. Francis ſays, and all for greedy deſire to inrich themſelves with unconſcionable gain, two for one, or ſo; where I, and ſuch other honeſt men as live by lending of money, are content with moderate profit, thirty or forty i'the hundred, ſo we may have it with quietneſs, and out of peril of wind and weather, rather than run thoſe dangerous courſes of trading as they do.

Quick. Ay, dad, thou may'ſt well be call'd Security, for thou takeſt the ſafeſt courſe.

Secu. Faith, the quieter, and the more contented; and, out of doubt, the more godly. For merchants in their courſes are never pleaſed, but ever repining againſt heaven: one prays for a weſterly wind to carry his ſhip forth, another for an eaſterly to bring his ſhip home; and at every ſhaking of a leaf, he falls into an agony, to think what danger his ſhip is in on ſuch a coaſt; and ſo forth. The farmer he is ever at odds with the weather: ſometimes the clouds have been too barren; ſome-

times the heavens forget themſelves; their harveſts anſwer not their hopes; ſometimes the ſeaſon falls out too fruitful; corn will bear no price, and ſo forth. Th'artificer, he's all for a ſtirring world: if his trade be too full, or fall ſhort of his expectation, then falls he out of joint. Where we, that trade in nothing but money, are free from all this. We are pleas'd with all weathers: let it rain, or hold up; be calm or windy; let the ſeaſon be whatſoever; let trade go how it will; we take all in good part; e'en what pleaſe the heavens to ſend us; ſo the ſun ſtand not ſtill, and the moon keep her uſual returns; and make up days, months, and years.

Quick. And you have good ſecurity?

Secu. Ay, marry, Frank, that's the ſpecial point.

Quick. And yet, forſooth, we muſt have trades to live withall: for we cannot ſtand without legs, nor fly without wings; and a number of ſuch ſcurvy phraſes. No, I ſay ſtill, he that has wit, let him live by his wit: he that has none, let him be a tradeſman.

Secu. Witty maiſter Francis!

'Tis pity any trade ſhould dull that quick brain of yours. Do but bring knight Petronel into my parchment-toils once, and you ſhall never need to toil in any trade, o'my credit! You know his wife's lands?

Quick. Even to a foot, ſir; I have been often there; a pretty fine ſeat; good land; all intire, within itſelf.

Secu. Well wooded?

Quick. Two hundred pounds worth of wood, ready to fell: and a fine ſweet-houſe, that ſtands juſt in the midſt on't; like a prick in the midſt of a circle. Would I were your farmer, for an hundred pound a year.

Secu. Excellent mr. Francis, how I do long to do thee good! *How I do hunger and thirſt to have the honour to enrich thee!* ay, even to die, that thou mighteſt inherit my living; *even hunger and thirſt*— for o'my religion, mr. Francis, and ſo tell knight Petronel, I do it to do him a pleaſure.

Quick. Marry, dad, his horſes are now coming up, to

bear down his lady; wilt thou lend him thy ſtable to ſet 'em in?

Secu. Faith, mr. Francis, I would be loth to lend my ſtable out of doors; in a greater matter I will pleaſure him, but not in this.

Quick. A pox of your hunger and thirſt! Well, dad, let him have money. All he could any way get is beſtowed on a ſhip, now bound for Virginia: the fame of which voyage is ſo cloſely convey'd, that his new lady nor any of her friends know it. Notwithſtanding, as ſoon as his lady's hand is gotten to the ſale of her inheritance, and you have furniſh'd him with money, he will inſtantly hoiſt ſail and away.

Secu. Now a frank gale of wind go with him, maiſter Frank! We have too few ſuch knight adventurers. Who would not ſell away competent certainties to purchaſe (with any danger) excellent uncertainties? Your true knight venturer ever does it. Let his wife ſeal to day, he ſhall have his money to day.

Quick. To-morrow ſhe ſhall, dad, before ſhe goes into the country. To work her to which action with the more engines, I purpoſe preſently to prefer my ſweet Sinne here, to the place of her gentlewoman; whom you (for the more credit) ſhall preſent as your friend's daughter, a gentlewoman of the country, new come up with a will for a while to learn faſhions, forſooth, and be toward ſome lady; and ſhe ſhall buz pretty deviſes into her lady's ear; feeding her humours ſo ſerviceably (as the manner of ſuch as ſhe is, you know.)

Secu. True, good maiſter Francis.

Quick. That ſhe ſhall keep her port open to any thing ſhe commends to her.

Secu. O my religion, a moſt faſhionable project! As good ſhe ſpoil the lady, as the lady ſpoil her: for, 'tis three to one of one ſide.—Sweet mrs. Syndefy, how are you bound to maſter Francis! I do not doubt to ſee you ſhortly wed one of the head men of the city.

Synd. But, ſweet Frank, when ſhall my father Security preſent me?

Quick.

Quick. With all festination: I have broken the ice to it already: and will presently to the knight's house: Whither, my good old dad, let me pray thee, with all formality to man her.

Secu. Command me, maister Francis; *I do hunger and thirst to do thee service.* Come, sweet mrs. Synne, take leave of my Winifred, and we will instantly meet Frank, maister Francis, at your lady's.

Enter Winifred above.

Win. Where is my cuz there? Cuz!

Secu. Ay; Winny!

Win. Wilt thou come in, sweet cuz?

Secu. Ay, Winny, presently. [*Exit.*

Quick. Ay, Winny, quoth he; that's all he can do, poor man: he may well cut off her name at Winny. O 'tis an egregious pander! What will not an usurous knave be, so he may be rich? O 'tis a notable jew's-trump! I hope to live to see dog's meat made of the old usurer's flesh, dice of his bones, and indentures of his skin. And yet his skin is too thick to make parchment; 'twould make good boots for a peter-man to catch salmon in. Your only smooth skin to make fine vellum, is your puritan's skin; they be the smoothest, and sleekest knaves, in a country.

Enter sir Petronel, in boots, with a riding-wand.

Petr. I'll out of this wicked town, as fast as my horse can trot: here's now no good action for a man to spend his time in. Taverns grow dead; ordinaries are blown up; plays are at a stand; houses of hospitality at a fall: not a feather waving, nor a spur gingling any where: I'll away instantly.

Quick. Y'ad best take some crowns in your purse, knight; or else your eastward castle will smoak but miserably.

Petr. O Frank! my castle: alas! all the castles I have are built with air, thou know'st.

Quick. I know it, knight; and therefore wonder whither your lady is going.

Petr. Faith, to seek her fortune, I think. I said, I had a castle and land eastward; and eastward she will,

without contradiction. Her coach and the coach of the ſun muſt meet full butt: and the ſun being out-ſhined with her ladyſhip's glory, ſhe fears he goes weſtward to hang himſelf.

Quick. And I fear, when her inchanted caſtle becomes inviſible, her ladyſhip will return and follow his example.

Petr. O that ſhe would have the grace! for I ſhall never be able to pacify her, when ſhe ſees herſelf deceived ſo.

Quick. As eaſily as can be. Tell her ſhe miſtook your directions; and that ſhortly yourſelf will down with her to approve it; and then, cloath but her crouper in a new gown, and you may drive her any way you liſt: for theſe women, ſir, are like Eſſex calves, you muſt wriggle 'em on by the tail ſtill, or they will never drive orderly.

Petr. But alas! ſweet Frank, thou know'ſt my ability will not furniſh her blood with thoſe coſtly humours.

Quick. Caſt that coſt on me, ſir. I have ſpoken to my old pander, Security, for money, or commodity; and commodity (if you will) I know he will procure you.

Petr. Commodity! Alas, what commodity?

Quick. Why, ſir? what ſay you to figs and raiſons?

Petr. A plague of figs and raiſons, and all ſuch frail commodities! we ſhall make nothing of 'em.

Quick. Why then, ſir, what ſay you to forty pound in roaſted beef?

Petr. Out upon't! I have leſs ſtomach to that than to the figs and raiſons. I'll out of town, though I ſojourn with a friend of mine: for ſtay here I muſt not; my creditors have laid to arreſt me; and I have no friend under heaven but my ſword to bail me.

Quick. God's me, knight, put 'em in ſufficient ſureties, rather than let your ſword bail you: let 'em take their choice; either the King's-Bench or the Fleet, or which of the two Counters they like beſt; for, by the lord, I like none of 'em.

Petr. Well, Frank, there is no jeſting with my earneſt neceſſity; thou know'ſt if I make not preſent money to further my voyage begun, all's loſt, and all I have laid out about it.

Quick.

Quick. Why then, ſir, in earneſt, if you can get your wife lady to ſet her hand to the ſale of her inheritance, the blood-hound Security will ſmell out ready money for you inſtantly.

Petr. There ſpake an angel! To bring her to which conformity, I muſt fain myſelf extreamly amorous; and alledging urgent excuſes for my ſtay behind, part with her as paſſionately, as ſhe would from her foiſting-hound.

Quick. You have the ſow by the right ear, ſir! I warrant there was never child long'd more to ride a cock-horſe, or wear his new coat, than ſhe longs to ride in her new coach. She would long for every thing when ſhe was a maid: and now ſhe will run mad for 'em. I'll lay my life ſhe will have every year four children; and what charge and change of humour you muſt endure while ſhe is with child; and how ſhe will tie you to your tackling till ſhe be with child, a dog would not endure. Nay, there is no turnſpit dog bound to his wheel more ſervilely than you ſhould be to her wheel: for as that dog can never climb the top of his wheel; but when the top comes under him; ſo ſhall you never climb the top of her contentment, but when ſhe is under you.

Petr. Slight, how thou terrifieſt me?

Quick. Nay, hark you, ſir: What nurſes, what midwives, what fools, what phyſicians, what cunning women muſt be ſought for (fearing ſometimes ſhe is bewitch'd, ſometimes in a conſumption) to tell her tales, to talk bawdy to her, to make her laugh, to give her gliſters, to let her blood under the tongue, and betwixt the toes? How ſhe will revile and kiſs you; ſpit in your face, and lick it off again? How ſhe will vaunt you are her creature? ſhe made you of nothing; how ſhe could have had a thouſand marks jointure: ſhe could have been made a lady by a Scotch knight, and never ha'married him: She could have had panados in her bed every morning: how ſhe ſet you up, and how ſhe will pull you down: you'll never be able to ſtand of your legs to indure it.

Petr. Out of my fortune! What a death is my life bound face to face to! The beſt is, a large time-fitted conſcience is bound to nothing. Marriage is but a form

in the ſchool of polity, to which ſcholars ſit faſten'd only with painted chains. Old Security's young wife is ne'er the farther off with me.

Quick. Thereby lies a tale, ſir. The old uſurer will be here inſtantly, with my punk Syndeſy, whom, you know, your lady has promiſt me to entertain for her gentlewoman; and he (with a purpoſe to feed on you) invites you moſt ſolemnly by me to ſupper.

Petr. It falls out excellently fitly: I ſee, deſire of gain makes jealouſy venturous. [*Enter Girtred.* See, Frank, here comes my lady: Lord, how ſhe views thee! ſhe knows thee not I think in this bravery.

Gir. How now? who are you, I pray?

Quick. One maiſter Francis Quickſilver, an't pleaſe your ladyſhip.

Gir. God's my dignity! as I am a lady, if he did not make me bluſh ſo that mine eyes ſtood a-water: would I were unmarried again!

Enter Security and Syndeſy.

Where's my woman, I pray?

Quick. See, madam; ſhe now comes to attend you.

Secu. God ſave my honourable knight, and his worſhip's lady!

Gir. Y'are very welcome; you muſt not put on your hat yet.

Secu. No, madam: till I know your ladyſhip's further pleaſure, I will not preſume.

Gir. And is this a gentleman's daughter new come out of the country!

Secu. She is, madam; and one that her father hath a ſpecial care to beſtow in ſome honourable lady's ſervice; to put her out of her honeſt humours, forſooth; for ſhe had a great deſire to be a nun, an't pleaſe you.

Gir. A nun! what nun? a nun ſubſtantive, or a nun adjective?

Secu. A nun ſubſtantive, madam, I hope, if a nun be a noun. But I mean, lady, a vow'd maid of that order.

Gir. I'll teach her to be a maid of the order, I warrant you — and can you do any work belongs to a lady's chamber?

Synd.

Synd. What I cannot do, madam, I would be glad to learn.

Gir. Well said; hold up then; hold up your head, I say; come hither a little.

Synd. I thank your ladyship.

Gir. And hark you, good man, you may put on your hat now I do not look on you.—I must have you of my fashion now; not of my knight's, maid.

Synd. No, forsooth, madam; of yours.

Gir. And draw all my servants in my bow; and keep my counsel; and tell me tales; and put me riddles; and read on a book sometimes, when I am busy; and laugh at country gentlewomen; and command any thing in the house for my retainers; and care not what you spend, for it is all mine; and in any case, be still a maid, whatsoever you do, or whatsoever any man can do unto you.

Secu. I warrant your ladyship for that.

Gir. Very well: you shall ride in my coach with me into the country to-morrow morning. Come, knight, I pray thee let's make a short supper, and to bed presently.

Secu. Nay, good madam, this night I have a short supper at home waits on his worship's acceptation.

Gir. By my faith, but he shall not go, sir; I shall swoon and he sup from me.

Petr. Pray thee forbear; shall he lose his provision?

Gir. Ay, by lady, sir, rather than I lose my longing; come in I say: as I am a lady, you shall not go.

Quick. I told him, what a burr he had gotten.

Secu. If you will not sup from your knight, madam, let me entreat your ladyship to sup at my house with him.

Gir. No, by my faith, sir; then we cannot be a bed soon enough after supper.

Petr. What a medicine is this! Well, mr. Security, you are new married, as well as I; I hope you are bound as well: we must honour our young wives, you know.

Quick. In policy, dad, till to-morrow she has seal'd.

Secu. I hope in the morning yet, your knighthood will break faſt with me.

Petr. As early as you will, ſir.

Secu. I thank your good worſhip; I *do hunger and thirſt to do you good*, ſir.

Gir. Come, ſweet knight, come; I *do hunger and thirſt to be a bed with thee.* [*Exeunt.*

Act. III. Scen. 1.

Enter Petronel, Quickſilver, Security, Bramble, and Winifred.

Petr. THanks for your feaſt-like breakfaſt, good mr. Security. I am ſorry (by reaſon of my inſtant haſte to ſo long a voyage as Virginia) I am without means, by any kind amends, to ſhew how affectionately I take your kindneſs; and to confirm by ſome worthy ceremony a perpetual league of friendſhip betwixt us.

Secu. Excellent knight, let this be a token betwixt us of inviolable friendſhip: I am new married to this fair gentlewoman you know; and, by my hope to make her fruitful, tho' I be ſomething in years, I vow faithfully unto you, to make you godfather (tho' in your abſence) to the firſt child I am bleſs'd withall: and henceforth call me goſſip I beſeech you, if you pleaſe to accept it.

Petr. In the higheſt degree of gratitude, my moſt worthy goſſip; for confirmation of which friendly title, let me entreat my fair goſſip, your wife here, to accept this diamond, and keep it as my gift to her firſt child; whereſoever my fortune in event of my voyage ſhall beſtow me.

Secu. How now, my coy wedlock! make you ſtrange of ſo noble a favour? take it I charge you, with all affection; and (by way of taking your leave) preſent boldly your lips to our honourable goſſip.

Quick.

Quick. How ventrous he is to him, and how jealous to others!

Petr. Long may this kind touch of our lips print in our hearts all the forms of affection. And now, my good goſſip, if the writings be ready, to which my wife ſhould ſeal, let them be brought this morning, before ſhe takes coach into the country, and my kindneſs ſhall work her to diſpatch it.

Seag. The writings are ready, ſir. My learned counſel here, mr. Bramble the lawyer hath perus'd them; and within this hour I will bring the ſcrivener with them to your worſhipful lady.

Petr. Good mr. Bramble, I will here take my leave of you then: God ſend you fortunate pleas, ſir, and contentious clients.

Bram. And you foreright winds, ſir, and a fortunate voyage. [*Exit.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Sir Petronel, here are three or four gentlemen deſire to ſpeak with you.

Petr. What are they?

Quick. They are your followers in this voyage, knight, captain Seagull, and his aſſociates; I met them this morning, and told them you would be here.

Petr. Let them enter, I pray you. I know they long to be gone, for their ſtay is dangerous.

Enter Seagull, Scapethrift, and Spendall.

Sea. God ſave my honourable colonel.

Petr. Welcome, good captain Seagull, and worthy gentlemen! If you will meet my friend Frank here, and me, at the Blue-Anchor tavern by Billinſgate this evening, we will there drink to our happy voyage, be merry, and take boat to our ſhip with all expedition.

Spend. Defer it no longer, I beſeech you, ſir; but as your voyage is hitherto carried cloſely, and in another knight's name: ſo for your own ſafety, and ours, let it be continued; our meeting, and ſpeedy purpoſe of departing, known to as few as it is poſſible, leſt your ſhip and goods ſhould be attach'd.

Quick. Well advised, captain; our colonel shall have money this morning to dispatch all our departure. Bring those gentlemen at night to the place appointed; and with our skins full of vintage, we'll take occasion by the 'vantage, and away.

Spend. We will not fail but be there, sir.

Pet. Goodmorrow, good captain, and my worthy associates! health and all sovereignty to my beautiful gossip. For you, sir, we shall see you presently with the writings.

Seca. With writings and crowns to my honourable gossip; *I do hunger and thirst to do you good, sir.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Coachman in haste in's frock, feeding.

Coach. Here's a stir when citizens ride out of town indeed, as if all the house were afire! 'slight, they will not give a man leave to eat's breakfast afore he rises.

Enter Hamlet, a footman, in haste.

Ham. What coachman? my lady's coach, for shame! her ladyship's ready to come down.

Enter Potkin, a tankard bearer.

Pot. 'Sfoot, Hamlet, are you mad? whither run you now? you should brush up my old mistress.

Enter Syndefy.

Syn. What, Potkin? you must put off your tankard, and put on your blue coat, and wait upon mrs. Touchstone into the country. [*Exit.*

Pot. I will, forsooth, presently. [*Exit.*

Enter mrs. Fond, and mrs. Gazer.

Fond. Come, sweet mistress Gazer, let's watch here, and see my lady Flash take coach.

Gaz. O'my word, here's a most fine place to stand in. Did you see the new ship launch'd last day, mrs. Fond?

Fond. O God, and we citizens should lose such a sight!

Gaz. I warrant here will be double as many people to see her take coach, as there were to see it take water.

Fond. O! she's married to a fine castle i'th'country, they say.

Gaz. But there are no giants in the castle, are there?

Fond.

Fond. O, no! they say her knight kill'd 'em all, and therefore he was knighted.

Gun. Would to God her ladyship would come away!

Enter Girt. mrs. Touch. Synd. Ham. Pot.

Fond. She comes! she comes! she comes!

Gun. Fond. Pray heaven bless your ladyship!

Gir. Thank you, good people; my coach, for the love of heaven, my coach! in good truth, I shall swoon else.

Ham. Coach! coach! my lady's coach! [*Exit.*

Gir. As I am a lady, I think I am with child already, I long for a coach so. May one be with child afore they are married, mother?

Mrs. Touch. Ay, by 'r lady, madam; a little thing does that. I have seen a little prick, no bigger than a pin's head, swell bigger and bigger, till it has come to an ancome; and e'en so 'tis in these cases. [*Enter Ham.*

Ham. Your coach is coming, madam.

Gir. That's well said; now heaven! methinks, I am e'en up to the knees in preferment.

But a little higher, but a little higher, but a little higher;
There, there, there lies Cupid's fire.

Mrs. Touch. But must this young man, an't please you, madam, run by your coach all the way afoot?

Gir. Ay, by my faith, I warrant him; he gives no other milk, as I have another servant does.

Mrs. Touch. Alas! 'tis e'en pity methinks; for God's sake, buy him a hobby-horse; let the poor youth have something betwixt his legs to ease 'em; alas! we must do, as we would be done to.

Gir. Go to, hold your peace, dame, you talk like an old fool; I tell you. [*Enter Pet. and Quick.*

Pet. Wilt thou be gone, sweet honey-suckle, before I can go with thee?

Gir. I pray thee, sweet knight, let me; I do so long to dress up thy castle afore thou com'st: but I marvel how my modest sister occupies herself this morning, that she cannot wait on me to my coach, as well as her mother.

Quick. Marry, madam, she's married by this time to 'prentice Golding: your father, and some one more, stole to church with 'em, in all haste; that the cold meat left at your wedding, might furnish their nuptial table.

Gir. There's a base fellow, my father, now but he's e'en fit to father such a daughter! he must call me daughter no more now: but, *madam, and please you, madam; and please your worship, madam*, indeed. Out upon him! marry his daughter to a base 'prentice?

Mrs. Touch. What should one do? Is there no law for one that marries a woman's daughter against her will? how shall we punish him, madam?

Gir. As I am a lady, an't would snow, we'll so pebble 'em with snow balls, as they come from church!—but sirrah, Frank Quicksilver.

Quick. Ay, madam.

Gir. Dost remember since thou and I clapt what d'ye call'ts in the garret?

Quick. I know not what you mean, madam.

Gir. His head as white as milk, all flaxen was his hair;
But now he is dead, and laid in his bed,
And never will come again. God be at your labour.

Enter Touch. Golding, Mild. with rosemary.

Pet. Was there ever such a lady?

Quick. See, madam, the bridegroom!

Gir. God's my precious! God give you joy, mistress What-lack-you. Now, out upon thee, baggage! my sister married in a taffeta hat? Marry, hang you! westward, with a wanion t'ye! Nay, I have done, we ye, minion, then i'faith; never look to have my countenance any more, nor any thing I can do for thee. Thou ride in my coach? or come down to my castle? fie upon thee! I charge thee, in my ladyship's name, call me sister no more.

Touch. An't please your worship, this is not your sister; this is my daughter, and she calls me father; and so does not your ladyship, an't please your worship, madam.

Mrs. Touch. No, nor she must not call thee father by heraldry, because thou mak'st thy 'prentice thy son as

well

well as she. Ah, thou miss-proud 'prentice, darest thou presume to marry a lady's sister?

Gold. It pleas'd my master, forsooth, to embolden me with his favour. And tho' I confess myself far unworthy such a worthy wife, being in part her servant as I am your 'prentice; yet (since I may say it without boasting) I am born a gentleman; and by the trade I have learn'd of my master (which, I trust, taints not my blood) able with mine own industry and portion to maintain your daughter: My hope is, heaven will so bless our humble beginning, that, in the end, I shall be no disgrace to the grace with which my master hath bound me his double 'prentice.

Touch. Master me no more son, if thou think'st me worthy to be thy father.

Gir. Sun? Now, good Lord, how he shines, and you mark him! he's a gentleman!

Gold. Ay, indeed, madam, a gentleman born.

Pet. Never stand a' your gentry, mr. bridegroom; if your legs be no better than your arms, you'll be able to stand on neither shortly.

Touch. An't please your good worship, sir, there are two sorts of gentlemen.

Pet. What mean you, sir?

Touch. Bold to put off my hat to your worship.——

Pet. Nay pray forbear, sir; and then forth with your two sorts of gentlemen.

Touch. If your worship will have it so, I say there are two sorts of gentlemen: There is a gentleman artificial, and a gentleman natural; now, tho' your worship be a gentleman natural—*Work upon that now.*

Quick. Well said, old Touch; I am proud to hear thee enter a set speech, i'faith: forth, I beseech thee.

Touch. Cry you mercy, sir; your worship's a gentleman I do not know: if you be one of my acquaintance, y'are very much disguised, sir.

Quick. Go to, old Quipper; forth with thy speech, I say.

Touch. What, sir, my speeches were even in vain to your gracious worship: and therefore till I speak to your gallantry

gallantry indeed. I will save my breath for my broth a-non. Come, my poor son and daughter, let us hide ourselves in our poor humility, and live safe: Ambition consumes itself with the very show. *Work upon that now.*

Gir. Let him go, let him go, for God's sake: let him make his 'prentice, his son, for God's sake: give away his daughter, for God's sake: and when they come a begging to us for God's sake.——Farewell, sweet knight, pray thee make haste after.

Pet. What shall I say? I would not have thee go.

Quick. No, O now I must depart; parting though it ne'er so fierce move. This ditty, knight, do I see in thy looks in capital letters.

What a grief 'tis to depart,
And leave the flower that has my heart!
My lady, and alack for woe;
Why should we part so?

Tell truth, knight, and shame all dissembling lovers; does not your pain lie on that side?

Pet. If it do, canst thou tell me how I may cure it?

Quick. Excellent easily: divide yourself into two halfs, just by the girdlestead; send one half with your lady, and keep t'other to yourself. Or else do as all true lovers do, part with your heart, and leave your body behind. I have seen't done a hundred times. 'Tis as easy a matter for a lover to part without a heart from his sweetheart, and he ne'er the worse; as for a mouse to get from a trap, and leave his tail behind him.—See, here come the writings. [*Enter Security with a scrivener.*

Secu. Goodmorrow to my worshipful lady. I present your ladyship with this writing; to which if you please to set your hand, with your knight's, a velvet gown shall attend your journey a'my credit.

Gir. What writing is it?

Pet. The sale (sweetheart) of the poor tenement I told thee of; only to make a little money, to send thee down furniture for my castle; to which my [*Signs the paper.*] hand shall lead thee.

Gir. Very well; now give me your pen, I pray: to

Quick.

Quick. It goes down without chewing, i'faith!

Sdriw. Your worships deliver this as your deed?

Ambo. We do.

Gir. So now, knight, farewel till I see thee.

Pet. All farewell to my sweetheart.

Mrs. Touch. Goodboy, son knight.

Pet. Farewell, good mother. [I could.

Gir. Farewell, Frank, I would fain take thee down, if

Quick. I thank your good ladyship; farewell, mistress Syndefy. [*Exeunt.*

Pet. O tedious voyage, whereof there is no end! What will they think of me?

Quick. Think what they list; they long'd for a vagary into the country, and now they are fitted; so a woman marry to ride in a coach, she cares not if she rides to her ruin. 'Tis the great end of many of their marriages: This is not the first time a lady has rid a false journey in her coach, I hope.

Pet. Nay, 'tis no matter, I care little what they think. He that weighs mens thoughts, has his hands full of nothing. A man in the course of this world should be like a surgeon's instrument, work in the wounds of others, and feel nothing himself. The sharper and subtler, the better.

Quick. As it falls out now, knight, you shall not need to devise excuses, or endure her out-cries, when she returns: we shall now be gone before, where they cannot reach us.

Pet. Well, my kind compeer, you have now th'assurance we both can make you; let me now intreat you, the money we agreed on may be brought to the blue anchor, near to Billingsgate, by six a' clock, where I and my chief friends bound for this voyage, will with feast attend you.

Secu. The money, my honourable compeer, shall without fail observe your appointed hour.

Pet. Thanks, my dear gossip, I must now impart
To your approved love, a loving secret;
As one, on whom my life doth more rely,
In friendly trust, than any man alive:
Nor shall you be the chosen secretary
Of my affections, for affection only;

For

For I protest, if God bless my return,
To make you partner in my action's gain,
As deeply, as if you had ventur'd with me
Half my expences. Know then, honest gossip,
I have enjoyed with such divine contentment,
A gentlewoman's bed, whom you well know,
That I shall ne'er enjoy this tedious voyage,
Nor live the least part of the time it asketh,
Without her presence; so *I thirst and hunger*
To taste the dear feast, of her company.
And if the *hunger* and the *thirst* you vow
(As my sworn gossip) to my wished good,
Be, as I know it is, unfeign'd and firm,
Do me an easy favour in your power.

Secu. Be sure, brave gossip, all that I can do
To my best nerve is wholly at your service;
Who is the woman (first) that is our friend?

Pet. The woman is your learned council's wife,
The lawyer, master Bramble: whom would you
Bring out this even, in honest neighbourhood,
To take his leave with you, of me your gossip:
I, in the mean time, will send this my friend
Home to his house, to bring his wife disguis'd
Before his face, into our company:
For love hath made her look for such a wile,
To free her from his tyrannous jealousy;
And I would take this course before another,
In stealing her away to make us sport,
And gull his circumspection the more grossly.
And I am sure that no man like yourself
Hath credit with him to entice his jealousy,
To so long stay abroad, as may give time
To her enlargement, in such safe disguise.

Secu. A pretty, pithy, and most pleasant project!
Who would not strain a point of neighbourhood,
For such a point? devise, that as the ship
Of famous Draco went about the world,
We'll wind about the lawyer, compassing
The world himself: he hath it in his arms,
And that's enough for him without his wife.
A lawyer is ambitious; and his head

Cannot be prais'd nor rais'd too high,
With any fork of higheſt knavery.
I'll go fetch her ſtraight. [*Exit Security.*
Petr. So, ſo! Now, Frank, go thou home to his houſe,
Stead of his lawyer's, and bring his wife hither:
Who, juſt like to the lawyer's wife, is poiſon'd
With his ſtern uſurous jealouſy; which could never
Be over-reach'd thus, but with over-reaching. [*Enter Secu.*
Secu. And, mr. Francis, watch you the inſtant time
To enter with his exit: 'twill be rare,
To find horn'd beaſts! A camel, and a lawyer?
Quick. How the old villain joys in villainy!
Secu. And hark you, goſſip, when you have her here,
Have your boat ready; ſhip her to your ſhip
With utmoſt haſte, leſt mr. Bramble ſtay you.
To o'er-reach that head, that out-reacheth all heads,
'Tis a trick rampant; 'tis a very quiblin.
I hope, this harveſt, to pitch cart with lawyers;
Their heads will be ſo forked; *this fly touch*
Will get apes to invent a number ſuch. [*Exit.*
Quick. Was ever raſeal honey'd ſo with poiſon?
He that delights in ſlaviſh avarice,
Is apt to joy in every ſort of vice.
Well, I'll go fetch his wife, whilſt he the lawyer's.
Pet. But ſtay, Frank, let's think how we may diſguiſe her upon this ſudden.
Quick. God's me, there's the miſchief; but hark you, here's an excellent device; 'fore God, a rare one: I will carry a ſailor's gown and cap, and cover her; and a player's beard.
Pet. And what upon her head?
Quick. I tell you, a ſailor's cap; 'ſlight, God forgive me, what kind of figent memory have you?
Pet. Nay then, what kind of figent wit haſt thou?
A ſailor's cap? how ſhall ſhe put it off—
When thou preſent'ſt her to our company?
Quick. Tuſh, man, for that, make her a ſaucy ſailor.
Pet. Tuſh, tuſh; 'tis no fit ſawce for ſuch ſweet mutton:
I know not what t'adviſe. [ton:
[*Enter Security, with his wife's gown.*
Secu.

Secu. Knight, knight, a rare device?

Pet. 'Soons, yet again?

Quick. What ſtratagem have you now?

Secu. The beſt that ever. You talk'd of diſguiſing—

Pet. Ay, marry, goſſip, that's our preſent care.

Secu. Caſt care away then; here's the beſt device
For plain Security, (for I am no better)
I think that ever liv'd: here's my wife's gown,
Which you may put upon the lawyer's wife;
And which I brought you, ſir, for two great reaſons:
One is, that maſter Bramble may take hold
Of ſome ſuſpicion that it is my wife;
And gird me ſo, perhaps, with his law wit:
The other (which is policy indeed)
Is, that my wife may now be tied at home,
Having no more but her old gown abroad;
And not ſhow me a quirk, whilſt I firk others.
Is not this rare?

Ambo. The beſt that ever was.

Secu. Am not I born to furniſh gentlemen?

Pet. O my dear goſſip!

Secu. Well, hold, maſter Francis; watch when the lawyer's out, and put it in; and now—I will go fetch him. [*Exit.*

Quic. O my dad!—he goes as it were the devil to fetch the lawyer; and devil ſhall he be, if horns will make him.

Pet. Why, how now goſſip, why ſtay you there muſing?

Sec. A toy, a toy runs in my head, i'faith.

Quic. A pox of that head, is there more toys yet?

Pet. What is it pray thee, goſſip?

Sec. Why, ſir? what if you ſhould ſlip away now with my wife's beſt gown, I having no ſecurity for it?

Quic. For that, I hope, Dad, you will take our words.

Sec. Ay, by the maſs, your word! that's a proper ſtaff
For wife Security to lean upon.
But 'tis no matter, once I'll truſt my name
On your crack'd credits; let it take no ſhame.
Fetch the wench, Frank. [*Exit.*

Quick.

Quic. I'll wait upon you, sir,
And fetch you over, you were never so fetch'd!
Go to the tavern, knight; your followers
Dare not be drunk, I think, before their captain. [*Exit.*

Pet. Would I might lead them to no hotter service,
Till our Virginian gold were in our purses. [*Exit.*

Enter Seagull, Spendall, and Scapethrift in the tavern, with a drawer.

Sea. Come, drawer, pierce your neatest hogsheads, and let's have chear, not fit for your Billingsgate tavern, but for our Virginian Colonel; he will be here instantly.

Draw. You shall have all things fit, sir; please you have any more wine?

Spend. More wine, slave? whether we drink it or no, spill it and draw more.

Scap. Fill all the pots in your house with all sorts of liquor, and let them wait on us here, like soldiers in their pewter coats; and though we do not employ them now, yet we will maintain 'em till we do.

Draw. Said like an honourable captain; you shall have all you can command, sir. [*Exit Draw.*

Sea. Come, boys, Virginia longs till we share the rest of her maidenhead.

Spen. Why, is she inhabited already with any English?

Sea. A whole country of English is there, man; bred of those that were left there in 79. They have married with the Indians, and make 'em bring forth as beautiful faces as any we have in England; and therefore the Indians are so in love with them, that all the treasure they have they lay at their feet.

Scap. But is there such treasure there, captain, as I have heard?

Sea. I tell thee, gold is more plentiful there than copper is with us; and for as much red copper as I can bring, I'll have thrice the weight in gold. Why, man, all their dripping-pans and their chamber-pots are pure gold; and all the chains with which they chain up their streets, are massy gold; all the prisoners they take are fetter'd in gold; and for rubies and diamonds, they go forth on holidays, and gather them by the sea-shore, to

hang

hang on their children's coats, and ſtick in their children's caps; as commonly as our children wear ſaffron-gilt broaches, and groats with holes in them.

Scap. And is it a pleaſant country withal?

Sea. As ever the ſun ſhin'd on; temperate, and full of all ſorts of excellent viands; wild boar is as common there as our tameſt bacon is here; veniſon as mutton. And then you ſhall live freely there, without ſerjeants, or courtiers, or lawyers, or intelligencers. Then for your means to advancement, there it is ſimple, and not prepoſterouſly mixt. You may be an alderman there, and never be ſcavinger; you may be any other officer, and never be a ſlave. You may come to preferment enough, and never be a pander; to riches and fortune enough, and have never the more villainy, nor the leſs wit. Beſides, there we ſhall have no more law than conſcience, and not too much of either. Serve God enough, eat and drink enough; and *enough is as good as a feaſt.*

Spend. Gods me! and how far is it thither?

Sea. Some ſix weeks ſail, no more, with any indifferent good wind: And if I get to any part of the coaſt of Africa, I'll ſail thither with any wind. Or when I come to cape Finiſter, there's a foreright wind continually wafts us till we come to Virginia. See, our colonel's come.

Enter ſir Petronel with his followers.

Pet. Well met, good captain Seagull, and my noble gentlemen! now the ſweet hour of our freedom is at hand. Come, drawer, fill us ſome carouſes, and prepare us for the mirth that will be occaſioned preſently. Here will be a pretty wench preſently, that will bear us company all our voyage.

Sea. Whoſoever ſhe be, here's to her health, noble Colonel, both with cap and knee.

Pet. Thanks, kind captain Seagull: ſhe's one I love dearly, and muſt not be known till we be free from all that know us: And ſo, gentlemen, here's to her health.

Ambo. Let it come, worthy Colonel, *we do hunger and thirſt for it.*

Pet.

Pet. 'Afore heaven, you have hit the phraſe of one that her preſence will touch, from the foot to the forehead, if ye knew it.

Spend. Why then we will join his forehead with her health, ſir; and, captain Scapethrift, here's to 'em both.

Enter Security and Bramble.

Sec. See, ſee, maſter Bramble! 'fore heaven their voyage cannot but proſper, they are o'their knees for ſucceſs to it.

Bram. And they pray to god Bacchus.

Sec. God ſave my brave colonel, with all his tall captains and corporals; ſee, ſir, my worſhipful learned counſel, mr Bramble, is come to take his leave of you.

Pet. Worſhipful mr Bramble, how far do you draw us into the ſweet-brier of your kindneſs? come, captain Seagul, another health to this rare Bramble, that hath never a prick about him.

Sea. I pledge his moſt ſmooth diſpoſition, ſir: come, maſter Security, bend your ſupporters, and pledge this notorious health here.

Sec. Bend your knees likewiſe, mr. Bramble, for it is you ſhall pledge me.

Sea. Not ſo, mr. Security, he muſt not pledge his own health.

Sec. No, maſter captain?

Enter Quickſilver with Winny diſguis'd.

Why then, here's one is fitly come to do him that honour.

Quick. Here's the gentlewoman your couſin, ſir, whom with much entreaty I have brought to take her leave of you in a tavern; aſham'd whereof, you muſt pardon her if ſhe put not off her maſk.

Pet. Pardon me, ſweet couſin; my kind deſire to ſee you before I went, made me ſo importunate to entreat your preſence here.

Sec. How now, mr. Francis? have you honour'd this preſence with a fair gentlewoman?

Quick. Pray, ſir, take you no notice of her; for ſhe will not be known to you.

Sec.

Sec. But my learned counſel, mr. Bramble here, I hope may know her.

Quick. No more than you, ſir, at this time; his learning muſt pardon her.

Sec. Well, God pardon her for my part; and I do I'll be ſworn; and ſo, maſter Francis, here's to all that are going eaſtward to-night towards Cuckold's-haven; and ſo to the health of maſter Bramble.

Quick. I pledge it, ſir: hath it gone round, captains?

Sea. It has, ſweet Frank, and the round cloſes with thee.

Quick. Well, ſir, here's to all eaſtward, and towards Cuckolds, and ſo to famous Cuckold's-haven, ſo fatally remember'd. [*He riſes.*

Pet. Nay pray thee, cuz, weep not.—Goſſip Security.

Sec. Ay, my brave goſſip.

Pet. A word I beſeech you, ſir: Our friend, miſtreſs Bramble here, is ſo diſſolv'd in tears, that ſhe drowns the whole mirth of our meeting; ſweet goſſip, take her aſide and comfort her.

Sec. Pity of all true love, miſtreſs Bramble, what weep you to enjoy your love? what's the cauſe, lady? Firſt, becauſe your huſband is ſo near, and your heart earns, to have a little abus'd him? Alas! alas! the offence is too common to be reſpected. So great a grace hath ſeldom chanc'd to ſo unthankful a woman, to be rid of an old jealous dotard, to enjoy the arms of a loving young knight; that when your prickleſs Bramble is withered with grief of your loſs, will make you flouriſh a freſh in the bed of a lady.

Enter drawer.

Draw. Sir Petronel, here's one of your watermen come to tell you it will be flood theſe three hours, and that it will be dangerous going againſt the tide; for the ſky is over-caſt, and there was a porpoiſe even now ſeen at London-bridge, which is always the meſſenger of tempeſts, he ſays.

Pet. A porpoiſe! what's that to the purpoſe? charge him, if he love his life, to attend us; can we not reach Blackwall (where my ſhip lies) againſt the tide, and in ſpight

spight of tempests? Captains and gentlemen, we'll begin a new ceremony at the beginning of our voyage, which I believe will be followed of all future adventurers.

Sea. What's that, good Colonel?

Pet. This, captain Seagull: we'll have our provided supper brought aboard sir Francis Drake's ship, that hath compass'd the world, where with full cups and banquets we will do sacrifice for a prosperous voyage. My mind gives me that some good spirit of the waters should haunt the desart ribs of her, and be auspicious to all that honour her memory, and will with like orgies enter their voyages.

Sea. Rarely conceited! one health more to this motion, and aboard to perform it. He that will not this night be brunk, may he never be sober.

[*They compass in Winnifrid, dance the drunken round, and drink carouses.*

Bram. Sir Petronel, and his honourable captains, in these young services we old servitors may be spared: We only came to take our leaves, and with one health to you all, I'll be bold to do so. Here, neighbour Security, to the health of sir Petronell and all his captains.

Sec. You must bend then, master Bramble; so, now I am for you; I have one corner of my brain, I hope, fit to bear one carouse more. Here, lady, to you that are incompass'd there, and are asham'd of our company. Ha, ha, ha! by my troth, (my learned counsel, master Bramble) my mind runs so of Cuckold's-haven to-night, that my head turns round with admiration.

Bram. But is not that your wife, neighbour?

Sec. No, by my troth, master Bramble; ha, ha, ha! a pox of all Cuckolds-havens, I say.

Bram. I'my faith, her garments are exceeding like your wife's.

Sec. Cucullus non facit Monachum, my learned counsel; all are not cuckolds that seem so, nor all seem that are so. Give me your hand, my learned counsel; you and I will sup somewhere else than at sir Francis Drake's ship to-night. Adieu, my noble gossip.

Bram.

Bram. Good fortune, brave captains; fair likes God send ye.

Omnes. Farewell, my hearts, farewell.

Pet. Gossip, laugh no more at Cuckold's-haven, gossip.

Sec. I have done, I have done, sir. Will you lead, master Bramble? ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Pet. Captain Seagull, charge a boat.

Omnes. A boat, a boat, a boat! [*Exeunt.*

Draw. Y'are in a proper taking indeed to take a boat, especially at this time of night, and against tide and tempest; they say that *drunken men never take harm*; this night will trie the truth of that proverb. [*Exit.*

Enter Security.

Sec. What, Winny? Wife, I say? Out of doors at this time! where should I seek the Gad-fly? Billingsgate, Billingsgate, Billingsgate! She's gone with the knight, she's gone with the knight; wo be to thee Billingsgate. A boat, a boat, a boat! a full hundred marks for a boat! [*Exit.*

Act. IV. Scene I.

Enter Slitgut, with a pair of ox-horns, discovering Cuckolds-haven above.

Slit. ALL hail, fair haven of married men only! for there are none but married men cuckolds. For my part, I presume not to arrive here, but in my master's behalf (a poor butcher of East-cheap) who sends me to set up (in honour of saint Luke) these necessary ensigns of his homage; and up I gat this morning, thus early, to get up to the top of this famous tree, that is all fruit and no leaves, to advance this crest of my master's occupation. Up then; heaven and saint Luke bless

bleſs me that I be not blown into the Thames as I climb, with this furious tempeſt. 'Slight, I think the devil be abroad, in likeneſs of a ſtorm, to rob me of my horſe: Hark, how he roars! Lord, what a coil the Thames keeps! ſhe bears ſome unjuſt burden, I believe, that ſhe kicks and curvets thus to caſt it: Heaven bleſs all honeſt paſſengers that are upon her back now; for the bit is out of her mouth I ſee, and ſhe will run away with 'em.—So, ſo; I think I have made it look the right way; it runs againſt London-bridge (as it were) even full but. And now let me diſcover from this lofty proſpect, what pranks the rude Thames plays in her deſperate lunacy.—O me, here's a boat has been caſt away hard by! Alas, alas, ſee one of her paſſengers labouring for his life, to land at this haven here; pray heaven he may recover it! His next land is even juſt under me; hold out a little, whatſoever thou art; pray, and take a good heart to thee. It is a man; take a man's heart to thee, yet a little farther: get up o'thy legs, man; now it is ſhallow enough. So, ſo, ſo, alas, he's down again! Hold thy wind, father; it is a man in his night-cap. So, now he's got up again; now he's paſt the worſt. Thanks be to heaven, he comes towards me pretty ſtrongly.

Enter Security, without his hat, in a night-cap, wet band, &c.

Sec. Heaven, I beſeech thee, how have I offended thee? where am I caſt aſhore now, that I may go a righter way home by land? Let me ſee! O I am ſcarce able to look about me; where is there any ſea-mark that I am acquainted withal?

Slit. Look up, father, are you acquainted with this mark?

Sec. What! landed at Cuckold's-haven? Hell and damnation, I will run back and drown myſelf.

[*He falls down.*

Slit. Poor man, how weak he is! the weak water has waſh'd away his ſtrength.

Sec. Landed at Cuckold's haven! if it had not been to die twenty times alive, I ſhould never have 'ſcaped

death. I will never arise more; I will grovel here, and eat dirt till I be choak'd; I will make the gentle earth do that the cruel water has denied me.

Slit. Alas, good father, be not so desperate! Rise, man, if you will, I'll come presently, and lead you home.

Sec. Home? shall I make any know my home, that has known me thus abroad? How low shall I crouch away, that no eye may see me? I will creep on the earth while I live, and never look heaven in the face more.

[*Exit creeping.*

Slit. What young planet reigns now, that old men are so foolish? What desperate young swaggerer would have been abroad such weather as this, upon the water? Ah me, see another remnant of this unfortunate ship-wreck, or some other!—A woman, i'faith! a woman! though it be almost at St. Katharine's, I discern it to be a woman; for all her body is above the water, and her cloaths swim about her most handsomely.—O they bear her up most bravely! Has not a woman reason to love the taking up of her cloaths the better while she lives, for this? Alas, how busy the rude Thames is about her? A pox o'that wave; it will drown her, i'faith it will drown her! Cry God mercy! she has 'scap'd it; I thank heaven she has 'scap'd it.—O, how she swims like a mermaid! Some vigilant body look out, and save her. That's well said; just *where the priest fell in*, there's one sets down a ladder, and goes to take her up. God's blessing o'thy heart, boy! now take her up in thy arms, and to bed with her—She's up, she's up! she's a beautiful woman, I warrant her, the billows durst not devour her.

Enter the drawer in the tavern before, with Winnifrid.

Draw. How fare you now, lady?

Win. Much better, my good friend, than I wish; as one desperate of her fame, now my life is preserv'd.

Draw. Comfort yourself; that power that preserved you from death, can likewise defend you from infamy; howsoever you deserve it. Were not you one that took boat late this night, with a knight, and other gentlemen, at Billingsgate?

Win.

Win. Unhappy that I am, I was.

Drawe. I am glad it was my good hap to come down thus far after you, to a house of my friend's here in St. Katharine's; since I am now happily made a mean to your rescue, from the ruthless tempest; which (when you took boat) was so extreme, and the gentleman that brought you forth, so desperate and unsober, that I fear'd long e'er this I should hear of your ship-wreck; and therefore (with little other reason) made thus far this way: And this I must tell you, since perhaps you may make use of it, there was left behind you at our tavern, brought by a porter (hir'd by the young gentleman that brought you) a gentlewoman's gown, hat, stockings, and shoes; which if they be yours, and you please to shift you (taking a hard bed here, in this house of my friend) I will presently go fetch 'em you.

Win. Thanks, my good friend, for your more than good news. The gown with all things bound with it are mine; which if you please to fetch as you have promis'd, I will boldly receive the kind favour you have offer'd, till you return; intreating you, by all the good you have done in preserving me hitherto, to let none take knowledge of what favour you do me; or where such a one as I am bestow'd, lest you incur me much more damage in my fame, than you have done me pleasure in preserving my life.

Drawe. Come in, lady, and shift yourself; resolve that nothing but your own pleasure shall be us'd in your discovery.

Win. Thank you, good friend; the time may come I shall requite you. [*Exeunt.*

Old. See, see, see! I hold my life there's some other a-taking up at Wapping, now! Look what a sort of people cluster about the gallows there! in good troth it is so. O me! a fine young gentleman! What, and taken up at the gallows? Heaven grant he be not one day taken down there. O my life it is ominous: Well, he is deliver'd for the time; I see the people have all left him, yet will I keep my prospect a while, to see if any more have been shipwreck'd.

Enter Quicksilver bareheaded.

Quick. Accurs'd that ever I was saw'd on born.
How fatal is my sad arrival here!
As if the stars, and providence spake to me,
And said, the drift of all unlawful courses,
(Whatever end they dare propose themselves
In frame of their licentious policies)
In the firm order of just destiny,
They are the ready highways to our ruins.
I know not what to do; my wicked hopes
Are, with this tempest, torn up by the roots.
O, which way shall I bend my desperate steps,
In which unsufferable shame and misery
Will not attend them? I will walk this bank,
And see if I can meet the other relicks
Of our poor ship-wreck'd crew, or hear of them.
The knight, alas! was so far gone with wine,
And the other three, that I refus'd their boat,
And took the hapless woman in another,
Who cannot but be sunk, whatever fortune
Hath wrought upon the others desperate lives.

Enter Petronel and Seagull bareheaded.

Pet. Zounds, captain, I tell thee we are cast up o'the coast of France. 'Sfoot, I am not drunk still, I hope. Do'st remember where we were last night?

Sea. No, by my troth, knight, not I; but methinks we have been a horrible while upon the water, and in the water.

Pet. Ah me, we are undone for ever! hast any money about thee?

Sea. Not a penny, by heaven.

Pet. Not a penny betwixt us, and cast afshore in France!

Sea. Faith, I cannot tell that; my brains, nor mine eyes, are not mine own yet.

Enter two gentlemen.

Pet. 'Sfoot, wilt not believe me? I know by the elevation of the pole, and by the altitude and latitude of the climate.—See, here comes a couple of French gentlemen, I knew we were in France; first thou shalt hear English-

Englishmen are so Frenchified, that a man knows not whether he be in France or in England when he sees 'em? What shall we do? We must e'en to 'em, and intreat some relief of 'em: Life is sweet, and we have no other means to relieve our lives now, but their charities.

Sea. Pray you, do you beg on 'em then; you can speak French.

Petr. Monsieur, plaist il d'avoir pity de nôtre grand infortune: Je suis un pauvre Chevalier d'Angleterre, qui a soffri l'infortune de naufrage.

1 *Gent. Un pauvre chevalier d'Angleterre?*

Petr. Ouy, monsieur, il'est trop vray; mais vous sçavez bien, nous sommes tous sujet à fortune.

2 *Gent.* A poor knight of England? a poor knight of Windsor are you not? Why speak you this broken French, when y'are a whole Englishman? On what coast are you, think you?

1 *Gent.* On the coast of dogs, sir. Y'are i'th'Isle o' Dogs, I tell you. I see y'have been wash'd in the Thames here; and I believe ye were drown'd in a tavern before, or else you would never have took boat in such a dawning as this was. Farewell, farewell; we will not know you for shaming of you.—I ken the man well; he's one of my thirty pound knights.

2 *Gen.* Now this is he that stole his knighthood o' the grand day, for four pound given to a page, all the money in's purse I wot well. [*Exeunt.*

Sea. Death, Colonel, I knew you were overshot!

Pet. Sure I think now indeed, captain Seagull, we were something overshot. [*Enter Quicksilver.* What! my sweet Frank Quicksilver! dost thou survive to rejoice me? But, what nobody at thy heels, Frank? Ah me, what is become of poor mistress Security?

Quick. Faith, gone quite from her name, as she is from her fame, I think; I left her to the mercy of the water.

Sea. Let her go, let her go; let us go to our ship at Blackwall, and shift us.

Pet. Nay, by my troth, let our clothes rot upon us, and let us rot in them, twenty to one our ship is at-

tach'd by this time. If we let her not under ſail this laſt tide, I never look for any other. Woe! woe is me! what ſhall become of us? the laſt money we could make, the greedy Thames has devoured; and if our ſhip be attach'd, there is no hope can relieve us.

Quick. 'Sfoot, knight, what an unknightly faintneſs tranſports thee? let our ſhip ſink, and all the world that's without us be taken from us, I hope I have ſome tricks, in this brain of mine, ſhall not let us periſh.

Sea. Well ſaid, Frank, i'faith. O my nimble-ſpirited Quickſilver! 'Foregod, would thou had'ſt been our colonel.

Pet. I like his ſpirit rarely: but I ſee no means he has to ſupport that ſpirit.

Quick. Go to, knight, I have more means than thou art aware of: I have not liv'd amongſt goldſmiths and goldmakers all this while, but I have learned ſomething worthy of my time with them. And not to let thee ſink where thou ſtand'ſt, knight; I'll let thee know ſome of my ſkill preſently.

Sea. Do, good Frank, I beſeech thee.

Quick. I will blanch copper ſo cunningly, that it ſhall endure all proofs, but the teſt; it ſhall endure malleation, it ſhall have the ponderoſity of Luna, and the tenacity of Luna, by no means friable.

Pet. 'Slight, where learn'ſt thou theſe terms trow?

Quick. Tuſh, knight, the terms of this art every ignorant quack-ſalver is perfect in; but I'll tell you how yourſelf ſhall blanch copper thus cunningly. Take Arſnick, otherwiſe called Realga (which indeed is plain Ratſbane) ſublime them three or four times, then take the ſublimate of this Realga, and put them into a glaſs, into Chymia, and let them have a convenient decoction natural four and twenty hours, and he will become perfectly fix'd: then take this fixed powder, and project him upon well purg'd copper, *et habebis magiſterium.*

Ambo. Excellent Frank, let us hug thee.

Quick. Nay this I will do beſides; I'll take you off twelve-pence from every angel, with a kind of aqua fortis, and never deface any part of the image.

Pet.

Put. But then it will want weight.

Quick. You shall restore that thus; take your *sal achime* prepar'd, and your distill'd urine; and let your angels lie in it but four and twenty hours, and they shall have their perfect weight again. Come on now, I hold this is enough to put some spirit into the livers of you; I'll untruss more another time. We have saluted the proud air long enough with our bare sconces, now will I have you to a wench's house of mine at London; there make shift to shift us; and after take such fortunes as the stars shall assign us.

Ambo. Notable Frank, we will ever adore thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Drawer with Winnifred, new attir'd.

Win. Now, sweet friend, you have brought me nigh enough your tavern, which I desired I might with some colour be seen near, enquiring for my husband; who, I must tell you, stole thither the last night, with my wet gown we have left at your friend's, which to continue your former honest kindness, let me pray you to keep close from the knowledge of any; and so with all vows of your requital, let me now entreat you to leave me to my woman's wit and fortune.

Draw. All shall be done you desire; and so all the fortune you can wish for attend you. [*Exit Drawer.*

Enter Secur.

Secu. I will once more to this unhappy tavern before I shift one rag of me more, that I may there know what is left behind, and what news of their passengers: I have bought me a hat and band with the little money I had about me, and made the streets a little leave staring at my night-cap.

Win. O my dear husband! where have you been to-night? all night abroad at a tavern? rob me of my garments, and fare as one run away from me? Alas! is this seemly for a man of your credit? of your age, and affection to your wife?

Secu. What should I say? how miraculously sorts this? was not I at home, and call'd thee last night?

Win.

Win. Yes, sir, the harmless sleep you broke, and my answer to you would have witness'd it, if you had had the patience to have staid and answered me; but your so sudden retreat, made me imagine you were gone to mr. Bramble's; and so I rested patient and hopeful of your coming again, till this your unbelieved absence, brought me abroad, with no less than wonder, to seek you where the false knight had carried you.

Secu. Villain and monster that I was, how have I abus'd thee? I was suddenly gone indeed! for my sudden jealousy transferred me: I will say no more but this, dear wife, I suspected thee.

Win. Did you suspect me?

Secu. Talk not of it, I beseech thee: I am ashamed to imagine it; I will home, I will home, and every morning on my knees, ask thee heartily forgiveness. [*Ex.*

Slit. Now will I descend my honourable prospect; the farthest seeing mark of the world: no marvel then if I could see two miles about me. I hope the red tempest's anger be now overblown; which sure, I think, heaven sent as a punishment for profaning holy St. Luke's memory, with so ridiculous a custom. Thou dishonest Satire, farewell to honest married men! farewell to all sorts and degrees of thee. Farewell thou horn of hunger, that call'st the inns o' court to their manger. Farewell, thou horn of abundance, that adornest the headsmen of the common wealth. Farewell thou horn of direction, that is the city lanthorn. Farewell thou horn of pleasure, the ensign of the huntsman. Farewell thou horn of destiny, the ensign of the married man. Farewell thou horn tree, that beares't nothing but stone-fruit. [*Exit.*

Enter Touchstone.

Touch. Ha, sirrah! thinks my knight adventurer that we ken no point of our compass? Do we not know north north-east? north-east and by east? east and by north? nor plain eastward? Ha! have we never heard of Virginia? nor the Cavallaria? nor the Colonoria? can we discover no discoveries? Well, mine errant fit, Flash, and my runnagate Quicksilver, you may drink drunk,

drink, crack cans, fling away a brown dozen of Monmouth caps, or so, in a sea-ceremony to your bon voyage: but for reaching any coast, save the coast of Kent or Essex, with this tide, or with this fleet, I'll be your warrant for a Gravesend toast. There's that gone afore will stay your admiral, and vice-admiral, and rear-admiral, were they all (as they are) but one pinnace, and under sail, as well as a remora, doubt not; and from this hence, without either powder or shot. *Work upon that now.* Nay, and you'll shew tricks, we'll vie with you a little. My daughter, his lady, was sent eastward by land to a castle of his i'the air, (in what region I know not) and, as I hear, was glad to take up her lodging in her coach: she, and her two waiting women, her maid and her mother, like three snails in a shell; and the coachman a top o' 'em, I think. Since they have all found the way back again, by weeping eyes. But I'll not see 'em. And for two of 'em, madam and her malkin, they are like to bite o'the bridle for William, as the poor horses have done all this while that hurried 'em; or else to graze o' the common: So should my dame Touchstone too; but she has been my cross these thirty years, and I'll now keep her to fright away sprights, i'faith. I wonder I hear no news of my son Golding: he was sent for to the Guild-hall this morning betimes, and I marvel at the matter; if I had not laid up comfort and hope in him, I should grow desperate of all. See, he is come i' my thought!—How now, son, what news at the court of aldermen?

Enter Golding.

Gold. Troth, sir, an accident somewhat strange; else it hath little in it worth the reporting.

Touch. What? It is not borrowing of money then?

Gol. No, sir, it hath pleased the worshipful commoners of the city to take me one i' their number at presentation of the inquest.

Touch. Ha!

Gold. And the alderman of the ward, wherein I dwell, to appoint me his deputy.

Touch. How!

Gold. In which place, I have had an oath ministred to me, since I went.

Touch. Now, my dear and happy son! let me kiss thy new worship, and a little boast mine own happiness in thee. What a fortune was it (or rather my judgment indeed) for me, first to see that in his disposition, which a whole city so conspires to second? Ta'en into the livery of his company the first day of his freedom? now (not a week married) chosen commoner and aldesman's deputy in a day? Nought but the reward of a thrifty course; the wonder of his time! Well, I will honour mr. Alderman for this act, as becomes me; and shall think the better of the common council's wisdom and worship while I live, for thus meeting, or but coming after me in the opinion of his desert. Forward, my sufficient son, and as this is the first, so esteem it the least step to that high and prime honour that expects thee.

Gol. Sir, as I was not ambitious of this, so I covet no higher place; it hath dignity enough, if it will but save me from contempt: and I had rather my bearing in this, or any other office, should add worth to it, than the place give the least opinion to me.

Touch. Excellently spoken: this modest answer of thine blushes, as if it said, I will wear scarlet shortly. Worshipful son, I cannot contain myself, I must tell thee, I hope to see thee one o' the monuments of our city, and reckoned among her worthies, to be remembered the same day with the lady Ramsay, and grave Gresham; when the famous fable of Whittington and his puss shall be forgotten, and thou and thy acts become the posies for hospitals; when thy name shall be written upon conduits, and thy deeds play'd i'thy lifetime, by the best company of actors, and be called their Get-penny. This I divine and prophesy.

Gold. Sir, engage not your expectation farther than my abilities will answer: I, that know my own strength, fear 'em; and there is so seldom a loss in promising the least, that commonly it brings with it a welcome deceit. I have other news for you, sir.

Touch. None more welcome, I am sure,

Gold.

Gold. They have their degree of welcome, I dare affirm. The colonel, and all his company, this morning putting forth drunk from Billingſgate, had like to have been caſt away on this ſide Greenwich; and (as I have intelligence by a falſe brother) are come dropping to town like ſo many maſterleſs men, i' their doublets and hoſe, without hat or cloak, or any other——

Touch. A miracle! the juſtice of heaven! where are they? let's go preſently and lay for 'em.

Gold. I have done that already, ſir, both by conſtables and other officers, who ſhall take 'em at their old anchor, and with leſs tumult or ſuſpicion, than if yourſelf were ſeen in't: under colour of a great preſs, that is now abroad, and they ſhall here be brought afore me.

Touch. Prudent and politick ſon! diſgrace 'em all that ever thou canſt: their ſhip I have already arreſted. How to my wiſh it falls out, that thou haſt the place of a juſticer upon them! I am partly glad of the injury done to me, that thou may'ſt puniſh it. Be ſevere i'thy place, like a new officer of the firſt quarter, unreflected. You hear how our lady is come back with her train, from the inviſible caſtle?

Gold. No; where is ſhe?

Touch. Within; but I ha' not ſeen her yet, nor her mother: who now begins to wiſh her daughter undubb'd, they ſay; and that ſhe had walked a foot-pace with her ſiſter.—Here they come, ſtand back.

Touchſtone, Mrs. Touchſtone, Girtred, Golding, Mildred, Syndeſy.

God ſave your ladyſhip: ſave your good ladyſhip: your ladyſhip is welcome from your enchanted caſtle, ſo are your beauteous retinue. I hear your knight errant is travell'd on ſtrange adventures: Surely, in my mind, *your ladyſhip hath fiſh'd fair, and caught a frog*, as the ſaying is.

Miſt. Touch. Speak to your father, madam, and kneel down,

Gir. Kneel? I hope I am not brought so low yet, though my knight be run away, and has sold my land, I am a lady still.

Touch. Your ladyship says true, madam; and it is fitter, and a greater decorum, that I should courtesy to you that are a knight's wife, and a lady, than you be brought o' your knees to me, who am a poor cullion, and your father.

Gir. Low! my father knows his duty.

Mrs. Touch. O child!

Touch. And therefore I do desire your ladyship, my good lady Flash, in all humility, to depart my obscured cottage; and return in quest of your bright and most transparent castle, *however at present concealed to mortal eyes.* And as for one poor woman of your train here, I will take that order, she shall no longer be a charge unto you, nor help to spend your ladyship; she shall stay at home with me; and not go abroad, nor put you to the pawning of an odd coach-horse, or three wheels; but take part with the Touchstone: If we lack, we will not complain to your ladyship. And so, good madam, with your damsel here, please you to let us see your streight backs, in equipage; for truly, here is no roost for such chickens as you are, or birds o' your feather, if it like your ladyship.

Gir. Marry, fyst o' your kindness.—I thought as much.—Come away, Sinne! We shall as soon get a fart from a dead man, as a farthing out of courtesy here.

Mild. O, good sister!

Gir. Sister, sirreverence.—Come away, I say; hunger drops out at his nose.

Gold. O madam, *fair words never hurt the tongue.*

Gir. How say you by that? you come out with your gold ends now!

Mrs. Touch. Stay, lady-daughter: good husband.

Touch. Wife, no man loves his fetters, be they made of gold. I lift not ha' my head fastened under my child's girdle. As she has brew'd, so let her drink, o' God's name: she went witless to wedding, now she may go wisely a begging. It is but honey-moon yet with her ladyship;

lady happy she has coach-horses, apparel, jewels yet left; she needs care for no friends, nor take knowledge of father, mother, brother, sister, or any body: when these are pawn'd or spent, perhaps we shall return into the list of her acquaintance.

Gir. I scorn it, i'faith.—Come, Sinne! [*Exit Gir.*

Mrs. Touch. O, madam, why do you provoke your father thus?

Touch. Nay, nay, e'en let pride go afore, shame will follow after, I warrant you. Come, why do'st thou weep now? thou art not the first good cow has had an ill calf, I trust.—What's the news with that fellow?

Enter Constable.

Gold. Sir, the knight and your man Quicksilver are without, will you have 'em brought in?

Touch. O, by any means. And, son, here's a chair, appear terrible unto 'em, on the first interview. Let them behold the melancholy of a magistrate, and taste the fury of a citizen in office.

Gold. Why, sir, I can do nothing to 'em, except you charge 'em with somewhat.

Touch. I will charge 'em and recharge 'em, rather than authority should want foil to set it off.

Gold. No, good sir, I will not.

Touch. Son, it is your place; by any means.

Gold. Believe it, I will not, sir.

Enter knight Petronel, Quicksilver, Constable, Officers.

Petr. How misfortune pursues us still in our misery!

Quick. Would it had been my fortune to have been trust up at Wapping, rather than ever ha' come here!

Petr. Or mine, to have famish'd in the island.

Quick. Must Golding sit upon us?

Con. You might carry an M under your girdle, to mr. deputy's worship.

Gold. What are those, mr. Constable?

Con. An't please your worship, a couple of masterless men, I prest for the Low-Countries, sir.

Gold. Why don't you carry them to Bridewell, according to your order, that they may be shipt away?

Con.

Con. An't please your worship, one of 'em says he is a knight; and we thought good to shew him your worship, for our discharge.

Gold. Which is he?

Con. This, sir.

Gold. And what's the other?

Con. A knight's fellow, sir, an't please you.

Gold. What, a knight and his fellow thus accoutred? Where are their hats and feathers, their rapiers and cloaks?

Quick. O, they mock us.

Con. Nay, truly, sir, they had cast both their feathers and hats too before we did see 'em. Here's all their furniture, an't please you, that we found. They say, knights are now to be known without feathers like cocks-rels by their spurs, sir.

Gold. What are their names, say they?

Touch. Very well this. He should not take knowledge of 'em in his place, indeed.

Con. This is sir Petronel Flash.

Touch. How!

Con. And this Francis Quicksilver.

Touch. Is't possible? I thought your worship had been gone for Virginia, sir; you are welcome home, sir. Your worship has made a quick return, it seems; and no doubt a good voyage. Nay, pray you be cover'd, sir. How did your bisquet hold out, sir? Methought I had seen this gentleman afore: good mr. Quicksilver! how a degree to the southward has chang'd you!

Gold. Do you know 'em, father? Forbear your offers a little, you shall be heard anon.

Touch. Yes, mr. deputy: I had a small venture with them in the voyage; a thing call'd a son-in-law, or so. Officers, you may let 'em stand alone; they will not run away; I'll give my word for them. A couple of very honest gentlemen. One of 'em was my 'prentice, mr. Quicksilver here; and when he had two years to serve, kept his whore, and his hunting nag; would play his hundred pound at Gresco, or Primero, as familiarly (and all o'my purse) as any bright piece of crimson on 'em all;

and his changeable trunks of apparel, standing at livery with his mare; his chest of perfumed linen, and his bathing tubs; which when I told him of, why he, he was a gentleman, and I a poor Cheapside groom. The remedy was, we must part. Since when, he hath had the gift of gathering up some small parcels of mine, to the value of five hundred pound dispersi among my customers, to furnish this his Virginian venture; wherein this knight was the chief, sir Flash: one that married a daughter of mine; ladyfied her; turn'd two thousand pounds worth of good land of her's into cash within the first week; bought her a new gown and a coach; sent her to seek her fortune by land, whilst himself prepared for his fortune by sea; took in fresh flesh at Billingsgate for his own diet, to serve him the whole voyage, the wife of a certain usurer call'd Security, who hath been the broker for 'em in all this business: please mr. deputy, *Work upon that now.*

Gold. If my worshipful father have ended——

Touch. I have, it shall please mr. deputy.

Gold. Well then, under correction——

Touch. Now, son, come over 'em with some fine gird; as thus, *Knight, you shall be encounter'd*, that is, had to the Counter; or *Quicksilver, I will put you in a crucible*; or so.

Gold. Sir Petronel Flash, I am sorry to see such flashes as these proceed from a gentleman of your quality and rank; for mine own part, I could wish I could say I could not see them: but such is the misery of magistrates and men in place, that they must not wink at offenders. Take him aside; I will hear you anon, sir.

Touch. I like this well yet: there's some grace i'the knight left, he cries.

Gold. Francis Quicksilver, would God thou had'st turn'd Quacksalver, rather than run into these dissolute and lewd courses. It is great pity; thou art a proper young man; of an honest and clean face, somewhat near a good one, (God hath done his part to thee;) but thou hast made too much and been too proud of that face, with the rest of thy body; for maintenance of which in neat

and

and garish attire, only to be looked upon by some light housewives, thou hast prodigally consumed much of thy master's estate: and being by him gently admonished, at several times, hast turn'd thyself haughty and rebellious in thine answers; thundering out uncivil comparisons; requiting all his kindness with a coarse and harsh behaviour; never returning thanks for any one benefit, but receiving all as if they had been debts to thee, and no courtesies. I must tell thee, Francis, these are manifest signs of an ill nature; and God doth often punish such pride and *outrecuidance* with scorn and infamy, which is the worst of misfortune. My worshipful father, what do you please to charge them withall? From the press I will free 'em, mr. constable.

Con. Then I'll leave your worship, sir.

Gold. No, you may stay; there will be other matters against 'em.

Touch. Sir, I do charge this gallant, mr. Quicksilver, on suspicion of felony; and the knight, as being accessary in the receipt of my goods.

Quick. O, good sir!

Touch. Hold thy peace, impudent varlet, hold thy peace! With what forehead or face do'st thou offer to *chop logick* with me, having run such a race of riot, as thou hast done? Does not the sight of this worshipful man's fortune and temper confound thee? that was thy younger fellow in household, and now come to have the place of a judge upon thee. Do'st not observe this? Which of all thy gallants and gamesters, thy swearers and thy swaggerers, will come now to moan thy misfortune, or pity thy penury? They'll look out at a window as thou rid'st in triumph to Tyburn, and cry, Yonder goes honest Frank, mad Quicksilver! He was a free hoon companion, when he had money, says one; hang him, fool, says another, he could not keep it when he had it. A pox o'th' cullion his master, says a third, he has brought him to this. When their pox of pleasure, and their piles of perdition, would have been better bestowed upon thee, that hast ventur'd for 'em with the best; and, by

the clew of thy knavery, brought thyself weeping to the cart of calamity.

Quick. Worshipful master!

Touch. Offer not to speak, crocodile; I will not hear a sound come from thee. Thou hast learn'd to whine at the play yonder. Mr. deputy, pray you commit 'em both to safe custody, till I be able farther to charge 'em.

Quick. O me, what an unfortunate thing am I!

Petr. Will you not take security, sir?

Touch. Yes, marry will I, sir Flash, if I can find him; and charge him as deep as the best on you. He has been the plotter of all this: he is your engineer, I hear. Mr. deputy, you'll dispose of these? In the mean time, I'll to my lord mayor, and get his warrant to seize that serpent Security into my hands; and seal up both house and goods to the king's use, or my satisfaction.

Gold. Officers, take 'em to the Counter.

Quick. Pet. Oh!

Touch. Nay, on, on: you see the issue of your sloth; of sloth cometh pleasure; of pleasure cometh riot; of riot comes whoring; of whoring comes spending; of spending comes want; of want comes theft; of theft comes hanging: and there is my Quicksilver fix'd.

[*Exeunt.*

Act. V. Scen. 1.

Enter Girtred and Syndefy.

Gir. AH, Synne! hast thou ever read i'the chronicle of any lady and her waiting-woman driven to that extremity that we are, Synne?

Synd. Not I truly, madam; and if I had, it were but cold comfort should come out of books now.

Gir. Why, good faith, Syn, I could dine with a lamentable story now; *O hone hone, o no nera, &c.* Can'st thou tell ne'er a one, Syn?

Synd.

Synd. None but mine own, madam; which is lamentable enough: firſt, to be ſtol'n from my friends, which were worſhipful, and of good account, by a 'prentice, in the habit and diſguiſe of a gentleman; and here brought up to London, and promis'd marriage; and now, likely to be forſaken; for he is in a poſſibility to be hang'd.

Gir. Nay, weep not, good Synne. My Petronel is in as good poſſibility as he. Thy miſeries are nothing to mine, Synne. I was more than promis'd marriage, Synne; I had it, Synne: and was made a lady; and by a knight, Syn: which is now as good as no knight, Syn. And I was born in London; which is more than brought up, Syn: and already forſaken, which is paſt likelihood, Syn: and inſtead of land i'the country, all my knight's living lies i'the Counter, Syn: there's his caſtle now.

Synd. Which he cannot be forc'd out of, madam.

Gir. Yes, if he would live hungry a week or two; *Hunger, they ſay, breaks ſtone walls.* But he is e'en well enough ſerv'd, Syn, that ſo ſoon as ever he had got my hand to the ſale of my inheritance, ran away from me, as I had been his punk, God bleſs us! Would the knight of the Sun, or Palmerine of England, have uſed their ladies ſo, Synne? or ſir Lancelot? or ſir Triſtram?

Synd. I do not know, madam.

Gir. Then thou knoweſt nothing, Syn. Thou art a fool, Syn. The knighthood now adays are nothing like the knighthood of old time. They rid a horſe-back; ours go afoot. They were attended by their 'ſquires; ours by their ladies. They went buckled in their armour; ours muffled in their cloaks. They travel'd wilderneſſes and deſerts; ours dare ſcarce walk the ſtreets. They were ſtill preſt to engage their honour; ours ready to pawn their cloaths. They would gallop on at ſight of a monſter; ours run away at ſight of a ſerjeant. They would help poor ladies; ours make poor ladies.

Synd. Ay, madam; they were knights of the Round-Table, at Wincheſter, that ſought adventures; but theſe of the Square-Table, at ordinaries, that ſit at hazard.

Gir.

Gir. True, Syn; let them vanish. And tell me, what shall we pawn next?

Synd. Ay, marry, madam, a timely consideration, for our hostess (profane woman) has sworn by bread and salt, she will not trust us another meal.

Gir. Let it stink in her hand then; I'll not be beholden to her. Let me see; my jewels be gone, and my gown; and my red velvet petticoat, that I was married in; and my wedding silk stockings; and all thy best apparel, poor Syn. Good faith, rather than thou shouldest pawn a rag more, I'll lay my ladyship in lavender, if I knew where.

Synd. Alas, madam, your ladyship!

Gir. Ay, why? you do not scorn my ladyship, tho' it is in a waistcoat? God's me life, you are a peat indeed! do I offer to mortgage my ladyship for you and for your avail, and do you turn the lip and the alas to my ladyship?

Synd. No, madam; but I make question, who will lend any thing upon it.

Gir. Who? marry, enow, I warrant you; if you'll seek 'em out. I'm sure I remember the time, when I would ha' given a thousand pound (if I had had it) to have been a lady; and I hope I was not bred and born with that appetite alone: some other gentle born o' the city, have the same longing I trust. And, for my part, I would afford 'em a penn'orth: my ladyship is little the worse for the wearing; and yet I would bate a good deal of the sum. I would lend it (let me see) for forty pound in hand, Syn, that would apparel us, and ten pound a year, that would keep me and you, Syn, (with our needles;) and we should never need to be beholden to our scurvy parents. Good lord, that there are no fairies now a days, Syn.

Synd. Why, madam?

Gir. To do miracles, and bring ladies money. Sure, if we lay in a cleanly house, they would haunt it, Synne? I'll try. I'll sweep the chamber soon at night, and set a dish of water o'the hearth. A fairy may come, and bring a pearl or a diamond. We do not know, Synne? Or, there may be a pot of gold hid o'the backside, if we had tools

tools to dig for't. Why may not we two rise early i' the morning, Synne, afore any body is up, and find a jewell i' the streets, worth a hundred pound? May not some great court-lady, as she comes from revels at midnight, look out of her coach, as 'tis rumbling, and lose such a jewel, and we find it? ha!

Synd. They are pretty waking dreams, these.

Gir. Or may not some old usurer be drunk over night, with a bag of money, and leave it behind him on a stall? For God's sake, Syn, let's rise to-morrow by break of day, and see. I protest, law, if I had as much money as an alderman, I would scatter some on't i' the streets for poor ladies to find, when their knights were laid up. And, now I remember my song o' the Golden shower, why may not I have such a fortune? I'll sing it, and try what luck I shall have after it.

Fond fables tell of old,
How Jove in Danae's lap
Fell in a shower of gold,
By which she caught a clap:
Oh had it been my hap!
However the blow doth threaten,
So well I like the play,
That I could wish all day,
And night to be so beaten.

Enter Mrs. Touchstone.

Gir. O, here's my mother! good luck, I hope. Ha! you brought any money, mother? Pray you, mother, your blessing. Nay, sweet mother, do not weep.

Mrs. Touch. God bless you: I would I were in my grave.

Gir. Nay, dear mother, can you steal no more money from my father? Dry your eyes and comfort me. Alas! it is my knight's fault, and not mine, that I am in a waistcoat, and attired thus simply.

Mrs. Touch. Simply? 'tis better than thou deserv'st. Never whimper for the matter. *Thou should'st have look'd before thou had'st leap'd.* Thou wert afire to be a lady; and now your ladyship, and you, may both *blow at the coal,*

wal, for aught I know. *Self do, self have: The hasty person never wants woe*, they say.

Gir. Nay then, mother, you should ha' look'd to it: a body would think you were the older. I did but my kind, I; he was a knight, and I was fit to be a lady. 'Tis not lack of liking, but lack of living, that severs us. And you talk like yourself, and a cittiner in this, i'faith. You shew what husband you come on, I wis? You smell o' the Touchstone. He that will do more for his daughter, that has married a scurvy gold-end man, and his 'prentice, than he will for his t'other daughter, that has wedded a knight, and his customer: by this light, I think he is not my legitimate father.

Synd. O, good madam, do not take up your mother so.

Mrs. Touch. Nay, nay, let her e'en alone. Let her ladyship grieve me still, with her bitter taunts and terms. I have not dole enough to see her in this miserable case: without her velvet gowns; without ribbands; without jewels; without French-wires; or cheat-bread, or quails; or a little dog; or a gentleman-usher; or any thing indeed that's fit for a lady——

Synd. Except her tongue.

Mrs. Touch. And I not able to relieve her neither, being kept so short by my husband. Well, God knows my heart, I did little think that ever she should have had need of her sister Golding.

Gir. Why, mother, I ha' not yet. Alas, good mother, be not intoxicate for me. I am well enough; I would not change husbands with my sister; ay, *The leg of a lark is better than the body of a kite.*

Mrs. Touch. I know that. But——

Gir. What, sweet mother, what?

Mrs. Touch. It's but ill food, when nothing's left but the claw.

Gir. That's true, mother; ah me!

Mrs. Touch. Nay, sweet lady-bird, sigh not; child, madam. Why do you weep thus? Be of good cheer. I shall die, if you cry, and mar your complexion thus.

Gir. Alas, mother, what should I do?

Mrs.

Mrs. Touch. Go to thy father, child: She'll be proud thy ladyship will come under her roof. She'll win thy father to release thy knight; and redeem thy gowns, and thy coach, and thy horses; and set thee up again.

Gir. But will she get him to set my knight up, too?

Mrs. Touch. That she will, or any thing else thou'lt ask her.

Gir. I will begin to love her, if I thought she would do this.

Mrs. Touch. Try her, good chuck; I warrant thee.

Gir. Do'ſt thou think ſhe'll do't?

Syn. Ay, madam, and be glad you will receive it.

Mrs. Touch. That's a good maiden: ſhe tells you true. Come, I'll take order for your debts i'the ale-houſe.

Gir. Go, Syn, and pray for thy Frank, as I will for my Pet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Touchſtone, Golding, and Wolf.

Touch. I will receive no letters, mr. Wolf; you ſhall pardon me.

Gold. Good father, let me entreat you.

Touch. Son Golding, I will not be tempted; I find mine own eaſy nature, and I know not what a well-pen'd ſubtle letter may work upon it: there may be tricks packing, do you ſee: return with your packet, ſir.

Wolf. Believe it, ſir, you need fear no packing here. Thoſe are but letters of ſubmiſſion, all.

Touch. Sir, I do look for no ſubmiſſion. I will bear myſelf in this like *blind juſtice*. *Work upon that now.* When the ſeſſions come they ſhall hear from me.

Gold. From whom come your letters, mr. Wolf?

Wolf. An't pleaſe you, ſir, one from ſir Petronel, another from Francis Quickſilver, and another from old Security; who is almoſt mad in priſon. There are two to your worſhip; one from mr. Francis, ſir, another from the knight.

Touch. I do wonder, mr. Wolf, why you ſhould travel thus in a buſineſs ſo contrary to the kind, or nature o'your place! That you being the keeper of a priſon, ſhould labour the releaſe of your priſoners! Whereas, methinks, it were far more natural and kindly in you,

to

to be ranging about for more, and not let these 'scape you have already under the tooth. But they say, you Wolves when you ha' suck'd the blood once that they are dry, you ha' done.

Wolf. Sir, your worship may descant as you please o'my name; but I protest, I was never so mortified with any men's discourse or behaviour in prison; yet I have had of all sorts of men i'the kingdom under my keys; and almost of all religions i'the land: as Papist, Protestant, Puritan, Brownist, Anabaptist, Millenary, Family o'Love, Jew, Turk, Infidel, Atheist, Good-Fellow, &c.

Gold. And which of all these (thinks mr. Wolf) was the best religion?

Wolf. Troth, mr. Deputy, they that pay fees best: we never examine their consciences farther.

Gold. I belive you, mr. Wolf. Good faith, sir, here's a great deal of humility i'these letters.

Wolf. Humility, sir? ay, were your worship an eye-witness of it, you would say so. The knight will be i'the Knight's-ward, do what we can, sir; and mr. Quicksilver would be i'the Hole, if we would let him. I never knew or saw prisoners more penitent, or more devout. They will sit you up all night singing of psalms, and edifying the whole prison. Only Security sings a note too high sometimes; because he lies i'the Twopenny-ward, far off; and cannot take his tune. The neighbours cannot rest for him, but come every morning to ask, what godly prisoners we have.

Touch. Which on 'em is't is so devout, the knight, or t'other?

Wolf. Both, sir; but the young man especially: I never heard his like. He has cut his hair too; he is so well given, and has such good gifts! He can tell you almost all the stories of the Book of Martyrs; and speak you all the Sickman's Salve, without book.

Touch. Ay, if he had had grace, he was brought up where it grew, I wis. On, mr. Wolf.

Wolf. And he has converted one Fangs, a serjeant; a fellow could neither write, nor read. He was call'd the Bandog o'the Counter: and he has brought him already

to

to pair his nails, and say his prayers; and 'tis hop'd, he will sell his place shortly, and become an intelligencer.

Touch. No more; I am coming already. If I should give any farther ear, I were taken. Adieu, good mr. Wolf. Son, I do feel mine own weakness; do not importune me, pity is a rheum that I am subject to; but I will resist it. Mr. Wolf, *fish is cast away, that is cast in dry pools:* Tell hypocrisy it will not do, I have touch'd and tried, too often; I am yet proof, and I will remain so: when the sessions come, they shall hear from me. In the mean time, to all suits, to all intreaties, to all letters, to all tricks, I will be deaf as an adder, and blind as a beetle; lay mine ear to the ground, and lock mine eyes i'my hand, against all temptations. [*Exit.*

Gold. You see, master Wolf, how inexorable he is; there is no hope to recover him. Pray you commend me to my brother knight, and to my fellow Francis; present 'em with this small token of my love; tell 'em I wish I could do 'em any worthier office; but in this it is desperate; yet I will not fail to try the uttermost of my power for 'em. And sir, as far as I have any credit with you, pray you let 'em want nothing; though I am not ambitious they should know so much.

Wol. Sir, both your actions and words speak you to be a true gentleman. They shall know only what is fit, and no more. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Holdfast, Bramble, Security.

Hold. Who would you speak with, sir?

Bram. I would speak with one Security, that is prisoner here.

Hold. Y'are welcome, sir. Stay there, I'll call him to you——Mr. Security!

Sec. Who calls?

Hol. Here's a gentleman would speak with you.

Sec. What is he? Is it one that grafts my forehead, now I am in prison, and comes to see how the horns shoot up and prosper?

Hol. You must pardon him, sir; the old man is a little craz'd with his imprisonment.

Sec.

Sec. What ſay you to me, ſir? My learned counſel mr. Bramble! Cry you mercy, ſir; when ſaw you my wife?

Bram. She is now at my houſe, ſir; and deſired me that I would come to viſit you; and inquire of you your caſe, that we might work ſome means to get you forth.

Sec. My caſe, mr. Bramble, is ſtone walls, and iron grates; you ſee it; this is the weakeſt part on't. And for getting me forth, no means but hanging myſelf, and ſo be carried forth; from which they have here bound me, in intolerable bands.

Bram. Why, but what is't you are in for, ſir?

Sec. For my ſins, for my ſins, ſir; whereof marriage is the greateſt. O, had I never married, I had never known this purgatory! to which hell is a kind of cool bath, in reſpect. My wife's confederacy, ſir, with old Touchſtone, that ſhe might keep her jubilee, and the feaſt of her new-moon. Do you underſtand me, ſir?

Enter Quickſilver.

Quick. Good ſir, go in and talk with him. The light does him harm; and his example will be hurtful to the weak priſoners. Fie, father Security, that you'll be ſtill ſo profane! will nothing humble you?

Enter two priſoners, with a friend.

Fri. What's he?

1 *Priſ.* O he is a rare young man! Do you not know him?

Fri. Not I; I never ſaw him, that I can remember.

2 *Priſ.* Why, it is he that was the gallant 'prentice of London, mr. Touchſtone's man.

Frien. Who, Quickſilver?

1 *Priſ.* Ay, this is he.

Fri. Is this he? They ſay he has been a gallant indeed.

Priſ. O, the royalleſt fellow that ever was bred up i'the city. He would play you his thouſand pound a night at dice, keep knights and lords company, go with them to bawdy-houſes, had his ſix men in livery, kept a ſtable of hunting-horſes, and his wench in her velvet

gown, and her cloth of silver. Here's a knight with him here in prison.

Fri. And how miserably he is chang'd!

1 *Pris.* O, that's voluntary in him; he gave away all his rich cloaths as soon as ever he came in here, among the prisoners, and will eat o'the basket, for humility.

Fri. Why will he do so?

2 *Pris.* Alas, he has no hope of life. He mortifies himself; he does but linger on, till the sessions.

1 *Pris.* O, he has pen'd the best thing, that he calls his *Repentance*, or his *Last Farewell*, that ever you heard: He is a pretty poet; and for prose—You would wonder how many prisoners he has help'd out, with penning petitions for 'em, and not take a penny. Look, this is the knight, in the rug-gown.——Stand by.

Enter Petronel, Bramble, Quicksilver, Wolf.

Bram. Sir, for Security's case, I have told him. Say he should be condemned to be carted, or whipt for a bawd, or so; why I'll lay an execution on him o'two hundred pound; let him acknowledge a judgment, he shall do it in half an hour; they shall not all fetch him out without paying the execution, o' my word.

Pet. But can we not be bail'd, mr. Bramble?

Bram. Hardly; there are none of the judges in town, else you should remove yourself, in spight of him, with a Habeas Corpus: But if you have a friend to deliver your tale sensibly to some justice o'the town, that he may have feeling of it, (do you see) you may be bail'd; for, as I understand the case, it is only done *in terrorem*; and you shall have an action of false imprisonment against him when you come out, and perhaps a thousand pound costs.

Enter mr. Wolf.

Quick. How now, mr. Wolf? what news? what return?

Wolf. Faith, bad all; yonder will be no letters received. He says the sessions shall determine it; only mr. deputy Golding commends him to you, and with this token wishes he could do you other good.

Quick.

Quick. I thank him. Good mr. Bramble, trouble our quiet no more; do not moleſt us in priſon thus, with your winding devices: Pray you depart. For my part, I commit my cauſe to him that can ſuccour me; let God work his will. Mr. Wolf, I pray you let this be diſtributed among the priſoners; and deſire 'em to pray for us.

Wolf. It ſhall be done, mr. Francis.

1 *Priſ.* An excellent temper!

2 *Priſ.* Now God ſend him good luck! [*Exeunt.*

Pet. But what ſaid my father in law, mr. Wolf?

Enter Holdfaſt.

Hold. Here's one would ſpeak with you, ſir.

Wolf. I'll tell you anon, ſir Petronel. Who is't?

Hold. A gentleman, ſir, that will not be ſeen.

Enter Golding.

Wolf. Where is he?—Maſter Deputy! your worſhip is welcome.

Gol. Peace!

Wolf. Away, ſirrah!

Gol. Good faith, mr. Wolf, the eſtate of theſe gentlemen, for whom you were ſo late and willing a ſuitor, doth much affect me; and becauſe I am deſirous to do them ſome fair office, and find there is no means to make my father relent ſo likely, as to bring him to be a ſpectator of their miſery; I have ventur'd on a device, which is to make myſelf your priſoner; intreating you will preſently go report it to my father, and (feigning an action at ſuit of ſome third perſon) pray him by this token, that he will preſently, and with all ſecrecy, come hither for my bail; which train (if any) I know will bring him abroad; and then, having him here, I doubt not but we ſhall be all fortunate in the event.

Wolf. Sir, I will put on my beſt ſpeed to effect it. Pleaſe you come in.

Gol. Yes; and let me reſt conceal'd, I pray you.

Wolf. See here a benefit, truly done; when it is done timely, freely, and to no ambition. [*Exit.*

Enter Touchstone, wife, daughters, Syn, Winnifrid.

Touch. I will sail by you, and not hear you, like the wise Ulysses.

Mild. Dear father!

Mrs. Touch. Husband!

Gir. Father!

Win. & Sin. Mr. Touchstone!

Touch. Away, sirens! I will immure myself against your cries, and lock my self up to your lamentations.

Mrs. Touch. Gentle husband, hear me!

Syn. Father, it is I, father; my lady Flash! my sister and I are friends.

Mil. Good father!

Win. Be not hardened, good mr. Touchstone.

Syn. I pray you, sir, be merciful.

Touch. I am deaf, I do not hear you; I have stopt mine ears with shoemaker's wax; and drank Lethe and Mandragora, to forget you; all you speak to me, I commit to the air.

Enter Wolf.

Mil. How now, mr. Wolf?

Wolf. Where's mr. Touchstone? I must speak with him presently; I have lost my breath for haste.

Mild. What's the matter, sir? pray all be well.

Wolf. Master deputy Golding is arrested upon an execution, and desires him presently to come to him, forthwith.

Mild. Ah me! do you hear, father?

Touch. Tricks, tricks, confederacy, tricks! I have 'em in my nose, I scent 'em.

Wolf. Who's that? Master Touchstone?

Mrs. Touch. Why, it is mr. Wolf himself.—Husband!

Mil. Father!

Touch. I am deaf still, I say: I will neither yield to the song of the siren, nor the voice of the hyena; the tears of the crocodile, nor the howling of the wolf. Avoid my habitation, monsters.

Wolf. Why, you are not mad, sir? I pray you look forth, and see the token I have brought you, sir.

Touch. Ha! what token is it?

Wolf. Do you know it, sir?

Touch. My son Golding's ring! Are you in earnest, mr. Wolf?

Wolf. Ay, by my faith, sir. He is in prison; and required me to use all speed and secrecy to you.

Touch. My cloak there! (pray you be patient) I am plagu'd for my austerity; my cloak!—At whose suit, mr. Wolf?

Wolf. I'll tell you as we go, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Friend. Prisoners.

Fri. Why, but is his offence such as he cannot hope for life?

1 *Pris.* Troth, it should seem so; and it is great pity; for he is exceeding penitent.

Fri. They say he is charg'd but on suspicion of felony, yet.

2 *Pris.* Ay, but his master is a shrewd fellow: he'll prove great matter against him.

Fri. I'd as live as any thing I could see his farewell.

1 *Pris.* O, 'tis rarely written; why, Toby may get him to sing it to you, he's not curious to any body.

2 *Pris.* O no; He would that all the world should take knowledge of his repentance; and thinks he merits in't, the more shame he suffers.

1 *Pris.* Pray thee try what thou can'st do.

2 *Pris.* I warrant you he will not deny it, if he be not hoarse with the often repeating of it. [*Exit.*

1 *Pris.* You never saw a more courteous creature than he is; and the knight too; the poorest prisoner of that house may command 'em. You shall hear a thing admirably penn'd.

Fri. Is the knight any scholar too?

1 *Pris.* No; but he will speak very well, and discourse admirably of running horses, and white friers, and against bawds, and of cocks; and talk as loud as a hunter, but is none.

Enter Wolf and Touchstone.

Wolf. Please you stay here, sir; I'll call his worship down to you.

Enter Quicksilver and Petronel.

Prif. See, he has brought him and the knight too. Salute him I pray. —— Sir, this gentleman, upon our report, is very desirous to hear some piece of your repentance.

Quick. Sir, with all my heart; and as I told mr. Toby, I shall be glad to have any man a witness of it. And the more openly I profess it, I hope it will appear the heartier and the more unfeigned.

Touch. Who is this? My man Francis, and my son in law!

Quick. Sir, it is all the testimony I shall leave behind me to the world and my master, that I have so offended.

Friend. Good sir.

Quick. I writ it when my spirits were oppress'd.

Pet. Ay, I'll be sworn for you, Francis.

Quick. It is in imitation of Mannington's; he that was hang'd at Cambridge, that cut off the horse's head at a blow.

Friend. So, sir.

Quick. To the tune of, *I wail in woe, I plunge in pain.*

Pet. An excellent ditty it is, and worthy of a new tune.

Quick. *In Cheapside, famous for gold and plate,*
Quicksilver I did dwell of late;
I had a master good and kind,
That would have wrought me to his mind.
He bade me still, work upon that;
But, alas, I wrought I know not what!
He was a Touchstone, black but true,
And told me still what would insue.
Yet, woe is me, I would not learn,
Alas, alas! but could not discern.

Friend. Excellent, excellent well.

Gol. O, let him alone; he is taken already.

Quick. *I caſt my coat and cap away;*
I went in ſilk and ſattins gay;
Falſe metal of good manners, I
Did daily coin unlawfully.
I ſcorn'd my maſter, being drunk;
I kept my gelding and my punk!
And with a knight, ſir Flaſh by name,
(Who now is ſorry for the ſame)

Par. I thank you, Francis!
I thought by ſea to run away,
But Thames and tempeſt did me ſtay.

Touch. This cannot be feigned ſure. Heaven pardon my ſeverity! *The ragged colt may prove a good horſe.*

Gold. How he liſtens, and is tranſported! he has forgot me.

Quick. *Still, Eaſtward-hoe, was all my word;*
But Weſtward I had no regard:
Nor ever thought what would come after;
As did, alas, his youngeſt daughter.
At laſt the black ox trod'o my foot,
And I ſaw then what 'long'd unto't:
Now cry I, Touchſtone, touch me ſtill,
And make me current by thy ſkill!

Touch. And I will do it, Francis!

Wolf. Stay him, mr. Deputy, now is the time: we ſhall loſe the ſong elſe.

Fri. I proteſt, it is the beſt that ever I heard.

Quick. How like you it, gentlemen?

All. O admirable, ſir!

Quick. This ſtanza now following, alludes to the ſtory of Mannington, from whence I took my project for my invention.

Fri. Pray you go on, ſir.

Quick. *O Mannington, thy ſtories ſhow,*
Thou cut'ſt a horſe-head off at a blow;
But I confeſs I have not the force,
For to cut off th' head of a horſe;

Yet I desire this grace to win,
That I may cut off the horse-head of sin,
And leave his body in the dust
Of sin's high way, and bogs of lust;
Whereby I may take virtue's purse,
And live with her, for better, for worse.

Fri. Admirable, sir, and excellently conceited.

Quick. Alas, sir!

Touch. Son Golding and mr. Wolf, I thank you; the deceit is welcome, especially from thee, whose charitable soul in this hath shewn a high point of wisdom and honesty. Listen! I am ravished with his repentance, and could stand here a whole prenticeship to hear him.

Fri. Forth, good sir.

Quick. This is the last, and the Farewell.

Farewell, Cheapside! farewell, sweet trade
Of goldsmiths all, that ne'er shall fade.
Farewell, dear fellow-prentices all!
And be you warned by my fall;
Shun usurers, bawds, and dice, and drabs,
Avoid them as you would French scabs.
Seek not to go beyond your tether,
But cut your thongs unto your leather;
So shall you thrive by little and little,
'Scape Tyburn, Compters, and the Spittle.

Touch. And 'scape them shalt thou, my penitent and dear Francis!

Quick. Master!

Pet. Father!

Touch. I can no longer forbear to do your humility right: Arise, and let me honour your repentance with the hearty and joyful embraces of a father and friend's love. Quicksilver! thou hast eat into my breast, Quicksilver, with the drops of thy sorrow; and kill'd the desperate opinion I had of thy reclaim.

Quick. O sir, I am not worthy to see your worshipful face.

Pet. Forgive me, father!

Touch.

Touch. Speak no more; all former paſſages are forgotten, and here my word ſhall releaſe you. Thank this worthy brother, and kind friend, Francis.——Mr. Wolf, I am their bail. [*A ſhout in the priſon.*

Sec. Maſter Touchſtone! Maſter Touchſtone!

Touch. Who's that?

Wolf. Security, ſir.

Sec. Pray you, ſir, if you'll be mine with a ſong, hear my lamentable tune too.

SONG.

O Maſter Touchſtone,
My heart is full of woe;
Alas, I am a cuckold!
And why ſhould it be ſo?
Becauſe I was an uſurer,
And bawd, as all you know,
For which again, I tell you,
My heart is full of woe.

Touch. Bring him forth, mr. Wolf, and releaſe his bonds. This day ſhall be ſacred to mercy, and the mirth of this encounter in the compter.——See, we are encountered with more ſuitors.

Enter Mrs. Touchſt. Girt. Mild. Synd. Winnif. &c.

Save your breath, ſave your breath: All things have ſucceeded to your wiſhes, and we are heartily ſatisfied in their events.

Gir. Ah, runaway, runaway! have I caught you? And there has my poor knight done, all this while!

Pet. Dear lady wife, forgive me.

Gir. As heartily as I would be forgiven, knight. Dear father, give me your bleſſing, and forgive me too; I ha'been proud and laſcivious, father; and a fool, father; and being rais'd to the ſtate of a wanton coy thing, call'd

a lady, father, have seem'd you father, and my sister; and my sister's velvet cap too; and would make a month at the city, as I rid through it; and stop mine ears at Bow-bell; I have said your beard was a base one, father, and that you look'd like Twierpipe the taberer; and that my mother was but my midwife.

Mrs. Touch. Now God forgi' you, child madam.

Touch. No more repetitions. What else is wanting to make our harmony full?

Gold. Only this, sir, that my fellow Francis make amends to Mistress Sindefy, with marriage.

Quick. With all my heart.

Gold. And Security give her a dower, which shall be all the restitution he shall make of that huge mass he hath so unlawfully gotten.

Touch. Excellently devised! a good motion! What says mr. Security?

Sec. I say any thing, sir, what you'll be'me say. Would I were no cuckold!

Win. Cuckold, husband? why, I think this wearing of yellow has infected you.

Touch. Why, mr. Security, that should rather be a comfort to you than a corrosive. If you be a cuckold, it is an argument you have a beautiful woman to your wife; then you shall be much made of; you shall have store of friends, never want money; you shall be eased of much o'your wedlock pain, others will take it for you: Besides, you being an usurer, (and likely to go to hell) the divels will never torment you: They'll take you for one of their own race. Again, if you be a cuckold, and know it not, you are an innocent; if you know and indure it, a true martyr.

Sec. I am resolved, sir.——Come hither, Winny.

Touch. Well then, all are pleased, or shall be anon. Master Wolf, you look hungry methinks: Have you no apparel to lend Francis to shift him?

Quick. No, sir, nor I desire none; but here make it my suit, that I may go home through the streets in these; as a spectacle, or rather an example, to the children of Cheapside.

Touch.

Touch. Thou haſt thy wiſh.
Now, London, look about,
And in this moral ſee thy glaſs run out.
Behold the careful father, thrifty ſon,
The ſolemn deeds which each of us have done;
The uſurer puniſh'd, and from fall ſo ſteep,
The prodigal child reclaim'd, and the loſt ſheep.
[*Exeunt.*

THE

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Quickſilver*.

STAY, ſir, I perceive the multitude are gathered together, to view our coming out at the Compter. See if the ſtreets and the fronts of the houſes be not ſtuck with people, and the windows fill'd with ladies, as on the ſolemn day of the pageant!

O may you find in this our pageant here,
The ſame contentment which you came to ſeek;
And as that ſhews but draws you once a year,
May this attract you hither once a week!

THE WIDOW'S TEARS.

A

COMEDY.

BY

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

THIS

THIS *Author liv'd in the latter End of Queen* Elizabeth's *Time, and in the Reign of* James *the firſt. He was reputed a good Poet in his Time, and joined with* Ben Johnſon *and* Marſton *in the Play call'd* Eaſtward Hoe. *He has wrote, beſides this Comedy,* Alphonſus Emperor of Germany, Buſſy d'Amboiſe, Buſſy d'Amboiſe his Revenge, Byron's Conſpiracy *in two Parts,* Cæſar and Pompey, Revenge for Honour, *Tragedies*; All Fools, Blind Begger of Alexandria, Gentleman Uſher, Humorous Day's Mirth, May-day, Monſieur d'Olive, Two wiſe Men and all the reſt Fools, *Comedies*; *and two or three Maſques. He tranſlated the whole Works of* Homer *and* Heſiod *in Verſes of fourteen Syllables. He alſo finiſh'd the* Hero *and* Leander of Muſæus, *which* Chriſtopher Marlow *had begun. He was born in* 1557, *died in* 1634, *and was buried in St.* Giles's *Church, where he had a Monument erected over him by his dear Friend* Inigo Jones.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Tharſalio, the woer.
Lyſander, his brother.
Thir. governor of *Cyprus*.
Lycus, ſervant to the widow countes.
Argus, gentleman-uſher.
Three Lords, ſuitors to *Eudora*, the widow counteſs.
Hylas, nephew to *Tharſalio*, and ſon to *Lyſander*.
Captain of the watch.
Two ſoldiers.
Eudora, the widow counteſs.
Cynthia, wife to *Lyſander*.
Sthenia.
Ianthe, gentlewoman attending on *Eudora*.
Ero, waiting-woman to *Cynthia*.

THE WIDOW'S TEARS,

A COMEDY.

Act. I. Scene I.

Thersalio solus, with a glass in his hand making ready.

THOU blind imperfect goddess, that delights
(Like a deep-reaching statesman) to converse
Only with fools: jealous of knowing spirits;
For fear their piercing judgments might discover
Thy inward weakness, and despise thy power;
Contemn thee for a goddess: Thou that lad'st
Th'unworthy ass with gold; while worth and merit

Serve

Serve thee for nought: weak Fortune, I renounce
Thy vain dependance, and convert my duty
[illegible]
[illegible] Sole friend to worth,
And interpreter of all good spirits, Confidence:
Be my guide, and her's the praise of these
My worthy undertakings.

Enter Lysander, with a glass in his hand; Cynthia, Hylus and Eco.

Lys. Morrow, brother. Not ready yet?

Thar. No; I have somewhat of the brother in me: I dare say, your wife is many times ready, and you not up.—Save you, sister; how are you enamoured of my presence? How like you my aspect?

Cyn. Faith, no worse than I did last week; the weather has nothing changed the grain of your complexion.

Thar. A firm proof, 'tis in grain, and so are not all complexions.
A good soldier's face, sister.

Cyn. Made to be worn under a bever.

Thar. Ay, and 'twould shew well enough under a mask too.

Lys. So much for the face.

Thar. But is there no object in this suit to whet your tongue upon?

Lys. None, but fortune send you well to wear it: for the best knows how you got it.

Thar. Faith, 'tis the portion she bestows upon younger brothers, valour and good cloaths. Marry, if you ask how we come by this new suit, I must take time to answer it: for as the ballad says, *in written books I find it*, Brother, these are the blossoms of spirit; and I will have it said for my father's honour, that some of his children were truly begotten.

Lys. Not all?

Thar. Shall I tell you, brother, that I know will rejoice you? My former suits have been all spenders, this shall be a speeder.

Lys.

Lyſ. A thing to be heartily wiſh'd; but, brother, take heed you be not gull'd, be not too forward.

Thar. 'Thad been well for me, if you had follow'd that counſel: You were too forward when you ſtept into the world before me, and gull'd me of the land, that my ſpirits and parts were indeed born to.

Cyn. May we not have the bleſſing to know the aim of your fortunes? what coaſt, for heaven's love?

Thar. Nay, 'tis a project of ſtate: you may ſee the preparation; but the deſign lies hidden in the breaſts of the wiſe.

Lyſ. May we not know't?

Thar. Not unleſs you'll promiſe me to laugh at it; for without your applauſe I'll none.

Lyſ. The quality of it may be ſuch as a laugh will not be ill beſtow'd upon't: pray heaven I call not Arſace ſiſter.

Cyn. What! the proud'reſs?

Thar. Know you (as who knows not?) the exquiſite lady of the palace, the late governor's admired widow? the rich and haughty counteſs Eudora? Were not ſhe a jewel worth the wearing, if a man knew how to win her?

Lyſ. How's that? how's that?

Thar. Brother, there is a certain goddeſs call'd Confidence, that carries a main ſtroke in honourable preferments. Fortune waits upon her; Cupid is at her back; ſhe ſends them both of errands. This deity doth promiſe me much aſſiſtance in this buſineſs.

Lyſ. But if this deity ſhould draw you up in a baſket to your counteſs's window, and there let you hang for all the wits in the town to ſhoot at; how then?

Thar. If ſhe do, let them ſhoot their bolts and ſpare not: I have a little bird in a cage here that ſings me better comfort. What ſhould be the bar? You'll ſay, I was page to the count her huſband. What of that? I have thereby one foot in her favour already: ſhe has taken note of my ſpirit, and ſurvey'd my good parts, and the picture of them lives in her eye: which ſleeps, I know,

know, can not close till she have embrac'd the substance.

Lys. All this favours of the blind goddess you speak of.

Thar. Why should I despair, but that Cupid hath one dart in store for her great ladyship; as well as for any other huge lady, whom she hath made stoop gallant, to kiss their worthy followers. In a word, I am assured of my speed. Such fair attempts led by a brave resolve, are evermore seconded by fortune.

Cyn. But, brother, have I not heard you say, your own ears have been witness to her vows, made solemnly to your late lord, in memory of him, to preserve till death the unstain'd honour of a widow's bed? If nothing else, yet that might cool your confidence.

Thar. Tush, sister! suppose you should protest with solemn oath (as perhaps you have done, if ever heaven hears your prayers, that you may live to see my brother nobly interred) to feed only upon fish, and not endure the touch of flesh, during the wretched Lent of your miserable life; would you believe it, brother?

Lys. I am therein most confident.

Thar. Indeed! you had better believe it than try it: but pray, sister, tell me (you are a woman) do not you wives nod your heads, and smile one upon another when ye meet abroad?

Cyn. Smile! why so?

Thar. As who should say, are not we mad wenches, that can lead our blind husbands thus by the noses? Do you not brag amongst yourselves, how grossly you abuse their honest credulities? How they adore you for saints; and you believe it? While you adorn their temples, and they believe it not? How you vow widow-hood in their life time, and they believe you, when even in the sight of their breathless corse, e'er they be fully cold, you join embraces with his groom, or his physician, and perhaps his poisoner; or at least by the next moon (if you can expect so long) solemnly plight new Hymeneal bonds with a wild, confident, untamed ruffian?

Lys. As for example.—

Thar.

Thar. And make him the top of his house, and sovereign lord of the palace? As for example, look you, brother, this glass is mine—

Lyf. What of that?

Thar. While I am with it, it takes impression from my face; but can I make it so mine, that it shall be of no use to any other? will it not do his office to you, or you, and as well to my groom as to myself? Brother, monopolies are cried down. Is it not madness for me to believe, when I have conquer'd that fort of chastity the great countess, that if another man of my making and metal shall assault her, her eyes and ears should lose their function, her other parts their use; as if nature had made her all in vain, unless I only had stumbled into her quarters?

Cyn. Brother, I fear me, in your travel you have drunk too much of that Italian air, that hath infected the whole mass of your ingenuous nature, dried up in you all sap of generous disposition, poison'd the very essence of your soul, and so polluted your senses, that, whatsoever enters there, takes from them contagion, and is to your fancy represented as foul and tainted, which in itself perhaps is spotless.

Thar. No, sister, it hath refin'd my senses, and made me see with clear eyes, and to judge of objects as they truly are, not as they seem; and through their mask to discern the true face of things. It tells me how short-liv'd widows-tears are, that their weeping is in truth but laughing under a mask, that they mourn in their gowns and laugh in their sleeves; all which I believe as a Delphian oracle, and am resolv'd to burn in that faith. And in that resolution do I march to the great lady.

Lyf. You lose time, brother, in discourse; by this, had you bore up with the lady and clapt her aboard; for I know your confidence will not dwell long in the service.

Thar. No; I will perform it in the conqueror's stile. Your way is, not to win Penelope by suit, but by surprise. The castle's carried by a sudden assault, that would perhaps sit out a twelve-month's siege. It would be a good breeding to my young nephew here, if he could procure

procure a ſtand at the palace, to ſee with what alacrity I'll accoſt her courteſiſhip, in what garb I will woo her, with what facility I will win her.

Lyſ. It ſhall go hard but we'll hear your entertaiment, for your confidence ſake.

Thar. And having won her, nephew, this ſweet face, Which, all the city ſays, is ſo like me, Like me ſhall be preferr'd; for I will wed thee To my great widow's daughter and ſole heir, The lovely Lark, the bright Laodice.

Lyſ. A good pleaſant dream!

Thar. In this eye I ſee That fire that ſhall in me inflame the mother, And that in this ſhall ſet on fire the daughter. It goes, ſir, in a blood: believe me, brother, Theſe deſtinies go ever in a blood.

Lyſ. Theſe diſeaſes do, brother: take heed of them. Fare you well: take heed you be not baſh'd.

[*Exeunt Lyſ. Cyn. Hyl. Ero. Manet Tharſalio.*

Thar. Now thou that art the third blind deity That governs earth in all her happineſs, The life of all endowments, Confidence, Direct and proſper my intention. Command thy ſervant deities, Love and Fortune, To ſecond my attempts for this great lady, Whoſe page I lately was; that ſhe, whoſe board I might not ſit at, I may board a-bed, And under bring, who bore ſo high her head. [*Exit.*

Enter Lyſander and Lycus.

Lycus. 'Tis miraculous that you tell me, ſir: he come to woo our lady miſtreſs for his wife?

Lyſ. 'Tis a frenſy he is poſſeſs'd with, and will not be cur'd but by ſome violent remedy. And you ſhall favour me ſo much to make me a ſpectator of the ſcene. But is ſhe (ſay you) already acceſſible for ſuitors? I thought ſhe would have ſtood ſo ſtifly on her widow vow, that ſhe would not endure the ſight of a ſuitor.

Lycus. Faith, ſir, Penelope could not bar her gates againſt her wooers, but ſhe will ſtill be miſtreſs of herſelf. It

It is, as you know, a certain itch in female blood, they love to be ſued to; but ſhe'll hearken to no ſuitors.

Lyſ. But by your leave, Lycus, Penelope is not ſo wiſe as her huſband Ulyſſes; for he fearing the jaws of the Siren, ſtopt his ears with wax againſt her voice. They that fear the adder's ſting, will not come near her hiſſing. Is any ſuitor with her now?

Lyc. A Spartan lord, dating himſelf our great viceroy's kinſman; and two or three other of his country lords, as ſpots in his train. He comes armed with his altitude's letters in grace of his perſon, with promiſe to make her a ducheſs, if ſhe embrace the match. This is no mean attraction to her high thoughts; but yet ſhe diſdains him.

Lyſ. And how then ſhall my brother preſume of acceptance? yet I hold it much more under her contentment, to marry ſuch a naſty braggart, than under her honour to wed my brother: A gentleman (tho' I ſay it) more honourably deſcended than that lord; who perhaps, for all his anceſtry, would be much troubled to name you the place where his father was born.

Lyc. Nay, I hold no compariſon betwixt your brother and him. And the Venerean diſeaſe, to which, they ſay, he has been long wedded, ſhall, I hope, firſt rot him, e'er ſhe endure the ſavour of his ſulphurous breath. Well, her ladyſhip is at hand; y'are beſt take you to your ſtand.

Lyſ. Thanks, good friend Lycus. [*Exit.*

Enter Argus bareheaded, with whom another uſher Lycus joins, going over the ſtage; Hiarbas, and Pſorabeus next, Rebus ſingle before Eudora, Laodice, Sthenia bearing her train, Ianthe following.

Reb. I admire, madam, you cannot love whom the viceroy loves.

Hiar. And one whoſe veins ſwell ſo with his blood, madam, as they do in his lordſhip.

Pſo. A near and dear kinſman his lordſhip is to his altitude, the viceroy; in care of whoſe good ſpeed here, I know

I know his altitude hath not ſlept a ſound ſleep ſince his departure.

Eud. I thank Venus I have, ever ſince he came.

Reb. You ſleep away your honour, madam, if you neglect me.

Hiar. Neglect your lordſhip! that were a negligence no leſs than diſloyalty.

Eud. I much doubt that, ſir; it were rather a preſumption to take him, being of the blood vice-royal.

Reb. Not at all, being offered, madam.

Eud. But offered ware is not ſo ſweet, you know. They are the graces of the viceroy that woo me, not your lordſhip's; and I conceive it ſhould be neither honour nor pleaſure to you, to be taken in for another man's favours.

Reb. Taken in, madam! you ſpeak as I had no houſe to hide my head in.

Eud. I have heard ſo indeed, my lord, unleſs it be another man's.

Reb. You have heard untruth then; theſe lords can well witneſs I want no houſes.

Hiar. Nor palaces neither, my lord.

Pſo. Nor courts neither.

Eud. Nor temples, I think, neither; I believe, we ſhall have a god of him.

Enter Tharſalio.

Arg. See the bold fellow! whither will you, ſir?

Thar. Away—All honour to you, madam.

Eud. How now, baſe companion?

Thar. Baſe, madam! he's not baſe that fights as high as your lips.

Eud. And does that beſeem my ſervant?

Thar. Your court-ſervant, madam.

Eud. One that waited on my board?

Thar. That was only a preparation to my weight on your bed, madam.

Eud. How dar'ſt thou come to me with ſuch a thought?

Thar.

Thar. Come to you, madam? I dare come to you at midnight, and bid defiance to the proudeſt ſpirit that haunts theſe your loved ſhadows. And would any way make terrible the acceſs of my love to you——

Eud. Love me? love my dog.

Thar. I am bound to that by the proverb, madam.

Eud. Kennel without with him, intrude not here. What is it thou preſum'ſt on?

Thar. On your judgment, madam, to chuſe a man, and not a giant; as theſe are that come with titles, and authority, as they would conquer, or raviſh you. But I come to you with the liberal and ingenuous graces, love, youth, and gentry, which (in no more deform'd a perſon than myſelf) deſerve any princeſs.

Eud. In your ſaucy opinion, ſir, and ſirrah too, get gone; and let this malapert humour return thee no more, for afore heaven I'll have thee toſt in blankets.

Thar. In blankets, madam! you muſt add your ſheets, and you muſt be the toſſer.

Reb. Nay then, ſir, y'are as groſs as you're ſaucy.

Thar. And all one, ſir, for I am neither.

Reb. Thou art both.

Thar. Thou lieſt; keep up your ſmiter, lord Rebus.

Hiar. Uſeſt thou thus his altitude's couſin?

Reb. The place thou know'ſt protects thee.

Thar. Tie up your valour then till another place turn me looſe to you; you are the lord (I take it) that woo'd my great miſtreſs here with letters from his Altitude; which while ſhe was reading, your lordſhip (to entertain time) ſtraddl'd, and ſcal'd your fingers; as you would ſhew what an itching deſire you had to get betwixt her ſheets.

Hiar. 'Slight, why does your ladyſhip endure him?

Reb. The place, the place, my lord.

Thar. Be you his attorney, ſir?

Hiar. What would you do, ſir?

Thar. Make thee leap out at window, at which thou cam'ſt in—whore's ſon, bag-pipe lords!

Eud. What rudeneſs is this?

Thar,

Thar. What tameneſs is it in you, madam, to ſtick at the diſcarding of ſuch a ſuitor? a lean lord, dubb'd with the lard of others: A diſeaſed lord too, that opening certain magick characters in an unlawful book, up ſtart as many aches in's bones, as there are ouches in his ſkin. Send him (miſtreſs) to the widow your tenant, the virtuous panderess, Arſace. I perceive he has crowns in's purſe, that make him proud of a ſtring; let her pluck the goose therefore, and her maids dreſs him.

Pſo. Still, my lord, ſuffer him?

Reb. The place, ſir, believe it, the place!

Thar. O good lord Rebus! the place is never like to be your's, that you need reſpect it ſo much.

Eud. Thou wrong'ſt the noble gentleman.

Thar. Noble gentleman! a tumor, an impoſthume he is, madam; a very hant-boy, a bag-pipe; in whom there is nothing but wind, and that none of the ſweeteſt neither.

Eud. Quit the houſe of him, by th' head and ſhoulders.

Thar. Thanks to your honour, madam, and my lord couſin the viceroy ſhall thank you.

Reb. So ſhall he indeed, ſir.

Lyc. Arg. Will you be gone, ſir?

Thar. Away, poor fellows!

Eud. What is he made of? or what devil ſees your childiſh and effeminate ſpirits in him, that thus ye ſhun him? Free us of thy ſight; begone, or I proteſt thy life ſhall go.

Thar. Yet ſhall my ghoſt ſtay ſtill, and haunt thoſe beauties, and glories, that have render'd it immortal.
But ſince I ſee your blood runs (for the time)
High in that contradiction, that fore-runs
Trueſt agreements (like the elements,
Fighting before they generate;) and that time
Muſt be attended moſt, in things moſt worth;
I leave your honour freely; and commend
That life you threaten, when you pleaſe, to be
Adventur'd in your ſervice; ſo your honour
Require it likewiſe.

Eud. Do not come again.

Thar. I'll come again, believe it, and again. [*Exit.*

Eud. If he ſhall dare to come again, I charge you ſhut the doors upon him.

Arg. You muſt ſhut them (madam)
To all men elſe then, if it pleaſe your honour;
For if that any enter, he'll be one.

Eud. I hope, wiſe ſir, a guard will keep him out.

Arg. Afore heaven, not a guard (a'nt pleaſe your honour.)

Eud. Thou lieſt, baſe aſs; one man enforce a guard! I'll turn ye all away (by our iſle's goddeſs)
If he but ſet a foot within my gates.

Lord. Your honour ſhall do well to have him poiſon'd.

Hiar. Or begg'd of your couſin the viceroy. [*Exit.*

Lyſander from his ſtand.

Lyſ. This braving wooer hath the ſucceſs expected; the favour I obtain'd, made me witneſs to the ſport; and let his confidence be ſure, I'll give it him home. The news, by this, is blown through the four quarters of the city. Alas, good confidence! but the happineſs is, he has a forehead of proof; the ſtain ſhall never ſtick there, whatſoever his reproach be.

Enter Tharſalio.

Lyſ. What, in diſcourſe?

Thar. Hell and the furies take this vile encounter!
Who would imagine this Saturnian peacock
Could be ſo barbarous, to uſe a ſpirit
Of my erection with ſuch low reſpect?
'Fore heaven it cuts my gall; but I'll diſſemble it.

Lyſ. What, my noble lord?

Thar. Well, ſir, that may be yet, and means to be.

Lyſ. What means your lordſhip then to hang that head, that hath been ſo erected? it knocks, ſir, at your boſom, to come in and hide itſelf.

Thar. Not a jot.

Lyſ. I hope by this time it needs fear no horns.

Thar. Well, ſir, but yet that bleſſing runs not always in a blood.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. What, blanketed? O the gods! ſpurn'd out by grooms like a baſe biſogno? thruſt out by th' head and ſhoulders?

Thar. You do well, ſir, to take your pleaſure of me: (I may turn tables with you e'er long.)

Lyſ. What, has thy wit's fine engine taken cold? art ſtuff'd in th' head? can'ſt anſwer nothing?

Thar. Truth is, I like my entertainment the better, that 'twas no better.

Lyſ. Now the gods forbid that this opinion ſhould run in a blood!

Thar. Have not you heard this principle, *All things by ſtrife engender?*

Lyſ. Dogs and cats do.

Thar. And men and women too.

Lyſ. Well, brother, in earneſt, you have now ſet your confidence to ſchool, from whence I hope 't has brought home ſuch a leſſon; as will inſtruct his maſter never after, to begin ſuch attempts as end in laughter.

Thar. Well, ſir, you leſſon my confidence ſtill; I pray heavens your confidence have not more ſhallow ground (for that I know) than mine you reprehend ſo.

Lyſ. My confidence, in what?

Thar. May be you truſt too much.

Lyſ. Wherein?

Thar. In human frailty.

Lyſ. Why, brother, know you aught that may impeach my confidence, as this ſucceſs may your's? hath your obſervation diſcovered any ſuch frailty in my wife? (for that is your aim I know) then let me know it.

Thar. Good, good.—Nay, brother, I write no books of obſervations, let your confidence bear out itſelf, as mine ſhall me.

Lyſ. That's ſcarce a brother's ſpeech. If there be aught wherein your brother's good might any way be queſtion'd, can you conceal it from his boſom?

Thar. So, ſo—Nay, my ſaying was but general; I glanc'd at no particular.

Lyſ. Then muſt I preſs you farther. You ſpake, (as to yourſelf, but yet I over-heard) as if you knew ſome

diſpoſition of weakneſs where I moſt had fix'd my truſt. I challenge you to let me know what 'twas.

Thar. Brother, are you wiſe?

Lyſ. Why?

Thar. Be ignorant. Did you never hear of Acteon?

Lyſ. What then?

Thar. Curioſity was his death. He could not be content to adore Diana in her temple, but he muſt needs dog her to her retir'd pleaſures, and ſee her in her nakedneſs. Do you enjoy the ſole privilege of your wife's bed? have you no pretty Paris for your page? no young Adonis to front you there?

Lyſ. I think none: I know not.

Thar. Know not ſtill, brother. Ignorance and credulity are your ſole means to obtain that bleſſing. You ſee your greateſt clerks, your wiſeſt politicians, are not that way fortunate; your learned lawyers would loſe a dozen poor mens cauſes to gain a leaſe on't but for a term. Your phyſician is jealous of his. Your ſages in general, by ſeeing too much, overſee their happineſs. Only your blockheadly tradeſman, your honeſt-meaning citizen; your knot-headed country gentleman; your unapprehending ſtinkard, is bleſt with the ſole prerogative of his wife's chamber; for which he is yet beholden, not to his ſtars, but to his ignorance: for if he be wiſe, brother, I muſt tell you, the caſe alters.
How do you reliſh theſe things, brother?

Lyſ. Paſſing ill.

Thar. So do ſick men ſolid meats. Hark ye, brother, are you not jealous?

Lyſ. No: do you know cauſe to make me?

Thar. Hold you there; did your wife never ſpice your broth with a dram of ſublimate? hath ſhe not yielded up the fort of her honour to a ſtaring ſoldado? and (taking courage from her guilt) plaid open bankrupt of all ſhame, and run the country with him? Then bleſs your ſtars, bow your knees to Juno. Look where ſhe appears.

Enter

Enter Cynthia, Hylus.

Cyn. We have ſought you long, ſir; there's a meſſenger within, hath brought you letters from the court, and deſires your ſpeech.

Lyſ. I can diſcover nothing in her looks.—Go, I'll not be long.

Cynth. Sir, it is of weight, the bearer ſays; and beſides, much haſtens his departure.—Honourable brother, cry mercy! what, in a conqueror's ſtile? but come and overcome?

Thar. A freſh courſe.

Cynth. Alas! you ſee of how ſlight metal widows vows are made.

Thar. And that ſhall you prove too e'er long.

Cynth. Yet for the honour of our ſex, boaſt not abroad this your eaſy conqueſt; another might perhaps have ſtaid longer below ſtairs; but it was your confidence, that ſurpriz'd her love.

Hyl. My uncle hath inſtructed me how to accoſt an honourable lady; to win her, not by ſuit, but by ſurpriſe.

Thar. The whelp and all!

Hyl. Good uncle, let not your near honour change your manners; be not forgetful of your promiſe to me, touching your lady's daughter, Laodice. My fancy runs ſo upon't, that I dream every night of her.

Thar. A good chicken! go thy ways, thou haſt done well; eat bread with thy meat.

Cyn. Come, ſir, will you in?

Lyſ. I'll follow you.

Cyn. I'll not ſtir a foot without you. I cannot ſatisfy the meſſenger's impatience.

Lyſ. [*He takes Thar. aſide.*] Will you not reſolve me, brother?

Thar. Of what?

Lyſan. ſtamps, and goes out vex'd with Cyn. Hyl. Ero. So, there's veny for veny; I have given't him i'the ſpeeding place for all his confidence. Well, out of this perhaps there may be moulded matter of more mirth, than my baffling. It ſhall go hard, but I'll make my conſtant ſiſter act as famous a ſcene as Virgil did his

miſtreſs, who caus'd all the fire in Rome to fail, ſo that none could light a torch, but at her noſe. Now forth: At this houſe dwells a virtuous dame, ſometime of worthy fame; now, like a decay'd merchant, turn'd broker, and retails refuſe commodities for unthrifty gallants. Her wit I muſt employ upon this buſineſs, to prepare my next encounter, but in ſuch a faſhion as ſhall make all ſplit.—Ho, madam Arſace—pray heaven the oiſter wives have not brought the news of my wooing hither amongſt their ſtale pilchards.

Enter Arſace, Tomaſin.

Arſ. What, my lord of the palace?

Thar. Look you—

Arſ. Why, this was done like a beaten ſoldier.

Thar. Heark, I muſt ſpeak with you. I have a ſhare for you, in this rich adventure. You muſt be the aſs charg'd with crowns to make way to the fort, and I the conqueror to follow and ſeize it. Seeſt thou this jewel?

Arſ. Is't come to that? why, Tomaſin.

Tom. Madam.

Arſ. Did not one of the counteſs's ſerving men tell us that this gentleman was ſped?

Tom. That he did, and how her honour grac'd and entertained him in very familiar manner.

Arſ. And brought him down ſtairs herſelf.

Tom. Ay, forſooth, and commanded her men to bear him out of doors.

Thar. 'Slight, pelted with rotten eggs!

Arſ. Nay more, that he had already poſſeſs'd her ſheets.

Tom. No indeed, miſtreſs, 'twas her blankets.

Thar. Out, you young hedge-ſparrow, learn to tread afore you be fledg'd! [*He kicks her out.*] Well, have you done now, lady.

Arſ. O, my ſweet kill-buck.

Thar. You now, in your ſhallow pate, think this a diſgrace to me; ſuch a diſgrace as is a battered helmet on a ſoldier's head, it doubles his reſolution. Say, ſhall I uſe thee?

Arſ.

Arſ. Uſe me!

Thar. O holy reformation! how art thou fallen down from the upper-bodies of the church to the ſkirts of the city! Honeſty is ſtripp'd out of his true ſubſtance into verbal nicety. Common ſinners ſtartle at common terms; and they that by whole mountains ſwallow down the deeds of darkneſs, a poor mote of a familiar word makes them turn up the white o'the eye. Thou art the lady's tenant.

Arſ. For term, ſir.

Thar. A good induction: be ſucceſsful for me, make me lord of the palace, and thou ſhalt hold thy tenement to thee and thine heirs for ever, in free ſmockage, as of the manor of panderage: provided always——

Arſ. Nay, if you take me unprovided——

Thar. Provided, I ſay, that thou mak'ſt thy repair to her preſently with a plot I will inſtruct thee in; and for thy ſurer acceſs to her greatneſs, thou ſhalt preſent her, as from thyſelf, with this jewel.

Arſ. So her old grudge ſtand not betwixt her and me.

Thar. Fear not that.

Preſents are preſent cures for female grudges:
Make bad ſeem good, alter the caſe—with judges.

[*Exit.*

Act. II. Scen. I.

Lyſander, and Tharſalio.

Lyſ. SO, now we are ourſelves. Brother, that ill reliſh'd ſpeech you let ſlip from your tongue, hath taken ſo deep hold of my thoughts, that they will never give me reſt, till I be reſolv'd what 'twas you ſaid, you know, touching my wife.

Thar. Tuſh! I am weary of this ſubject, I ſaid not ſo.

Lyf. By truth itself you did! I ever heard you: Come, it shall nothing move me, whatsoever it be, to further unfold briefly what you know.

Thar. Why, briefly, brother, I know my sister to be the wonder of the earth, and the envy of the heavens; virtuous, loyal, and what not. Briefly, I know she hath vow'd, that till death, and after death, she'll hold inviolate her bonds to you, and that her black shall take no other hue; all which I firmly believe. In brief, brother, I know her to be a woman. But you know, brother, I have other irons on th'anvil.

Lyfimd. You shall not leave me so unsatisfied; tell me what it is you know.

Thar. Why, brother, if you be sure of your wife's loyalty for term of life, why should you be curious to search the almanacks for after-times, whether some wandering Æneas should enjoy your reversion; or whether your true turtle would sit mourning on a withered branch till Atropos cut her thread? Beware of curiosity, for who can resolve you? you'll say, perhaps, her vow.

Lyf. Perhaps, I shall.

Thar. Tuffin herself knows not what she shall do, when she is transformed into a widow. You are now a sober and staid gentleman: but if Diana, for your curiosity, should translate you into a monkey, do you know what gambols you should play? your only way to be resolv'd, is to die, and make trial of her.

Lyf. A dear experiment! then I must rise again to be resolv'd.

Thar. You shall not need. I can send you speedier advertisement of her constancy by the next ripier that rides that way with mackrell. And so I leave you.

[*Exit Thar.*

Lyf. All the furies in hell attend thee; he as giv'n me a bone to tire on with a pestilence. 'Slight! know? What can he know? what can his eye observe More than mine own, or the most piercing sight That ever viewed her? by this light, I think Her privatest thought may dare the eye of heaven,

And

And challenge th'envious world to witneſs it.
I know him for a wild corrupted youth,
Whom profane ruffians, 'ſquires to bawds, and ſtrumpets,
Drunkards, ſpew'd out of taverns into th' ſinks
Of tap-houſes and ſtews, revolts from manhood,
Debauch'd perdu's, have by their companies
Turn'd devil, like themſelves, and ſtuff'd his ſoul
With damn'd opinions, and unhallowed thoughts
Of womanhood, of all humanity,
Nay deity itſelf.

Enter Lycus.

Lyſ. Welcome, friend Lycus.

Lyc. Have you met with your capricious brother?

Lyſ. He parted hence but now.

Lyc. And has he yet reſolv'd you of that point you brake with me about?

Lyſ. Yes, he bids me die for farther trial of her conſtancy.

Lyc. That were ſtrange phyſick for a jealous patient; to cure his thirſt with a draught of poiſon. Faith, ſir, diſcharge your thoughts on't; think 'twas but a buz deviſ'd by him to ſet your brains a work, and divert your eye from his diſgrace. The world hath written your wife in higheſt lines of honour'd fame; her virtue's ſo admir'd in this iſle, as the report thereof ſounds in foreign ears; and ſtrangers oft arriving here (as ſome rare ſight) deſire to view her preſence, thereby to compare the picture with the original. Nor think he can turn ſo fan rebel to his blood,
Or to the truth itſelf, to miſconceive
Her ſpotleſs love and loyalty: perhaps
Oft having heard you hold her faith ſo ſacred,
As you being dead, no man might ſtir a ſpark
Of virtuous love, in way of ſecond bonds;
As if you at your death ſhould carry with you
Both branch and root of all affection:
'Tmay be, in that point he's an infidel,
And thinks your confidence may over-ween,

Lyſ. So think not I.

Lyc. Nor I: if ever any made it good,
I am resolv'd, of all, she'll prove no changling.
Lys. Well, I must yet be farther satisfied;
And vent this humour by some strain of wit.
Somewhat I'll do; but what, I know not yet.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sthenia, Ianthe.

Sthe. Passion of virginity, Ianthe, how shall we quit ourselves of this panderess, that is so importunate to speak with us? Is she known to be a panderess?

Ian. Ay, as well as we are known to be waiting women.

Sthe. A shrew take your comparison.

Ian. Let's call out Argus, that bold ass, that never weighs what he does, or says, but walks and talks like one in a sleep, to relate her attendance to my lady, and present her.

Sthe. Who, an't please your honour? None so fit to set on any dangerous exploit.
Ho! Argus?

Enter Argus bare

Arg. What's the matter, wenches?

Sthe. You must tell my lady, here's a gentlewoman call'd Arsace, her honour's tenant, attends her, to impart important business to her. [*Exit Arg.*

Arg. I will presently.

Ian. Well, she has a welcome present, to bear out her unwelcome presence; and I never knew but a good gift would welcome a bad person to the purest—Arsace!

Enter Arsace.

Ars. Ay, mistress.

Sthe. Give me your present, I'll do all I can, to make way both for it and yourself.

Ars. You shall bind me to your service, lady.

Sthe. Stand unseen.

Enter Lyc. Eudora, Laod. Reb. Hier. Pfor. coming after, Argus coming to Eudora.

Arg. Here's a gentlewoman (an't
Please your honour) one of your tenants,
Desires access to you.

Eud.

Eud. What tenant? what's her name?

Arg. Arſace, ſhe ſays, madam.

Eud. Arſace! what, the bawd?

Arg. The bawd, madam? [*ſhe ſtrikes*] that's without my privity.

Eud. Out, aſs! know'ſt not thou the pand'reſs Arſace?

Sth. She preſents your honour with this jewel.

Eud. This jewel? how came ſhe by ſuch a jewel? She has had great cuſtomers.

Arg. She had need, madam, ſhe ſits at a great rent.

Eud. Alas! for your great rent: I'll keep her jewel, and keep you her out, ye were beſt: ſpeak to me for a pand'reſs?

Arg. What ſhall we do?

Sthe. Go to; let us alone—Arſace.

Arſ. Ay, lady.

Sthe. You muſt pardon us, we cannot obtain your acceſs.

Arſ. Mrs. Sthenia, tell her honour, if I get not acceſs to her, and that inſtantly, ſhe's undone.

Sthe. This is ſomething of importance—Madam, ſhe ſwears your honour is undone, if ſhe ſpeak not with you inſtantly.

Eud. Undone!

Arſ. Pray her, for her honour's ſake, to give me inſtant acceſs to her.

Sthe. She makes her buſineſs your honour, madam, and entreats, for the good of that, her inſtant ſpeech with you.

Eud. How comes my honour in queſtion? Bring her to me.

Enter Arſace.

Arſ. Our Cyprian goddeſs ſave your good honour!

Eud. Stand you off, I pray—How dare you, miſtreſs, importune acceſs to me thus, conſidering the laſt warning I gave for your abſence?

Arſ. Becauſe, madam, I have been mov'd by your honour's laſt moſt chaſte admonition, to leave the offenſive life I led before.

Eud. Ay! have you left it then?

Arf. Ay, I assure your honour, unless it be for the pleasure of two or three poor ladies, that have prodigal knights to their husbands.

Eud. Out on thee, impudent!

Arf. Alas, madam! we would all be glad to live in our callings.

Eud. Is this the reform'd life thou talk'st on?

Arf. I beseech your good honour mistake me not; I boast of nothing but my charity; that's the worst.

Eud. You get these jewels with charity, no doubt. But what's the point in which my honour stands endanger'd, I pray?

Arf. In care of that, madam, I have presum'd to offend your chaste eyes with my presence. Hearing it reported for truth, and generally, that your honour will take to husband a young gentleman of this city called Tharsalio——

Eud. I take him to husband?

Arf. If your honour does, you are utterly undone; for he's the most incontinent, and insatiate man of women, that ever Venus blest with ability to please them.

Eud. Let him be the devil, I abhor his thought; and could I be inform'd particularly of any of these slanderers of mine honour, he should as dearly dare it, as any thing wherein his life were endanger'd.

Arf. Madam, the report of it is so strongly confident, that I fear the strong destiny of marriage is at work in it. But if it be, madam, let your honour's known virtue resist and defy it for him; for not a hundred will serve his one turn. I protest to your honour, when (Venus pardon me) I wink'd at my unmaidenly exercise, I have known nine in a night made mad with his love.

Eud. What, tell'st thou me of his love? I tell thee, I abhor him; and destiny must have another mould for my thoughts, than nature or mine honour; and a witchcraft above both, to transform me to another shape, as soon as to another conceipt of him.

Arf. Then is your good honour just as I pray for you; and good madam, even for your virtue's sake, and comfort of all your dignities and possessions, fix your whole woman-

womanhood against him. He will so inchant you, as never man did woman: Nay, a goddess (say his light housewives) is not worthy of his sweetness.

Eud. Go to, be gone.

Arf. Dear, madam, your honour's most perfect admonitions have brought me to such a hate of these imperfections, that I could not but attend you with my duty, and urge his unreasonable manhood to the sill.

Eud. Manhood, quoth you?

Arf. Nay, beastlyhood I might say, indeed madam, but for saving your honour; nine in a night, said I?

Eud. Go to, no more.

Arf. No more, madam? that's enough one would think.

Eud. Well be gone, I bid thee.

Arf. Alas, madam, your honour is the chief of our city; and to whom shall I complain of these inchastities, (being your ladyship's reform'd tenant), but to you that are chastest?

Eud. I pray thee go thy ways, and let me see this reformation you pretend continued.

Arf. I humbly thank your good honour, that was first cause of it.

Eud. Here's a complaint as strange as my suitor.

Arf. I beseech your good honour think upon him, make him an example.

Eud. Yet again?

Arf. All my duty to your excellence. [*Exit Arf.*

Eud. These sorts of licentious persons, when they are once reclaimed, are most vehement against licence. But it is the course of the world, to dispraise faults and use them, that so we may use them the safer. What might a wise widow resolve upon this point now? Contentment is the end of all worldly beings: Beshrew her, would she had spared her news. [*Exit.*

Reb. See if she take not a contrary way to free her self of us.

Hior. You must complain to his altitude.

Pfor.

Pfor. All this for trial is; you muſt indure,
That will have wives; nought elſe with them is ſure.
[*Exit.*

Enter Tharſalio, Arſace.

Thar. Haſt thou been admitted then?

Arſ. Admitted! Ay, into her heart, I'll able it; never was man ſo prais'd with a diſpraiſe; nor ſo ſpoken for, in being rail'd on. I'll give you my word, I have ſet her heart upon as tickliſh a pin as the needle of a dial, that will never let it reſt till it be in the right poſition.

Thar. Why doſt thou imagine this?

Arſ. Becauſe I ſaw Cupid ſhoot in my words, and open his wounds in her looks. Her blood went and came of errands betwixt her face, and her heart; and theſe changes, I can tell you, are ſhrewd tell-tales.

Thar. Thou ſpeak'ſt like a doctreſs in thy faculty; but howſoever, for all this foil, I'll retrieve the game once again; he's a ſhallow gameſter that for one diſpleaſing caſt gives up ſo fair a game for loſt.

Arſ. Well, 'twas a villainous invention of thine, and had a ſwift operation; it took like ſulphur. And yet this virtuous counteſs hath to my ear ſpun out many a tedious lecture of pure ſifters thread againſt concupiſcence; but ever with ſuch an affected zeal, as my mind gave me, ſhe had a kind of ſecret titillation to grace my poor houſe ſometimes, but that ſhe fear'd a ſpice of the ſciatica; which, as you know, ever runs in the blood——

Thar. And, as you know, ſoaks into the bones. But to ſay truth, theſe angry heats, that break out at the lips of theſe ſtreight-lac'd ladies, are but as ſymptons of a luſtful fever that boils within them; for wherefore rage wives at their huſbands ſo, when they fly out; for zeal againſt the ſin?

Arſ. No; but becauſe they did not purge that ſin.

Thar. Thou'rt a notable ſiren; and I ſwear to thee, if I proſper, not only to give thee thy manor-houſe gratis, but to marry thee to ſome one knight or other, and bury thy trade in thy ladyſhip: Go, be gone.

[*Exit Arſ.*

Enter

Enter Lycus.

Thar. What news, Lycus? where's the lady?

Lyc. Retir'd into her orchard.

Thar. A pregnant badge of love; she's melancholy.

Lyc. 'Tis with the ſight of her Spartan woer; but howſoever it is with her, you have practis'd ſtrangely upon your brother.

Thar. Why ſo?

Lyc. You had almoſt lifted his wit off the hinges. That ſpark jealouſy falling into his dry melancholy brain, had well near ſet the whole houſe on fire.

Thar. No matter, let it work; I did but pay him in's own coin. 'Sfoot, he plied me with ſuch a volley of unſeaſon'd ſcoffs, as would have made patience itſelf turn ruffian, attiring itſelf in wounds and blood. But is his humour better qualified then?

Lyc. Yes, but with a medicine ten parts more dangerous than the ſickneſs. You know how ſtrange his dotage ever was on his wife, taking ſpecial glory to have her love and loyalty to him ſo renown'd abroad: To whom ſhe oftentimes hath vow'd conſtancy after life, till her own death had brought, forſooth, her widow-troth to bed. This he joy'd in ſtrangely, and was therein of infallible belief, till your ſurmiſe began to ſhake it; which hath loos'd it ſo, as now there's nought can ſettle it but a trial, which he's reſolv'd upon.

Thar. As how, man? as how?

Lyc. He is reſolv'd to follow your advice, to die, and make trial of her ſtableneſs, and you muſt lend your hand to it.

Thar. What, to cut's throat?

Lyc. To forge a rumour of his death, to uphold it by circumſtance, maintain a publick face of mourning, and all things appertaining.

Thar. Ay, but the means, man; what time? what probability?

Lyc. Nay, I think he has not lick'd his whelp into full ſhape yet, but you ſhall ſhortly hear on't.

Thar. And when ſhall this ſtrange conception ſee light?

Lyc

Lyc. Forthwith; there's nothing stays him but some odd business of import, which he must wind up, lest perhaps his absence, by occasion of his intended trial, be prolonged above his aims.

Thar. Thanks for this news, i'faith. This may perhaps prove happy to my nephew. Truth is, I love my sister well, and must acknowledge her more than ordinary virtues; but she hath so possess'd my brother's heart with vows and disavowings, seal'd with oaths, of second nuptials, as in that confidence he hath invested her in all his state, the ancient inheritance of our family, and left my nephew and the rest to hang upon her pure devotion; so as he dead, and she matching (as I am resolved she will) with some young prodigal; what must ensue, but her post-issue begger'd, and our house already sinking, buried quick in ruin? But this trial may remove it; and since 'tis come to this, mark but the issue, Lycus; for all these solemn vows, 'if I do not make her prove in the handling as weak as a wafer, say I lost my time in travel. This resolution then has set his wits in joint again, he's quiet?

Lyc. Yes, and talks of you again in the fairest manner, listens after your speed.

Thar. Nay, he's passing kind; but I am glad of this trial for all that.

Lyc. Which he thinks to be a flight beyond your wing.

Thar. But he will change that thought e'er long. My bird you saw even now, sings me good news; and makes hopeful signs to me.

Lyc. Somewhat can I say too; since your messenger's departure her ladyship hath been something alter'd, more pensive than before, and took occasion to question of you what your addictions were? of what taste your humour was? of what cut you wore your wit? and all this in a kind of disdainful scorn.

Thar. Good calendars, Lycus. Well, I'll pawn this jewel with thee, my next encounter shall quite alter my brother's judgment. Come, let's in; he shall commend it for a discreet and honourable attempt.

Men's

Man's judgments fawn on that side fortune leans.
Thy wishes shall assist me.
Lyc. And my means. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Argus, Clinias, Sthenia, Ianthe.

Arg. I must confess I was ignorant what it was to court a lady till now.

Sthe. And I pray you what is it now?

Arg. To court her, I perceive, is to woo her with letters from court; for so this Spartan lord's court-discipline teacheth.

Sthe. His lordship hath procur'd a new packquet from his altitude.

Clin. If he bring no better ware than letters in's packquet, I shall greatly doubt of his good speed.

Ian. If his lordship did but know how gracious his aspect is to my lady in this solitary humour.

Clin. Well, these retired walks of her's are not usual, and bode some alteration in her thoughts. What may be the cause, Sthenia?

Sthe. Nay, 'twould trouble Argus, with his hundred eyes, to descry the cause.

Ian. Venus keep her upright, that she fall not from the state of her honour; my fear is, that some of these serpentine suitors will tempt her from her constant vow of widowhood; if they do, good night to our good days.

Sthe. 'Twere a sin to suspect her; I have been witness to so many of her fearful protestations to our late lord against that course; to her infinite oaths imprinted on his lips, and seal'd in his heart with such imprecations to her bed, if ever it should receive a second impression; to her open and often detestation of that incestuous life (as she term'd it) of widows marriages, as being but a kind of lawful adultery; like usury, permitted by the law, not approv'd. That to wed a second, was no better than to cuckold the first; That women would entertain wedlock as one body, as one life, beyond which there were no desire, no thought, no repentance from it, no restitution to it. So as if the conscience of her vows

should

ſhould not reſtrain her, yet the world's ſhame to break ſuch a conſtant reſolution ſhould repreſs any ſuch motion in her.

Arg. Well, for her vows, they are gone to heaven with her huſband; they bind not upon earth: And as for womens reſolutions, I muſt tell you, the planets, and (as Ptolomy ſays) the winds have a great ſtroke in them. Truſt not my learning, if her late ſtrangeneſs and exorbitant ſolitude be not hatching ſome new monſter.

Ian. Well applied, Argus; make you huſbands monſters?

Arg. I ſpoke of no huſbands; but you wenches have the pregnant wits to turn monſters into huſbands, as you turn huſbands into monſters.

Sthe. Well, Ianthe, 'twere high time we made in, to part our lady and her Spartan wooer.

Ian. We ſhall appear to her like the two fortunate ſtars in a tempeſt, to ſave the ſhipwreck of her patience.

Sthe. Ay, and to him too, I believe; for by this time he hath ſpent the laſt dram of his news.

Arg. That is, of his wit.

Sth. Juſt, good wittals.

Ian. If not, and that my lady be not too deep in her new dumps, we ſhall hear from his lordſhip, what ſuch a lord ſaid of his wife the firſt night he embrac'd her; to what gentleman ſuch a count was beholden for his fine children; what young lady ſuch an old count ſhould marry; what revels; what preſentments are towards, and who penn'd the pegmas, and ſo forth: And yet for all this, I know her harſh ſuitor hath tir'd her to the uttermoſt ſcruple of her forbearance, and will do more, unleſs we two, like a pair of ſheers, cut aſunder the thread of his diſcourſe.

Sth. Well then, let's in; but my maſters, wait you on your charge at your perils; ſee that you guard her approach from any more intruders.

Ian. Excepting young Tharſalio.

Sth. True, excepting him indeed; for a guard of men is not able to keep him out, an't pleaſe your honour.

Arg.

Arg. O wenches, that's the property of true valour, to promiſe like a pigmy, and perform like a giant. If he come, I'll be ſworn I'll do my lady's commandment upon him.

Ian. What, beat him out?

Sth. If he ſhould, Tharſalio would not take it ill at his hands; for he does but his lady's commandment.

Enter Tharſalio.

Arg. Well, by Hercules he comes not here.

Sth. By Venus but he does; or elſe ſhe hath heard my lady's prayers, and ſent ſome gracious ſpirit in his likeneſs to fright away that Spartan wooer that haunts her.

Thar. There ſtand her centinels.

Arg. 'Slight, the ghoſt appears again!

Thar. Save ye, my quondam fellows in arms; ſave ye, my women.

Sth. Your women, ſir?

Thar. 'Twill be ſo. What, no courteſies? no preparation of grace? Obſerve me, I adviſe you for your own ſakes.

Ian. For your own ſake I adviſe you to pack hence, leſt your impudent valour coſt you dearer than you think.

Clin. What ſenſeleſs boldneſs is this, Tharſalio?

Arg. Well ſaid, Clinias, talk to him.

Clin. I wonder, that notwithſtanding the ſhame of your laſt entertainment, and threatnings of worſe, you would yet preſume to trouble this place again.

Thar. Come, y'are a widgeon; off with your hat, ſir, acknowledge forecaſt is better than labour. Are you ſquint-ey'd? can you not ſee afore you? A little foreſight, I can tell you, might ſted you much, as the ſtars ſhine now.

Clin. 'Tis well, ſir, 'tis not for nothing your brother is aſham'd on you; but ſir, you muſt know, we are charg'd to bar your entrance.

Thar. But whiſler, know you, that who ſo ſhall dare to execute that charge, I'll be his executioner.

Arg.

Arg. By Jove, Clinias, methinks the gentleman ſpeaks very honourably.

Thar. Well, I ſee this houſe needs reformation; here's a fellow ſtands behind now, of a forwarder inſight than ye all. What place haſt thou?

Arg. What place you pleaſe, ſir.

Thar. Law you, ſir! Here's a fellow to make a gentleman-uſher, ſir. I diſcharge you of the place, and do here inveſt thee into his room; make much of thy hair, thy wit will ſuit it rarely. And for the full poſſeſſion of thine office, come, uſher me to thy lady; and to keep thy hand ſupple, take this from me.

Arg. No bribes, ſir, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

Thar. Go to, thou do'ſt well, but pocket it for all that; 'tis no impair to thee, the greateſt do't.

Arg. Sir, 'tis your love only that I reſpect; but ſince out of your love you pleaſe to beſtow it upon me, it were want of courtſhip in me to refuſe it; I'll acquaint my lady with your coming. [*Exit Arg.*

Thar. How ſay by this? Have not I made a fit choice, that hath ſo ſoon attain'd the deepeſt myſtery of his profeſſion? Good ſooth, wenches, a few courteſies had not been caſt away upon your new lord.

Sth. We'll believe that, when our lady has a new ſon of your getting.

Enter Argus, Eudora, Rebus, Hiar. Pfor.

Eud. What's the matter? whoſe that you ſay is come?

Arg. The bold gentleman, an't pleaſe your honour.

Eud. Why, thou fleering aſs thou!

Arg. An't pleaſe your honour—

Eud. Did not I forbid his approach, by all the charge and duty of thy ſervice?

Thar. Madam, this fellow only is intelligent; for he truly underſtood your command, according to the ſtile of the court of Venus; that is, by contraries; when you forbid, you bid.

Eud. By heaven, I'll diſcharge my houſe of ye all.

Thar.

Thar. You ſhall not need, madam; for I have already caſhier'd your officious uſher here, and choſe this for his ſucceſſor.

Eud. O incredible boldneſs!

Thar. Madam, I come not to command your love with enforc'd letters, nor to woo you with tedious ſtories of my pedigree, as he who draws the thread of his deſcent from Leda's diſtaff, when 'tis well known his grandſire cried coney-ſkins in Sparta.

Reb. Whom mean you, ſir?

Thur. Sir, I name none but him who firſt ſhall name himſelf.

Reb. The place, ſir, I tell you ſtill, and this goddeſs's fair preſence, or elſe my reply ſhould take a far other form upon't.

Thar. If it ſhould, ſir, I would make your lordſhip an anſwer.

Arg. Anſer's Latin for a gooſe, an't pleaſe your honour.

Eud. Well noted, gander; and what of that?

Arg. Nothing, an't pleaſe your honour, but that he ſaid he would make his lordſhip an anſwer.

Eud. Thus every fool mocks my poor ſuitor.—Tell me, thou moſt frontleſs of all men, did'ſt thou (when thou had'ſt means to note me beſt) ever obſerve ſo baſe a temper in me, as to give any glance at ſtooping to my vaſſal?

Thar. Your drudge, madam, to do your drudgery.

Eud. Or am I now ſo ſcant of worthy ſuitors, that may advance mine honour, advance my eſtate, ſtrengthen my alliance (if I liſt to wed) that I muſt ſtoop to make my foot my head?

Thar. No, but your ſide, to keep you warm a-bed. But madam, vouchſafe me your patience to that point's ſerious anſwer; though I confeſs, to get higher place in your graces, I could wiſh my fortunes more honourable, my perſon more gracious, my mind more adorn'd with noble and heroical virtues; yet, madam (that you think not your blood diſparag'd by mixture with mine) deign to know this: Howſoever I once, only for your love, diſ-

diſguis'd myſelf in the ſervice of your late lord and mine; yet my deſcent is as honourable as the proudeſt of your Spartan attempters; why by unknown quills or conduits under ground, draws his pedigree from Lycurgus his great toe, to the viceroy's little finger, and from thence to his own elbow, where it will never leave itching.

Reb. 'Tis well, ſir, preſume ſtill of the place.

Thar. 'Sfoot, madam, am I the firſt great perſonage that hath ſtoop'd to diſguiſes for love? what think you of our country-man Hercules; that for love put on Omphale's apron, and ſat ſpinning amongſt her wenches, while his miſtreſs wore his lion's ſkin, and lamb-ſkin'd him, if he did not his buſineſs?

Eud. Moſt fitly thou reſembl'ſt thyſelf to that violent outlaw, that claim'd all other mens poſſeſſions as his own by his mere valour. For what leſs haſt thou done? Come into my houſe, beat away theſe honourable perſons.

Thar. That I will, madam.—Hence, ye Sparta-velvets.

Pſor. Hold, ſhe did not mean ſo.

Thar. Away, I ſay, or leave your lives I proteſt here.

Hiar. Well, ſir, his altitude ſhall know you.

Reb. I'll do your errand, ſir. [*Exeunt.*

Thar. Do, good couſin Altitude; and beg the reverſion of the next lady: for Dido has betroth'd her love to me. By this fair hand, madam, a fair riddance of this Caledonian boar.

Eud. O moſt prodigious audacioufneſs!

Thar. True, madam; O fye upon 'em, they are intolerable. And I can not but admire your ſingular virtue of patience, not common in your ſex; and muſt therefore carry with it ſome rare indowment of other maſculine and heroical virtues. To hear a rude Spartan court ſo ingenuous a lady, with dull news from Athens, or the viceroy's court; how many dogs were ſpoil'd at the laſt bull-baiting; what ladies dubb'd their huſbands knights, and ſo forth.

Eud. But haſt thou no ſhame? no ſenſe of what diſdain I ſhew'd thee in my laſt entertainment? chaſing thee from my preſence, and charging thy duty, not to attempt

tempt the like intrusion for thy life; and dar'st thou yet approach me in this unmannerly manner? No question this desperate boldness cannot choose but go accompanied with other infinite rudenesses.

Thar. Good madam, give not the child an unfit name; term it not boldness, which the sages call true confidence, founded on the most infallible rock of a woman's constancy.

Eud. If shame cannot restrain thee, tell me yet if any brainless fool would have tempted the danger attending thy approach.

Thar. No, madam; that proves I am no fool: then had I been here a fool, and a base low-spirited Spartan, if for a lady's frown, or a lord's threats, or for a guard of grooms, I should have shrunk in the wetting, and suffer'd such a delicious flower to perish in the stalk, or to be savagely pluck'd by a profane finger— No, madam; first let me be made a subject for disgrace; let your remorseless guard seize on my despised body, bind me hand and foot, and hurl me into your ladyship's bed.

Eud. O gods! I protest thou dost more and more make me admire thee.

Thar. Madam, ignorance is the mother of admiration: know me better, and you'll admire me less.

Eud. What would'st thou have me know? what seeks thy coming? why dost thou haunt me thus?

Thar. Only, madam, that the Ætna of my sighs, and Nilus of my tears, pour'd forth in your presence, might witness to your honour the hot and moist affection of my heart, and work me some measure of favour, from your sweet tongue, or your sweeter lips, or what else your good ladyship shall esteem more conducible to your divine contentment.

Eud. Pen and ink-horn, I thank thee. This you learn'd when you were a serving-man.

Thar. Madam, I am still the same creature; and I will so tie my whole fortunes to that stile, as were it my happiness (as I know it will be) to mount into my lord's succession, yet vow I never to assume other title, or state, than

than your servant's; not approaching your board, but bidden: not pressing to your bed, but your pleasure shall be first known, if you will command me any service.

Eud. Thy vows are as vain as a ruffian's oaths, as common as the air; and as cheap as the dust. How many of the light housewives, thy mates, hath thy love promis'd this service besides, I pray thee?

Thar. Compare shadows to bodies, madam; pictures to the life; and such are they to you, in my valuation.

Eud. I see words will never free me of thy boldness, and will therefore now use blows; and those of the mortallest enforcement. Let is suffice, sir, that all this time, and to this place, you enjoy your safety: keep back; no one foot follow me farther; for I protest to thee, the next threshold past let's pass a prepar'd ambush to thy latest breath. [*Exit Eudora.*

Thar. This for your ambush. [*He draws.*] Dare my love with death!

Clin. 'Slight; follow, an't please your honour.

Arg. Not I, by this light.

Clin. I hope, gentlewomen, you will.

Sthe. Not we, sir; we are no parters of frays.

Clin. Faith, nor will I be any breaker of customs.

[*Exeunt.*

Act. III. Scen. I.

Enter Lysander and Lycus booted.

Lyc. WOuld any heart of adamant, for satisfaction of an ungrounded humour, rack a poor lady's innocence as you intend to do? It was a strange curiosity in that emperor, that ript his mother's womb to see the place he lay in.

Lys. Come, do not load me with volumes of persuasion; I am resolv'd, if she be gold she may abide the test, let's away; I wonder where this wild brother is.

Enter

Enter Cynthia, Hylus, and Ero.

Cynthia. Sir!

Lyſ. I pray thee, wife, ſhew but thyſelf a woman; and be ſilent: queſtion no more the reaſon of my journey, which our great viceroy's charge, urged in this letter, doth enforce me to.

Cyn. Let me but ſee that letter; there is ſomething in this preſaging blood of mine tells me, this ſudden journey can portend no good; reſolve me, ſweet, have not I given you cauſe of diſcontent, by ſome miſpriſion, or want of fit obſervance? Let me know, that I may wreck myſelf upon myſelf.

Lyſ. Come, wife, our love is now grown old and ſtaid,
And muſt not wanton it in tricks of court,
Nor interchang'd delights of melting lovers;
Hanging on ſleeves, ſighing, loth to depart;
Theſe toys are paſt with us; our true love's ſubſtance
Hath worn out all the ſhew: let it ſuffice,
I hold thee dear; and think ſome cauſe of weight,
With no excuſe to be diſpens'd withal,
Compels me from thy moſt deſir'd embraces.
I ſtay but for my brother, came he not in laſt night?

Hyl. For certain no, ſir; which gave us cauſe of wonder, what accident kept him abroad.

Cyn. Pray heaven it prove not ſome wild reſolution, bred in him by his ſecond repulſe from the counteſs.

Lyſ. Truſt me, I ſomething fear it; this inſatiate ſpirit of aſpiring, being ſo dangerous and fatal; deſire mounted on the wings of it, deſcends not but headlong.

Hyl. Sir, ſir, here's my uncle.

Enter Tharſalio.

Lyſ. What, wrapt in careleſs cloak, face hid in hat unbanded? theſe are the ditches, brother, in which outraging colts plunge both themſelves and their riders.

Thar. Well, we muſt get out as well as we may; if not, there's the making of a grave ſaved.

Cyn. That's deſperately ſpoken, brother: had it not been happier the colt had been better broken, and his rider not fallen in?

Thar. True, sister, but we must ride colts before we can break them, you know.

Lys. This is your blind goddess Confidence!

Thar. Alas, brother, our house is decay'd, and my honest ambition to restore it, I hope, is pardonable. My comfort is, the poet that pens the story will write o'er my head *Magnis tamen excidit ausis*; which in our native idiom, lets you know, his mind was high, tho' fortune was his foe.

Lys. A good resolve, brother, to out-jest disgrace. Come, I had been on my journey but for some private speech with you: let's in.

Thar. Good brother, stay a little, help this ragged colt out of the ditch.

Lys. How now?

Thar. Now I confess my oversight; this love I purchas'd by my confidence.

Lys. I like you, brother; 'tis the true garb, you know: What wants in real worth, supply in show.

Thar. In show! alas, 'twas even the thing itself.
I op't my compting-house, and took away
These simple fragments of my treasury:
Husband, my countess cry'd, take more, more yet;
Yet I, in haste to pay in part my debt,
And prove myself a husband of her store,
Kiss'd and came off; and this time took no more.

Cyn. But, good brother——

Thar. Then were our honour'd spousal rites performed;
We made all short, and sweet, and close, and sure.

Lys. He's rapt!

Thar. Then did my ushers and chief servants stoop;
Then made my women curt'sies, and envied
Their lady's fortune: I was magnified.

Lys. Let him alone, this spirit will soon vanish.

Thar. Brother and sister, as I love you, and am true servant to Venus, all the premises are serious and true; and the conclusion is, the great countess is mine; the palace is at your service, to which I invite you all to solemnize my honour'd nuptials.

Lys.

Lyſ. Can this be credited?

Thar. Good brother, do not you envy my fortunate atchievement?

Lyſ. Nay, I ever ſaid the attempt was commendable.

Thar. Good.

Lyſ. If the iſſue were ſucceſsful.

Thar. A good ſtate-concluſion! happy events make good the worſt attempts. Here are your widow-vows, ſiſter! thus are ye all in your pure naturals! certain moral diſguiſes of coyneſs, which the ignorant call modeſty, ye borrow of art to cover your buſk-points; which a blunt and reſolute encounter, taken under a fortunate aſpect, eaſily diſarms you of; and then, alas, what are you? poor naked ſinners, God wot! weak paper walls, thruſt down with a finger! This is the way on't, boil their appetites to a full height of luſt; and then take them down in the nick.

Cyn. Is there probability in this; that a lady ſo great, ſo virtuous, ſtanding on ſo high terms of honour, ſhould ſo ſoon ſtoop?

Thar. You would not wonder, ſiſter, if you knew the lure ſhe ſtoop'd at: greatneſs! think you that can curb affection? no, it whets it more; they have the full ſtream of blood to bear them; the ſweet gale of their ſublimed ſpirits to drive them; the calm of eaſe to prepare them; the ſun-ſhine of fortune to allure them; greatneſs to waft them ſafe through all rocks of infamy; when youth, wit, and perſon come aboard once, tell me, ſiſter, can you chuſe but hoiſt ſail, and put forward to the main?

Lyſ. But let me wonder at this frailty yet; would ſhe in ſo ſhort time wear out his memory? ſo ſoon wipe from her eyes, nay, from her heart, whom I myſelf, and this whole iſle beſides, ſtill remember with grief, the impreſſion of his loſs taking worthily ſuch root in us? how think you, wife?

Cyn. I am aſham'd on't, and abhor to think,
So great and vow'd a pattern of our ſex
Should take into her thoughts, nay, to her bed,
(O ſtain to woman-hood!) a ſecond love.

Lyf. In so short time?

Cyn. In any time.

Lyf. No, wife.

Cyn. By Juno, no; sooner a loathsome toad.

Thar. High words, believe me, and I think he'll keep them: next turn is yours, nephew; you shall now marry my noblest lady-daughter; the first marriage in Paphos, next my nuptials, shall be yours. These are strange occurrents, brother; but pretty and pathetical: if you see me in my chair of honour, and my countess in mine arms; you will then believe, I hope, I am lord of the palace: then shall you try my great lady's entertainment, see your hands free'd of me, and mine taking you to advancement.

Lyf. Well, all this rids not my business: wife, you shall be there to partake the unexpected honour of our house. Lycus and I will make it our recreation by the way, to think of your revels and nuptial sports: brother, my stay hath been for you; wife, pray thee be gone, and soon prepare for the solemnity; a month returns me.

Cyn. Heavens guide your journey.

Lyf. Farewell.

Thar. Farewell, nephew; prosper in virility: but do you hear? keep your hand from your voice, I have a part for you in our Hymeneal show.

Hyl. You speak too late for my voice; but I'll discharge the part. [*Exit Cynthia and Hylus.*

Lyf. Occurrents-call ye them? foul shame confound them all! that impregnable fort of chastity and loyalty, that amazement of the world—O ye deities, could nothing restrain her? I took her spirit to be too haughty for such an impression.

Thar. But who commonly more short heel'd than they that are high i'the instep?

Lyf. Methinks yet shame should have controul'd so sudden an appetite.

Thar. Tush! shame doth extinguish lust as oil doth fire;
The blood once hot, shame doth enflame the more;

What

What they before by art diſſembled moſt,
They act more freely; ſhame once found, is loſt.
And to ſay truth, brother, what ſhame is due to't? or what congruence doth it carry, that a young lady, gallant, vigorous, full of ſpirit and complexion; her appetite new whetted with nuptial delights; to be confined to the ſpeculation of a death's head, or for the loſs of a huſband, (the world affording fleſh enough) make the noon-tide of her years, the ſun-ſet of her pleaſures?

Lyſ. And yet there have been ſuch women.

Thar. Of the firſt ſtamp perhaps, when the metal was purer than in theſe degenerate days; of later years, much of that coin hath been counterfeit, and beſides ſo crack'd and worn with uſe, that they are grown light, and indeed fit for nothing, but to be turn'd over in play.

Lyſ. Not all, brother.

Thar. My matchleſs ſiſter only excepted: for ſhe, you know, is made of another metal, than that ſhe borrow'd of her mother—But do you, brother, ſadly intend the purſuit of this trial?

Lyſ. Irrevocably.

Thar. It's a high project: if it be once rais'd, the earth is too weak to bear ſo weighty an accident, it cannot be conjur'd down again without an earthquake; therefore believe ſhe will be conſtant.

Lyſ. No, I will not.

Thar. Then believe ſhe will not be conſtant.

Lyſ. Neither: I will believe nothing but what trial enforces. Will you hold your promiſe for the governing of this project with ſkill and ſecrecy?

Thar. If it muſt needs be ſo—But hark you, brother; have you no other Capricorns in your head, to entrap my ſiſter in her frality, but to prove the firmneſs of her widow-vows after your ſuppoſed death?

Lyſ. None in the world.

Thar. Then here's my hand; I'll be as cloſe as my lady's ſhoe to her foot, that pinches and pleaſes her, and will bear on with the plot till the veſſel ſplit again.

Lyſ. Forge any death, ſo you can force belief: Say I was poiſon'd, drown'd——

Thar. Hang'd.

Lys. Any thing, so you assist it with likely circumstance; I need not instruct you; that must be your employment, Lycus.

Lyc. Well, sir.

Thar. But, brother, you must set in too: to countenance truth out, a hearse there must be too. It's strange to think how much the eye prevails in such impressions; I have mark'd a widow, that just before was seen pleasant enough, follow an empty hearse, and weep devoutly.

Lyc. All those things leave to me.

Lys. But, brother, for the bestowing of this hearse in the monument of our family, and the marshalling of a funeral——

Thar. Leave that to my care, and if I do not do the mourner as lively as your heir, and weep as lustily as your widow, say there's no virtue in onions: that being done, I'll come to visit the distress'd widow; apply old ends of comfort to her grief; but the burden of my song shall be to tell her, words are but dead comforts, and therefore counsel her to take a living comfort; that might ferrit out the thought of her dead husband, and will come prepared with choice of suitors; either my Spartan lord, for grace at the viceroy's court, or some great lawyer, that may solder up her crack'd estate, and so forth. But what would you say, brother, if you should find her married at your arrival?

Lys. By this hand, split her wezand.

Thar. Well, forget not your wager; a lifately chariot with four brave horses of the Thracian breed, with all appurtenances. I'll prepare the like for you, if you prove victor; but, well remember'd, where will you rark the whiles?

Lys. Mew'd up close, some short day's journey hence; Lycus shall know the place; write still how all things pass: brother, adieu; all joy attend you.

Thar. Will you not stay, our nuptial now so near?

Lys. I should be like a man that hears a tale
And heeds it not; one absent from himself: my wife
Shall attend the countess, and my son.

Thar.

Thar. Whom you shall hear at your return call me father. Adieu: Jove be your speed.
My nuptials done, your funerals succeed. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Argus, bareheaded.

Arg. A hall, a hall: who's without there?

[*Enter two or three with cushions.*

Come on; y'are proper grooms, are ye not? 'Slight, I think y'are all bridegrooms, ye take your pleasures so: A company of dormice. Their honours are upon coming, and the room not ready. Rushes and seats instantly.

Thar. Now, alas, fellow Argus, how thou art cumber'd with an office!

Arg. Perfume, sirrah; the room's dampish.

Thar. Nay, you may leave that office to the ladies; they'll perfume it sufficiently.

Arg. Cry mercy, sir, here's a whole chorus of Sylvans at hand, curvetting and tripping o'th' toe, as the ground they trod on were too hot for their feet. The device is rare; and there's your young nephew too, he hangs in the clouds, deified with Hymen's shape.

Thar. Is he perfect in's part? has not his tongue learned of the Sylvans to trip o'th' toe?

Arg. Sir, believe it, he does it preciously for accent and action, as if he felt the part he play'd: he ravishes all the young wenches in the palace. Pray Venus my young lady Laodice have not some little prick of Cupid in her, she's so diligent at's rehearsals.

Thar. No force; so my next vows be heard, that if Cupid have prick'd her, Hymen may cure her.

Arg. You mean your nephew, sir, that presents Hymen.

Thar. Why so? I can speak nothing, but thou art within me: fye of this wit of thine, 'twill be thy destruction. But howsoever you please to understand, Hymen send the boy no worse fortune. And where's my lady's honour?

Arg. At hand, sir, with your mparagon'd father: please you take your chair of honour, sir?

Thar. Moſt ſerviceable Argus, the Gods reward thy ſervice; for I will not.

Enter Eudora, leading Cynthia; Laudice, Sthenia, Xantha, Ero, with others following.

Eud. Come, ſiſter, now we muſt exchange that name
For ſtranger titles: let's diſpoſe ourſelves
To entertain theſe Sylvan revellers,
That come to grace our loved nuptials.
I fear me, we muſt all turn nymphs to night,
To ſide thoſe ſprightly wood-gods in their dances;
Can you do't nimbly, ſiſter? 'ſlight what ail you? are you not well?

Cyn. Yes, madam.

Eud. But your looks, methinks, are cloudy; unſuiting all the ſun-ſhine of this clear honour to your huſband's houſe.
Is there aught here that ſorts not with your liking?

Thar. Blame her not, miſtreſs, if her looks ſhew care.
Excuſe the merchant's ſadneſs, that hath made
A doubtful venture of his whole eſtate,
His livelyhood, his hopes, in one poor bottom,
To all encounters of the ſea and ſtorms.
Had you a huſband that lov'd you as well,
Would you not take his abſent plight as ill?
Cavil at every fancy? Not an object
That could preſent itſelf, but it would forge
Some vain objection, that did doubt his ſafety;
True love is ever full of jealouſy.

Eud. Jealous? of what? of every little journey?
Mere fancy then is wanton; and doth caſt
At thoſe ſleight dangers there, too doating glances;
Miſgiving minds ever provoke miſchances:
Shines not the ſun in his way bright as here?
Is not the air as good? what hazard doubt you?

Arg. His horſe may ſtumble, if it pleaſe your honour;
The rain may wet, the wind may blow on him;
Many ſhrewd hazards watch poor travellers.

Eud. True, and the ſhrewdeſt thou haſt reckon'd us.
Good ſiſter, theſe cares fit young married wives.

Cyn.

Cyn. Wives ſhould be ſtill young in their huſbands loves.
Time bears no ſcythe ſhould bear down them before him.
Our lives he may cut ſhort, but not our loves.
Thar. Siſter, be wiſe, and ſhip not in one bark
All your ability: if he miſcarry,
Your well-try'd wiſdom ſhould look out for new.
Cyn. I wiſh them happy winds that run that courſe,
From me 'tis far; one temple ſeal'd our troth;
One tomb, one hour ſhall end, and ſhroud us both.
Thar. Well, y'are a phœnix; there, be that your cheer;
Love with your huſband be, your wiſdom here.
Hark! our ſports challenge it; ſit, deareſt miſtreſs.
Eud. Take your place, worthieſt ſervant.
Thar. Serve me, heaven, [*Muſick.*
As I my heavenly miſtreſs: ſit, rare ſiſter.
[*Muſick. Hymen deſcends; and ſix Sylvans enter beneath, with torches.*
Arg. A hall, a hall: let no more citizens in there.
Laod. O, not my couſin, ſee! but Hymen's ſelf.
Sthe. He does become it moſt enflamingly.
Hymen. Hail, honour'd bridegroom, and his princely bride,
With the moſt fam'd for virtue, Cynthia;
And this young lady, bright Laodice,
One rich hope of this nobleſt family.
Sthe. Mark how he courts! he is enamour'd too.
Laod. O grant it, Venus, and be ever honour'd.
Hymen. In grace and love of you, I Hymen ſearch'd
The groves and thickets that embrace this palace,
With this clear-flam'd and good aboding torch,
For ſummons of theſe freſh and flow'ry Sylvans
To this fair preſence; with their winding hays,
Active and antique dances, to delight
Your frolick eyes, and help to celebrate
Theſe nobleſt nuptials; which great Deſtiny,
Ordain'd paſt cuſtom and all vulgar object,
To be the readvancement of a houſe,
Noble and princely, and reſtore this palace
To that name, that ſix hundred ſummers ſince

Was in possession of this bridegroom's ancestors,
The antient and most virtue-fam'd Lysandri.
Sylvans, the courtships you make to your Dryads,
Use to this great bride, and those other dames,
And heighten, with your sports, my nuptial flames.

Laod. O would himself defend, and me command!

Sthe. Dance; and his heart eateth in another's hand.

[Sylvans take out the bride and the rest; they dance; after which, all sit in their places.

Hym. Now, what the power and my lord's influence
Hath in the blessings of your nuptial joys,
(Great bride and bridegroom) you shall amply part
Betwixt your free loves, and forgoe it never.

Omn. Thanks to great Hymen, and fair Sylvans ever.

[Exeunt.

Act. IV. Scen. I.

Tharsalio, Lycus with his arm in a scarf, a night-cap on's head.

Lyc. I Hope, sir, by this time——

Thar. Put on, man, by yourselves.

Lyc. The edge of your confidence is well taken off; would you not be content to withdraw your wagers?

Thar. Faith, fellow Lycus, if my wager were weakly built, this unexpected accident might stagger it. For the truth is, this strain is extraordinary, to follow her husband's body into the tomb, and there for his company to bury herself quick: 'tis new and stirring, but for all this, I'll not despair of my wager.

Lyc. Why, sir, can you think such a passion dissembled?

Thar. All's one for that, what I think, I think; in the mean time forget not to write to my brother, how the plot hath succeeded, that the news of his death hath taken;

aken; a funeral solemnity performed to his (suppos'd) corpse bestowed in the monument of our family: there and I horrible mourners. But above all, that his intolerable virtuous widow, for his love, and (for her love) Ero her handmaid, are descended with his corpse into the vault; there wipe their eyes time out of mind, drink nothing but their own tears, and by this time are almost dead with famine. There's a point will sting it, (for you say 'tis true) where left you him?

Lyc. At Dipolis, sir, some twenty miles hence.

Thar. He keeps close.

Lyc. Ay, sir, by all means, walks unknown under the name of a strange knight.

Thar. That may carry him without destryings for there's a number of strange knights abroad. You left him well?

Lyc. Well, sir, but for this jealous humour that haunts him.

Thar. Well, this news will absolutely purge that humour. Write all, forget not to describe her passion at thy discovery of his slaughter. Did she perform it well for her husband's wager?

Lyc. Perform it, call you it? you may jest; men hunt hares to death for their sports, but the poor beasts die in earnest: you wager of her passions for your pleasure, but she takes little pleasure in those earnest passions. I never saw such an ocean of sorrow, since I knew the name of sorrow. Her hands flew up to her head like furies, hid all her beauties in her dishevel'd hair, and wept as she would turn fountain. I would you and her husband had been behind the arras but to have heard her. I assure you, sir, I was so transported with the spectacle, that in delight of my discretion, I was fore'd to turn woman, and bear a part with her: Humanity broke loose from my heart, and stream'd thro' mine eyes.

Thar. In prose thou wept'st. So have I seen many a moist auditor do at a play; when the story was but a mere fiction.—And did'st act the Nuntius well? would I had heard it: could'st thou dress thy looks in a mournful habit

Lyc. Not without preparation, sir; no more than my speech: 'twas a plain acting of an enterlude to me, to pronounce the text.

Thar. As how, for heaven's sake?

Lyc. Phœbus addrest his chariot towards the west,
To change his wearied coursers, and so forth.

Thar. Nay on, and thou lov'st me.

Lyc. Lysander and myself beguil'd the way
With interchang'd discourse; but our chief theme
Was of your dearest self, his honour'd wife;
Your love, your virtue, wondrous constancy.

Thar. Then was her cue to whimper—on.

Lyc. When suddenly appear'd, as far as sight,
A troop of horse, arm'd, as we might discern,
With javelins, spears, and such accoutrements.
He doubted nought, (as innocence ever
Is free from doubting ill.)

Thar. There dropt a tear.

Lyc. My mind misgave me,
They might be mountaineers. At their approach,
They us'd no other language but their weapons,
To tell us what they were; Lysander drew,
And bore himself Achilles like in fight;
And as a mower sweeps off the heads of bents,
So did Lysander's sword shave off the points
Of their assaulting lances.
His horse at last, sore hurt, fell under him;
I, seeing I could not rescue, us'd my spurs
To flie away.

Thar. What, from thy friend?

Lyc. Ay, in a good quarrel, why not?

Thar. Good; I am answer'd.

Lyc. A lance pursued me, brought me back again;
And with these wounds left me to accompany
Dying Lysander: Then they left us,
And left us.
They gone, my breath not yet gone, 'gan to strive
And revive spirits: I with my feeble joints
Crawl'd to Lysander, turn'd him, and with all
He gasp'd, cried Cynthia! and breath'd no more.

Thar.

Thar. O then she fowl'd outright.

Lyc. Passengers came, and in a chariot brought us
Streight to a neighbour town; where I forthwith
Coffin'd my friend in lead; and so convey'd him
To this sad place.

Thar. 'Twas well; and could not show but strangely.

Lyc. Well, sir, this tale pronounc'd with terror, suited with action cloathed with such likely circumstance; my wounds in shew, her husband's hearse in sight, think what effect it wrought. And if you doubt, let the sad consequence of her retreat to his tomb be your woful instructor.

Thar. For all this, I'll not despair of my wager:
These griefs, that sound so loud, prove always light;
True sorrow evermore keeps out of sight.
This strain of mourning with sepulcher, like an overdoing actor, affects grosly, and is indeed so far forc'd from the life, that it bewrays itself to be altogether artificial. To set open a shop of mourning! 'Tis palpable. Truth, the substance, hunts not after the shadow of popular fame. Her officious ostentation of sorrow condemns her sincerity. When did ever woman mourn so unmeasurably, but she did dissemble?

Lyc. O Gods! a passion thus born; thus apparell'd with tears, sighs, swoonings, and all the badges of true sorrow, to be dissembl'd! by Venus I am sorry I ever set foot in't. Could she, if she dissembl'd, thus daily with hunger, be deaf to the barking of her appetite, not having these four days reliev'd nature with one dram of sustenance?

Thar. For this does she look to be deified, to have hymns made of her, nay to her: the tomb, where she is, to be no more repeated the ancient monument of our family the Lysandri, but the new erected altar of Cynthia: To which all the Paphian widows shall, after their husbands funerals, offer their wet muckinders, for monuments of the danger they have past, as seamen do their wet garments at Neptune's temple after a shipwreck.

Lyc. Well, I'll apprehend you at your pleasure: I, for my part, will say, that if her faith be as constant, as

her

her love is hearty and unaffected, her virtues may jostly challenge a deity to enshrine them.

Thar. Ay, there's another point too. But one of those virtues is enough at once. All natures are not capable of all gifts. If the brain of the west, were in the heads of the learned, then might parish-clerks be common-council-men, and poets aldermens deputies. My sister may turn Niobe for love; but till Niobe be turn'd to a marble, I'll not despair but she may prove a woman. Let the trial run on; if she do not outrun it, I'll say poets are no prophets, prognosticators are but mountebanks, and none tell true but woodmongers. [*Exit.*

Lye. A sweet gentleman you are! I marvel what man, what woman, what name, what action doth his tongue glide over, but it leaves a slime upon't! Well, I'll presently to Dipolis, where Lysander stays, and will not say but she may prove frail:
But this I'll say, if she should chance to break,
Her tears are true, tho' women's truths are weak. [*Exit.*

Enter Lysander like a soldier disguised at all parts, with a half-pike, gorget, &c. he discovers the tomb, looks in, and wonders, &c.

Lys. O Miracle of nature! women's glory!
Men's shame! and envy of the deities!
Yet must these matchless creatures be suspected,
Accus'd, condemn'd?
Now, by th' immortal gods,
They rather merit altars, sacrifice,
Than love and courtship.
Yet see, the queen of these lies here intern'd,
Tearing her hair, and drowned in her tears.
Which Jove should turn to crystal, and a mirrour
Make of them: wherein men may see and wonder
At womens vertues. Shall she famish then?
Will men (without dissuasions) suffer thus
So bright an ornament to earth, tomb'd quick
In earth's dark bosom?—Ho!
Who's in the tomb there?

Exe. Who calls? whence are you?

Lys.

Lyſ. I am a ſoldier of the watch, and muſt enter.

Ero. Amongſt the dead?

Lyſ. Do the dead ſpeak? rape, or I'll force it open.

Ero. What violence is this? what ſeek you here,
Where nought but death and her attendants dwell?

Lyſ. What wretched ſouls are you, that thus by night
Lurk here amongſt the dead?

Ero. Good ſoldier, do not ſtir her;
She's weak, and quickly ſeiz'd with ſwooning and paſſions, and with much trouble ſhall we both recall her fainting ſpirits.

Five days thus hath ſhe waſted; and not once ſeaſon'd her palate with the taſte of meat; her powers of life are ſpent; and what remains of her famiſh'd ſpirit, forces not to breathe, but ſigh.

She hath exil'd her eyes from ſleep, or light, and given them wholly up to ceaſeleſs tears over that ruthful hearſe of her dear ſpouſe, ſlain by Bandetto's nobly-born baſtander.

Lyſ. And hopes ſhe with theſe heavy notes and cries to call him from the dead? in theſe five days hath ſhe but made him ſtir a finger, or fetch one gaſp of that ſenſeleſs life ſhe mourns?
Come, honour'd miſtreſs, I admire your virtues;
But muſt reprove this vain exceſs of moan.
Rouſe yourſelf, lady, and look up from death.
Well ſaid, 'tis well; ſtay by my hand, and riſe.
This face hath been maintain'd with better houſewifery.

Cyn. What are you?

Lyſ. Lady, I am centinel,
Set in this hallowed place, to watch and guard
On forfeit of my life, theſe monuments
From rape, and ſpoil of ſacrilegious hands;
And ſave the bodies, that without you ſee,
Of crucified offenders; that no friends
May bear them hence to honour'd burial.

Cyn. Thou ſeem'ſt an honeſt ſoldier; pray thee then
Be as thou ſeemeſt; betake thee to thy charge,
And leave this place; add not affliction
To the afflicted.

Lyf. You misname the children.
For what you term affliction now, in you
Is but self-humour, voluntary pleasance
Impos'd upon yourself: and you lament
As did the Satyr once, that ran affrighted
From that horn's sound that he himself had winded.
Which humour to abate, my counsel sending your term'd affliction,
What I for physick give, you take for poison.
I tell you, honour'd mistress, these ingredients
Are wholesome, tho' perhaps they seem unsavoury.

Ero. This soldier, sure, is some decay'd 'pothecary.

Lyf. Dear ghost, be wise, and pity your fair self,
Thus by yourself unnaturally afflicted:
Chide back heart-breaking groans, clear up those lamps,
Restore them to their first creation;
Windows for light, not sluices made for tears.
Beat not the senseless air with needless cries,
Baneful to life, and bootless to the dead.
This is the inn, where all Deucalion's race,
Sooner or later, must take up their lodgings.
No privilege can free us from this prison;
No tears, no prayers, can redeem from hence,
A captiv'd soul; make use of what you see:
Let this affrighting spectacle of death
Teach you to nourish life.

Ero. Good, hear him: this is a rare soldier.

Lyf. Say, that with abstinence you should unknot the knot of life: suppose, that in this tomb for your dear spouse, you should entomb yourself a living corse; say, that before your hour, without due summons from the fates, you send your hasty soul to hell: can your dear spouse take notice of your faith and constancy? shall your dear spouse revive to give you thanks?

Cyn. Idle discourses!

Lyf. No, your moans are idle.
Go to, I say; be counsel'd, raise yourself:
Enjoy the fruits of life, there's viands for you.
Now; live for a better husband.
No! will you none?

Ero.

Ero. For love of courtesy, good mistress, eat.
Do not reject so kind and sweet an offer.
Who knows but this may be some Mercury
Disguis'd, and sent from Juno to relieve us?
Did ever any lend unwilling ears
To those that came with messages of life?

Cyn. I pray thee leave thy rhetorick.

Ero. By my soul, to speak plain truth, I could rather wish t'employ my teeth than my tongue, so your example would be my warrant.

Cyn. Thou hast my warrant.

Lys. Well then, eat, my wench,
Let obstinacy starve.
Fall to.

Ero. Persuade my mistress first.

Lys. 'Slight, tell me, lady,
Are you resolv'd to die? If that be so,
Chuse not (for shame) a base and beggar's death:
Die not for hunger, like a Spartan lady;
Fall valiantly upon a sword, or drink
Noble death, expell your grief with poison,
There 'tis, seize it.—— Tush! you dare not die.
Come, wench, thou hast not left a husband;
Thou shalt eat; th'art now within
The place where I command.

Ero. I protest, sir——.

Lys. Well said; eat, and protest; or I'll protest,
And do thou eat; thou eat'st against thy will,
That's it thou would'st say.

Ero. It is.

Lys. And under such a protestation
Thou lost thy maiden-head.
For your own sake, good lady, forget this husband;
Come, you are now become a happy widow,
A blessedness that many would be glad of.
That and your husband's inventory together,
Will raise you up husbands enow.
What think you of me?

Cyn. Trifler, pursue this wanton theme no farther;
Lest (which I would be loth) your speech provoke
Uncivil

Uncivil language from me; I must tell you,
One joint of him I lost, was much more worth
Than the rack'd value of thy intire body.

Ero. O, I know what joint she means.

Lys. Well, I have done.
And well done, frailty; profess, how lik'st thou it?

Ero. Very toothsome ingredients surely, sir,
Want but some liquor to incorporate them.

Lys. There 'tis, carouse.

Ero. I humbly thank you, sir.

Lys. Hold, pledge me now.

Ero. 'Tis the poison, sir,
That preserves life, I take it. [*She drinks.*

Lys. Do so, take it.

Ero. Sighing has made me something short-winded.
I'll pledge y'at twice.

Lys. 'Tis well done; do me right.

Ero. I pray, sir, have you been a 'pothecary?

Lys. Marry have I, wench; a woman's 'pothecary.

Ero. Have you good ingredients?
I like your bottle well. Good mistress, taste it:
Try but the operation, 'twill fetch up
The roses in your cheeks again.
Dr. Verolle's bottles are not like it:
There's no guaicum here, I can assure you.

Lys. This will do well anon.

Ero. Now fye upon't!
O I have lost my tongue in this same limbo.
The spring of't's spoil'd, methinks; it goes not off
With the old twang.

Lys. Well said, wench, oil it well; 'twill make it slide well.

Ero. Aristotle says, sir, in his Posteriords—

Lys. This wench is learned: and what says he?

Ero. That when a man dies, the last thing that moves is his heart, in a woman her tongue.

Lys. Right; and adds farther, that you women are a kind of spinners; if their legs be pluck'd off, yet still they'll wag them; so will you your tongues.
With what an easy change does this same weakness,

Of

Of women slip from one extream t'another!
All these attractions take no hold of her;
No, not to take refection: 'tmust not be thus.
Well said, wench; tickle that Helicon.
But shall we quit the field with this disgrace
Given to our oratory? both not gain
So much ground of her as to make her eat?

Ero. Faith, the truth is, sir, you are no fit organ
For this business;
'Tis quite out of your element:
Let us alone, she'll eat, I have no fear;
A woman's tongue best fits a woman's ear.
Jove never did employ Mercury,
But Iris, for his messenger to Juno.

Lys. Come, let me kiss thee, wench; wilt undertake
To make thy mistress eat?

Ero. It shall go hard, sir,
But I will make her turn flesh and blood,
And learn to live as other mortals do.

Lys. Well said: the morning hastes; next night expect me.

Ero. With more provision, good sir.

Lys. Very good! [*Is going.*

Ero. And bring more wine. [*She shuts up the tomb.*

Lys. What else? shalt have enough.
O Cynthia, heir of her bright purity,
Whose name thou do'st inherit; thou disdain'st
(Sever'd from all concretion) to feed
Upon the base food of gross elements.
Thou all art soul; all immortality.
Thou fasts for Nectar and Ambrosia,
Which, till thou find'st, and eat'st above the stars,
To all food here thou bid'st celestial wars. [*Exit.*

Cynthia, Ero; the tomb opening.

Ero. So; let's air our dampish spirits, almost stifl'd in this gross muddy element.

Cyn. How sweet a breath the calmness of the night inspires the air withall!

Ero. Well said! now y'are yourself: did not I tell you how sweet an operation the soldier's bottle had? and if

there

there be such virtue in the bottle, what is there in the soldier? Know, and acknowledge his worth when he comes, in any case, mistress.

Cyn. So, maid!

Ero. God's my patience! did you look, forsooth, that Juno should have sent you meat from her own trencher, in reward of your widow's tears? you might sit and sigh first till your heart-strings broke, I'll able't.

Cyn. I fear me, thy lips have gone so oft to the bottle, that thy tongue-strings are come broken home.

Ero. Faith, the truth is, my tongue hath been so long tied up, that 'tis cover'd with rust, and I rub it against my palate, as we do suspected coins, to try whether it be current or no. But now, mistress, for an upshot of this bottle; let's have one carouse to the good speed of my old master, and the good speed of my new.

Cyn. So, damsel!

Ero. You must pledge it, here's to it. Do me right, I pray.

Cyn. You fly, I must.

Ero. Must! what else?

Cyn. How excellent ill this humour suits our habit!

Ero. Go to, mistress, do not think but you and I shall have good sport with this jest, when we are in private at home. I would to Venus we had some honest shift or other to get off withall; for I'll no more on't; I'll not turn salt-peter in this vault for never a man's company living; much less for a woman's. Sure I am, the wonder's over, and 'twas only for that, that I endur'd this; and so o'my conscience did you. Never deny it.

Cyn. Nay, pr'ythee take it to thee.

Enter Lysander.

Cyn. Hark! I hear some footing near us.

Ero. God's me! 'tis the soldier, mistress: by Venus, if you fall to your late black Santus again, I'll discover you.

Lys. What's here? The maid hath certainly prevail'd with her: methinks those clouds that last night cover'd her looks are now dispers'd. I'll try this further. Save you, lady.

Ero.

Ero. Honourable ſoldier! y'are welcome: pleaſe you ſtep in, ſir?

Lyſ. With all my heart, ſweet heart: by your patience, lady. Why, this bears ſome ſhape of life yet. Damſel, thou'ſt perform'd a ſervice of high reckoning, which cannot periſh unrewarded.

Ero. Faith, ſir, you are in the way to do it once, if you have the heart to hold on.

Cyn. Your bottle has poiſoned this wench, ſir.

Lyſ. A wholſome poiſon it is, lady, if I may be judge; of which ſort here is one better bottle more.

Wine is ordained to raiſe ſuch hearts as ſink;
Whom woful ſtars diſtemper, let him drink.

I am moſt glad I have been ſome mean to this part of your recovery, and will drink to the reſt of it.

Ero. Go to, miſtreſs, pray ſimper no more; pledge the man of war here.

Cyn. Come, y'are too rude.

Ero. Good.

Lyſ. Good ſooth, lady, y'are honour'd in her ſervice; I would have you live, and ſhe would have you live freely, without which life is but death. To live freely is to feaſt our appetites freely, without which humans are ſtones; to the ſatisfaction whereof I drink, lady.

Cyn. I'll pledge you, ſir.

Ero. Said like a miſtreſs, and the miſtreſs of yourſelf! pledge him in love too: I ſee he loves you. She's ſilent, ſhe conſents, ſir.

Lyſ. O happy ſtars! And now, pardon, lady; methinks theſe are all of a piece.

Ero. Nay, if you kiſs all of a piece, we ſhall ne'er have done—Well, it was well offer'd, and as well taken.

Cyn. If the world ſhould ſee this.

Lyſ. The world! ſhould one ſo rare as your ſelf reſpect the vulgar world?

Cyn. The praiſe I have had I would continue.

Lyſ. What, of the vulgar? Who hates not the vulgar, deſerves not love of the virtuous. And to affect praiſe of that we deſpiſe, how ridiculous it is!

Ero. Comfortable doctrine, miſtreſs, edify.
Methinks even thus it was when Dido
And Æneas met in the cave: And heark,
Methinks I hear ſome of the hunters.
[*She ſhuts the tomb.*

Act. V. Scen. I.

Enter Thanſalie, Lycus.

Lyc. 'TIS ſuch an obſtinacy in you, ſir,
As never was conceited, to run on
With an opinion againſt all the world,
And what your eyes may witneſs; to adventure
The famiſhment for grief of ſuch a woman,
As all mens merits met in any one
Could not deſerve.
Than. I muſt confeſs it, Lycus;
We'll therefore now prevent it, if we may,
And that our curious trial hath not dwelt
Too long on this unneceſſary haunt,
Grief, and all want of food, not having wrought
Too mortally on her divine diſpoſure.
Lyc. I fear they have, and ſhe is paſt our cure.
Than. I muſt confeſs, with fear and ſhame, as much.
Lyc. And that ſhe will not truſt in any thing
What you perſuade her to.
Than. Then thou ſhalt haſte,
And call my brother from his ſecret ſhroud,
Where he appointed thee to come, and tell him
How all things have ſucceeded.
Lyc. This is well.
If (as I ſay) the ill be not ſo grown,
That all help is denied her. But I fear
The matchleſs dame is famiſh'd.
[*Than. looks into the tomb.*
Than. 'Slight, whoſe here?

A ſoldier with my ſiſter? wipe, wipe, ſee—
Kiſſing, by Jove! ſhe, as I lay, 'tis ſhe.
Lyc. What, is ſhe well, ſir?
Thar. O no, ſhe is famiſh'd;
She's paſt our comfort, ſhe lies drawing on.
Lyc. The Gods forbid!
Thar. Look thou, ſhe's drawing on.
How ſay'ſt thou?
Lyc. Drawing on? Illuſtrious witchcrafts!
Thar. Lies ſhe not drawing on?
Lyc. She draws on fairly.
Our ſiſter, ſir! This ſhe? can this be ſhe?
Thar. She, ſhe, ſhe, and none but ſhe.
[*He dances and ſings.*
She, only queen of love and chaſtity,
O chaſtity! This women be.
Lyc. 'Slight, 'tis prodigious.
Thar. Horſe, horſe, horſe!
Four chariot-horſes of the Thracian breed,
Come bring me, brother. O the happieſt evening,
That ever drew her veil before the ſun!
Who is't? can'ſt tell?
Lyc. The ſoldier, ſir, that watches
The bodies crucified in this hallow'd place.
Of which to loſe one, it is death to him;
And yet the luſtful knave is at his venery,
While one might ſteal one.
Thar. What a ſlave was I,
That held not out my wind's ſtrength conſtantly,
That ſhe would prove thus? O incredible!
A poor eightpenny ſoldier! She that lately
Was at ſuch height of interjection,
Stoop now to ſuch a baſe conjunction!
By heaven I wonder, now I ſee't in act,
My brain could ever dream of ſuch a thought.
And yet 'tis true: Rare! peerleſs! is't not, Lycus?
Lyc. I know not what it is, nor what to ſay.
Thar. O had I held out (villain that I was)
My bleſſed confidence but one minute longer,
I ſhould have been eterniz'd. Gods my fortune!

What

What an unſpeakable ſweet ſight it is!
O eyes, I'll ſacrifice to your dear ſenſe,
And conſecrate a fane to Confidence.

Lyc. But this you muſt at no hand tell your brother,
'Twill make him mad; for he that was before
So ſcourg'd but only with bare jealouſy,
What wou'd he be if he ſhould come to know it?

Thar. He would be leſs mad; for your only way
To clear his jealouſy, is to let him know it.
When knowledge comes, ſuſpicion vaniſhes.
The ſun-beams breaking forth, ſwallow the miſts.
But as for you ſir, gallant, howſoever
Your banquet ſeems ſweet in your liquoriſh palate,
It ſhall be ſure to turn gall in your maw;
Thy hand a little, Lycus, here without.

Lyc. To what?

Thar. No booty ſerve you, ſir Soldado,
But my poor ſiſter? Come, lend me thy ſhoulder,
I'll climb the croſs; it will be ſuch a cooler
To my Venerean gentleman's hot liver,
When he ſhall find one of his crucified bodies
Stol'n down, and he to be forthwith made faſt
In place thereof, for the ſign
Of the loſt centinel. Come, glorify
Firm Confidence in great inconſtancy.
And this believe (for all-prov'd knowledge ſwears)
He that believes in error, never errs. [*Exeunt.*

The tomb opens, Lyſander, Cynthia, Ero.

Lyſ. 'Tis late; I muſt away.

Cyn. Not yet, ſweet love!

Lyſ. Tempt not my ſtay, 'tis dangerous. The law is ſtrict, and not to be diſpens'd with; if any centinel be too late in's watch, or that by his neglect one of the crucified bodies ſhould be ſtol'n from the croſs, his life buys it.

Cyn. A little ſtay will not endanger them.
The day's proclaimer has not yet given warning,
The cock yet has not beat his third alarm.

Lyſ. What, ſhall we ever dwell here amongſt th'Antipodes? Shall I not enjoy the honour of my fortune in publick, ſit in Lyſander's chair, reign in his wealth?

Cyn.

Cyn. Thou ſhalt, thou ſhalt; though my love to thee
Hath prov'd thus ſudden, and for haſte leapt over
The compliment of wooing; yet only for the world's opinion——

Lyſ. Mark that again.

Cyn. I muſt maintain a form in parting hence.

Lyſ. Out upon't!—Opinion, the blind goddeſs of fools, foe to the virtuous, and only friend to undeſerving perſons, contemn it. Thou know'ſt thou haſt done virtuouſly; thou haſt ſtrangely ſorrow'd for thy huſband, follow'd him to death, farther thou could'ſt not, thou had buried thy ſelf quick.—(O that it were true!)—ſpent more tears over his carcaſs than would ſerve a whole city of ſaddeſt widows in a plague time, beſides ſighings and ſwoonings not to be credited.

Cyn. True; but thoſe compliments might have their time, for faſhion ſake.

Lyſ. Right, opinion and faſhion! 'Sfoot, what call you time? thou haſt wept theſe four whole days.

Ero. Nay, by'r lady, almoſt five.

Lyſ. Look you there, near upon five whole days!

Cyn. We'll go and ſee; Return, we'll go home.

Lyſ. Hell be thy home, huge monſters damn ye and your whole creation! O ye Gods, in the height of her mourning, in a tomb, within ſight of ſo many deaths! her huſband's believed body in her eye; he dead a few days before: This mirrour of nuptial chaſtity, this votreſs of widow conſtancy, to change her faith, exchange kiſſes, embraces, with a ſtranger; and but my ſhame withſtood, to give the utmoſt earneſt of her love to an eightpenny centinel; in effect, to proſtitute herſelf upon her huſband's coffin! Luſt, impiety, hell, womanhood it ſelf; add, if you can, one ſtep to this.

Enter captain, with two or three ſoldiers.

Cap. One of the crucified bodies taken down?

Lyſ. Enough. [*Slinks away.*

Cap. And the centinel not to be heard of?

1 *Sol.* No, ſir.

Cap. Make out; haste, search about for him; does none of you know him, nor his name?

2 *Sol.* He's but a stranger here of four day's standing, and we never set eye on him but at setting the watch.

Capt. For whom serves he? you look well to your watch, masters.

1 *Sol.* For signior Stratio; and whence he is 'tis ignorant to us; we are not correspondent for any but our own places.

Cap. Y'are eloquent. Abroad I say, let me have him. [*Exeunt.*

This negligence will by the governor be wholly cast on me; he hereby will suggest to the viceroy, that the city-guards are very carelessly attended. He loves me not, I know, because of late I knew him but of mean condition; but now by fortune's injudicious hand, guided by bribing courtiers, he is rais'd to this high seat of honour; nor blushes he to see himself advanc'd over the heads of ten times higher worths; but takes it all, forsooth, to his merits, and looks (as all upstarts do) for most huge observance. Well, my mind must stoop to his high place, and learn within itself to sever him from that, and to adore Authority the Goddess, however born by an unworthy beast; and let the beast's dull apprehension take the honour done to Isis done to himself. I must sit fast, and be sure to give no hold to these fault-hunting enemies.

[*Exit.*

[*Tomb opens, and Lysander within it lies along. Cynthia and Ero.*

Lys. Pray thee disturb me not; put out the lights.

Ero. Faith I'll take a nap again.

Cyn. Thou shalt not rest before I be resolved. What happy wind hath driven thee back to harbour: Was it my love?

Lys. No.

Cyn. Yet say so (sweet) that with the thought thereof I may enjoy all that I wish on earth.

Lys. I am sought for. A crucified body is stol'n while I loiter'd here; and I must die for't.

Cyn.

Cyn. Die? all the Gods forbid! O this affright torments me ten parts more than the sad loss of my dear husband.

Lys. Damnation! I believe thee.

Cyn. Yet hear a woman's wit;
Take counsel of necessity and it.
I have a body here, which once I lov'd
And honour'd above all; but that time's past—

Lys. It is; revenge it heaven.

Cyn. That shall supply at so extreme a need the vacant gibbet.

Lys. Cancro! What, thy husband's body?

Cyn. What hurt is't, being dead it saves the living?

Lys. O heart hold in, check thy rebellious motion!

Cyn. Vex not thy self, dear love, nor use delay.
Tempt not this danger, set thy hands to work.

Lys. I cannot do't; my heart will not permit
My hands to execute a second murder:
The truth is, I am he that slew thy husband.

Cyn. The Gods forbid!

Lys. It was this hand that bath'd my reeking sword
In his life blood, while he cry'd out for mercy;
But I remorseless, panch'd him, cut his throat,
He with his last breath crying Cynthia.

Cyn. O thou hast told me news that cleaves my heart!
Would I had never seen thee, or heard sooner
This bloody story!—yet see, note my truth,
Yet I must love thee.

Lys. Out upon the monster!
Go, tell the governor; let me be brought
To die for that most famous villainy;
Not for this miching base transgression
Of truant negligence.

Cyn. I cannot do't.
Love must salve any murder: I'll be judge
Of thee, dear love; and these shall be thy pains,
Instead of iron, to suffer these soft chains.

Lys. O I am infinitely oblig'd!

Cyn. Arise, I say, thou saver of my life,
Do not with vain affrighting conscience

Betray a life that is not thine, but mine:
Riſe and preſerve it.

Lyſ. Ha! thy huſband's body?
Hang't up you ſay, inſtead of that that's ſtol'n;
Yet I his murderer—is that your meaning?

Cyn. It is my love.

Lyſ. Thy love amazes me;
The point is how we ſhall get it thither,
Ha? tie a halter about's neck, and drag him to the gallows; ſhall I, my love?

Cyn. So you may do, indeed;
Or if your own ſtrength will not ſerve, we'll add
Our hands to yours, and bear him to the place;
For heaven's love come, the night goes off apace.

Lyſ. All the infernal plagues dwell in thy ſoul. [*Aſide.*
I'll fetch a crow of iron to break the coffin.

Cyn. Do, love; be ſpeedy.

Lyſ. As I wiſh thy damnation. [*Shuts the tomb.*
O I could tear myſelf into atoms; off with this antick; the ſhirt that Hercules wore for his wife, was not more baneful. Is't poſſible there ſhould be ſuch a latitude in the ſphere of this ſex, to entertain ſuch an extenſion of miſchief, and not turn devil? What is a woman? what are the worſt, when the beſt are ſo paſt naming? As men like this, let them try their wives again; put women to the teſt, diſcover them, paint them; paint them ten parts more than they do themſelves, rather than look on them as they are; their wits are but painted that diſlike their painting. Thou fooliſh thirſter after idle ſecrets and ills abroad, look home, and ſtore and choak thee; there ſticks an Acheloüs' horn, of all copia enough;
As much as Alizon of ſtreams receives,
Or lofty Ida ſhows of ſhady leaves.

Enter Tharſalio.

Who's that?

Thar. I wonder Lycus fails me; nor can I hear what's become of him. He would not certain ride to Dipolis to call my brother back, without my knowledge.

Lyſ. My brother's voice! what makes he here about ſo untimely? I'll ſlip him. [*Is going.*

Thar.

Thar. Who goes there?

Lyſ. A friend.

Thar. Dear friend, let's know you. A friend leaſt look'd for, but moſt welcome, and with many a long look expected here. What, ſir, unbooted? have you been long arriv'd?

Lyſ. Not long; ſome two hours before night.

Thar. Well, brother, y'have the moſt rare, admirable, unmatchable wife, that ever ſuffer'd for the ſin of a huſband. I cannot blame your confidence indeed now, it is built on ſuch infallible ground: Lycus, I think, is gone to call you to the reſcue of her life; why ſhe! O incomprehenſible!—

Lyſ. I have heard all related ſince my arrival; we'll meet to morrow.

Thar. What haſte, brother? But was it related with what intolerable pains I and my miſtreſs, her other friends, matrons and magiſtrates, labour'd her diverſion from that courſe?

Lyſ. Yes, yes.

Thar. What ſtreams of tears ſhe pour'd on? what treſſes of her hair ſhe tore, and offered on your ſuppoſed hearſe?

Lyſ. I have heard all.

Thar. But above all, how ſince that time her eyes never harbour'd wink of ſlumber theſe ſix days; no, nor taſted the leaſt dram of any ſuſtenance?

Lyſ. How is that aſſured?

Thar. Not a ſcruple.

Lyſ. Are you ſure there came no ſoldier to her, nor brought her victuals?

Thar. Soldier! what ſoldier?

Lyſ. Why, ſome ſoldier of the watch, that attends the executed bodies—Well, brother, I am in haſte, to-morrow ſhall ſupply this night's defect of conference. Adieu.

[*Exit Lyſ.*

Thar. A ſoldier of the watch bring her victuals? Go to, brother, I have you in the wind; he's unharneſs'd of all his travelling accoutrements: I came directly from's houſe, no word of him there; he knows the

whole relation; he's passionate; all collections speak he was the soldier. What should be the riddle of this, that he is stol'n hither into a soldier's disguise? he should have staid at Dipolis to receive news from us. Whether he suspected our relation, or had not patience to expect it, or whether that furious, frantick, capricious devil jealousy, hath toss him hither on his horns, I cannot conjecture; but the case is clear, he's the soldier.—Sister, look to your fame, your chastity's uncovered. Are they here still? here, believe it, both most wofully weeping over the bottle. [*He knocks.*

Ero. Who's there?

Thar. Tharsalio, open.

Ero. Alas! sir, 'tis no boot to vex your sister and yourself; she is desperate, and will not hear persuasion; she is very weak.

Thar. Here's a true bred chamber-maid.—Alas! I am sorry for't; I have brought her meat and Candian wine to strengthen her.

Ero. O the very naming on't will drive her into a swoon; good sir, forbear.

Thar. Yet open, sweet; that I may bless mine eyes with sight of her fair shrine; and of thy sweetest self (her fanious pandress) open, I say. Sister, you hear me well; paint not your tomb without; we know too well what rotten carcasses are lodg'd within; open, I say. [*Shee opens, and he sees her head laid on the coffin, &c.*] Sister, I have brought you tidings to wake you out of this sleeping mummery.

Ero. Alas! she's faint, and speech is painful to her.

Thar. Well said, frubber, was there no soldier here lately?

Ero. A soldier! when?

Thar. This night, last night, t'other night; and I know not how many nights and days.

Cyn. Who's there?

Ero. Your brother, mistress, that asks if there were not a soldier here?

Cyn. Here was no soldier.

Ero. Yes, mistress, I think here was such a one, tho' you took no heed of him.

Tbart. Go to, sister; did not you join kisses, embraces, and plight indeed with him, the utmost pledge of nuptial love? Deny't, deny't; but first hear me a short story. The soldier was your disguis'd husband, dispute it not. That you see yonder, is but a shadow, an empty chest, containing nothing but air. Stand not to gaze at it, 'tis true. This was a project of his own contriving, to put your loyalty and constant vows to the test; y'are warn'd, be arm'd. [*Exit.*

Ero. O fie o' these perils!

Cyn. O Ero! we are undone.

Ero. Nay, you'd ne'er be warn'd; I ever wish'd you to withstand the push of that soldier's pike, and not enter him too deep into your bosom, but to keep sacred your widow's vows made to Lysander.

Cyn. Thou did'st, thou did'st.

Ero. Now you may see th' event. Well, our safety lies in our speed; he'll do us mischief, if we prevent not his coming. Let's to your mother's; and there call out your mightiest friends to guard you from his fury. Let them begin the quarrel with him for practising this villainy on your sex to intrap your frailties.

Cyn. Nay I resolve to sit out one brunt more; to try to what aim he'll enforce his project; were he some other man, unknown to me, his violence might awe me; but knowing him as I do, I fear him not. Do thou but second me, thy strength and mine shall master his best force, if he should prove outragious. Despair, they say, makes cowards turn couragious. Shut up the tomb.

She shuts the tomb.

Enter one of the soldiers sent out before to seek the Centinel.

1. *Sol.* All pains are lost in hunting out this soldier; his fear (adding wings to his heels) out-goes us as far as the fresh hare the tir'd hounds.—Who goes there?

Enter 2. *Soldier another way.*

2. *Sol.* A friend.

1. *Sol.* O? your ſucceſs and mine touching this centinel, tells, I ſuppoſe, one tale; he's far enough I undertake, by this time.

2. *Sol.* I blame him not: the law's ſevere, (tho' juſt, and cannot be diſpens'd.)

1. *Sol.* Why ſhould the laws of Paphos, with more rigour than other city laws, purſue offenders? that not appeas'd with their lives forfeit, exact a juſtice of them after death? And if a ſoldier in his watch forſooth loſe one of the dead bodies, he muſt die for't: It ſeems the ſtate needed no ſoldiers when that was made a law.

2. *Sol.* So we may chide the fire for burning us; or ſay the bee's not good becauſe ſhe ſtings: 'Tis not the body the law reſpects, but the ſoldier's neglect; when the watch (the guard and ſafety of the city) is left aban-don'd to all hazards. But let him go; and tell me if your news ſort with mine, for Lycus is apprehended, they ſay, about Lyſander's murder.

1. *Sol.* 'Tis true; he's at the captain's lodge under guard, and 'tis my charge in the morning to unclose the leaden coffin, and diſcover the body; the captain will aſſay an old concluſion often approv'd; that at the murderer's ſight the blood revives again, and boils afreſh; and every wound has a condemning voice to cry out guilty 'gainſt the murderer.

2 *Sol.* O world, if this be true! his deareſt friend, his bed companion, whom of all his friends he cull'd out for his boſom!

1. *Sol.* Tuſh, man; in this topſy-turvy world, friendſhip and boſom kindneſs are but made covers for miſchief, means to compaſs ill. Near-allied truſt, is but a bridge for treaſon. The preſumptions cry aloud againſt him; his anſwers ſound diſjointed, croſs-legg'd, tripping up one another. He names a town whither he brought Lyſander murder'd by mountaineers; that's falſe; ſome of the dwellers have been here, and all diſclaim it. Beſides, the wounds he bears in ſhow, are ſuch as ſhrews cloſely give their huſbands, that never bleed, and find to be counterfeit.

2. *Sol.*

2 *Sol.* O that jade Falſhood is never found of all; but halts of one leg ſtill.
Truth pace is all upright, ſound every where,
And, like a die, ſets ever on a ſquare.
And how is Lycus his bearing in this condition?

1. *Sol.* Faith, (as the manner of ſuch deſperate offenders is till it come to the point) careleſs and confident, laughing at all that ſeem to pity him. But leave it to th'event. Night, fellow ſoldier, you'll not meet me in the morning at the tomb, and lend me your hand to the unrigging of Lyſander's herſe?

2. *Sol.* I care not if I do, to view heaven's power in this unbottom'd cellar.
Blood, tho' it ſleep a time, yet never dies.
The gods on murderers fix revengeful eyes. [*Exeunt.*

Lyſander ſolus, with a crow of iron, and a halter, which he lays down, and puts on his diſguiſe again.

Lyſ. Come, my borrow'd diſguiſe, let me once more
Be reconciled to thee, my truſtieſt friend;
Thou that in trueſt ſhape haſt let me ſee
That which my truer ſelf hath hid from me.
Help me to take revenge on a diſguiſe,
Ten times more falſe and counterfeit than thou.
Thou, falſe in ſhow, haſt been moſt true to me;
The ſeeming true, hath prov'd more falſe than her.
Aſſiſt me to behold this act of luſt,
Note with a ſcene of ſtrange impiety.
Her huſband's murder'd corſe! O more than horror!
I'll not believe't untry'd; if ſhe but lift
A hand to act it; by the fates, her brains flie out,
Since ſhe has madded me; let her beware my horns.
For tho' by goring her, no hope be ſhown
To cure myſelf, yet I'll not bleed alone. [*He knocks.*

Ero. Who knocks?

Lyſ. The ſoldier; open. [*She opens, and he enters.*
See, ſweet, here are the engines that muſt do't,
Which, with much fear of my diſcovery,
I have at laſt procur'd.

Shall we about this work? I fear the morn
Will overtake's; my ſtay hath been prolong'd
With hunting obſcure nooks for theſe inclements.
The night wears away; come, art reſolv'd?

Cyn. Ay, you ſhall find me conſtant.

Lyſ. Ay, ſo I have, moſt prodigiouſly conſtant.
Here's a rare halter to hug him with.

Ero. Better you and I join our hands and bear him thither; you take his head.

Cyn. Ay, for that was always heavier than his whole body beſides.

Lyſ. You can tell beſt, that loaded it.

Ero. I'll be at the feet; I am able to bear againſt you, I warrant you.

Lyſ. Haſt thou prepar'd weak nature to digeſt
A ſight ſo much diſtaſteful? haſt fear'd thy heart
It bleed not at the bloody ſpectacle?
Haſt arm'd thy fearful eyes againſt th' affront
Of ſuch a direful object?
Thy murder'd huſband ghaſtly ſtaring on thee?
His wounds gaping to affright thee? his body ſoil'd with
Gore? 'fore heaven my heart ſhrugs at it!

Cyn. So does not mine.
Love's reſolute; and ſtands not to conſult
With petty terror; but in full carreer
Runs blind-fold through an army of miſdoubts,
And interpoſing fears; perhaps I'll weep,
Or ſo, make a forc'd face, and laugh again.

Lyſ. O moſt valiant love!
I was thinking with myſelf as I came, how if this
Break to light? his body known,
(As many notes might make it) would it not fix
Upon thy fame an unremoved brand
Of ſhame, and hate? they that in former times
Ador'd thy virtue, would they not abhorr
Thy loathed memory?

Cyn. All this I know.
But yet my love to thee
Swallows all this, or whatſoever doubts

Can

Can come againſt it,
Shame's but a feather, ballanc'd with thy love.
Lyſ. Neither fear nor ſhame? you are ſteel to th'
Proof (but I ſhall iron you:) Come then, let's to work.
Alas, poor corpſe! how many martyrdoms
Muſt thou endure? mangl'd by me a villain,
And now expos'd to the foul ſhame of the gibbet?
'Fore piety, there is ſomewhat in me ſtrives
Againſt the deed, my very arm relents.
To ſtrike a ſtroke ſo inhumane,
To wound a hallow'd herſe? ſuppoſe 'twere mine,
Would not my ghoſt ſtart up and fly upon thee?
Cyn. No, I'd maul it down again with this.
[*She ſnatches up the crow.*
Lyſ. How now? [*He catches at her throat.*
Cyn. Nay, then I'll eſſay my ſtrength; a ſoldier, and afraid of a dead man? A ſoft-toed milk-ſop! Come, I'll do't myſelf.
Lyſ. And I look on? give me the iron.
Cyn. No, I'll not loſe the glory on't. This hand, &c.
Lyſ. Pr'ythee ſweet, let it not be ſaid the ſavage act was thine; deliver me the engine.
Cyn. Content yourſelf, 'tis in a fitter hand.
Lyſ. Wilt thou firſt? art not thou the moſt—
Cyn. Ill-deſtin'd wife of a transformed monſter;
Who to aſſure himſelf of what he knew,
Hath loſt the ſhape of man!
Lyſ. Ha! croſs-capers?
Cyn. Poor ſoldier's caſe! do not we know you, ſir?
But I have given thee what thou cam'ſt to ſeek.
Go, Satyr, run affrighted with the noiſe
Of that harſh ſounding horn thyſelf haſt blown;
Farewell; I leave thee there my huſband's corpſe,
Make much of, that. [*Exit with Ey.*
Lyſ. What have I done? O let me lie and grieve, and ſpeak no more!
Captain, Lycus with a guard of three or four ſoldiers.
Cap. Bring him away; you muſt have patience, ſir:
If you can ſay aught to quit you of thoſe preſumptions

that lie heavy on you, you ſhall be heard. If not, 'tis not your braves, nor your affecting looks can carry it. We muſt acquit our duties.

Lyc. Y'are captain o' th' watch, ſir?

Cap. You take me right.

Lyc. So were you beſt do me; ſee your preſumptions be ſtrong; or be aſſured that ſhall prove a dear preſumption, to brand me with the murder of my friend. But you have been ſuborn'd by ſome cloſe villain to defame me.

Cap. 'Twill not be ſo put off, friend Lycus, I could wiſh your ſoul as free from taint of this foul fact, as mine from any ſuch unworthy practice.

Lyc. Conduct me to the governor himſelf, to confront before him your ſhallow accuſations.

Cap. Firſt, ſir, I'll bear you to Lyſander's tomb, to confront the murder'd body; and ſee what evidence the wounds will yield againſt you.

Lyc. Y'are wiſe, captain. But if the body ſhould chance not to ſpeak; if the wounds ſhould be tongue-tied, where's then your evidence, Captain? will not you be laugh'd at for an officious captain?

Cap. Y'are gallant, ſir.

Lyc. Your Captainſhip commands my ſervice no farther.

Cap. Well, ſir, perhaps I may, if this concluſion take not; we'll try what operation lies in torture, to pull confeſſion from you.

Lyc. Say you ſo, Captain? but hearke ye, Captain, Might it not concur with the quality of your office, e'er this matter grow to the height of a more threatning danger, to wink a little at a by ſlip or ſo?

Cap. How's that?

Lyc. To ſend a man abroad under guard of one of your ſillyeſt ſhack-rags; that he may beat the knave, and run's way. I mean this on good terms, Captain; I'll be thankful.

Capt. I'll think on't hereafter. Mean time I have other employment for you.

Lyc.

Lyc. Your place is worthily replenish'd, Captain. My duty, sir; hearke ye, Captain, there's a mutiny in your army; I'll go raise the governor. [*Is going.*

Cap. No haste, sir; he'll soon be here without your summons.

Soldiers thrust up Lysander from the tomb.

1. *Sol.* Bring forth the knight o' th' tomb; have we met with you, sir?

Lys. Pr'ythee, soldier, use thine office with better temper.

2. *Sol.* Come, convey him to the lord governor.

1. *Sol.* Afore the Captain, sir. Have the heavens nought else to do, but to stand still, and turn all their malignant aspects upon one man?

2. *Sol.* Captain, here's the centinel we fought for; he's some new-press'd soldier, for none of us know him.

Cap. Where found you him?

1. *Sol.* My truant was much't, sir, into a blind corner of the tomb.

Cap. Well said; guard him safe—but for the corpse.

1. *Sol.* For the corpse, sir? bare misprision; there's no body; nothing. A mere blandation; a *deceptio visus*. Unless this soldier for hunger have eat up Lysander's body.

Lyc. Why, I could have told you this before, Captain; the body was born away piece-meal by devout ladies of Venus' order, for the man died one of Venus' martyrs. And yet I heard since 'twas seen whole o' th' other side the Downs, upon a coleslaff betwixt two huntsmen, to feed their dogs withal. Which was a miracle, Captain.

Cap. Mischief in this act hath a deep bottom; and requires more time to sound it. But you, sir, it seems, are a soldier of the newest stamp. Know you what it is to forsake your stand? There's one of the bodies in your charge stol'n away; how answer you that? See, here comes the governor.

Enter

Enter a guard bare after the governor; Thersalio, Argus, Climas, before Eudora; Cynthia, Leodice, Sthenia, Ianthe, Ero, &c.

Guard. Stand aside there.

Cap. Room for a ſtrange governor. The perfect draught of a moſt brainleſs, imperious upſtart. O deſert! where wert thou, when this wooden dagger was gilded over with the title of governor?

Guard. Peace, maſters; hear my lord.

Thar. All wiſdom be ſilent; now ſpeaks authority.

Gover. I am come in perſon to diſcharge juſtice.

Thar. Of his office.

Gover. The cauſe you ſhall know hereafter; and it is this. A villain, whoſe very ſight I abhor; where is he? Let me ſee him.

Cap. Is't Lycus you mean, my lord?

Gover. Go to, ſirrah, y'are too malapert; I have heard of your centinel's eſcape; look to't.

Cap. My lord, this is the centinel you ſpeak of.

Gover. How now, ſir? what time a day is't?

Arg. I cannot ſhew you preciſely, an't pleaſe your honour.

Gover. What? ſhall we have replications? rejoinders?

Thar. Such a creature, fool is, when he beſtrides the back of authority.

Gover. Sirrah, ſtand you forth. It is ſuppoſed thou haſt committed a moſt inconvenient murder upon the body of Lyſander.

Lyc. My good lord, I have not.

Gover. Peace, varlet; do'ſt chop with me? I ſay, it is imagin'd thou haſt murdered Lyſander. How it will be prov'd I know not. Thou ſhalt therefore preſently be had to execution, as juſtice in ſuch caſes requireth. Soldiers, take him away: bring forth the centinel.

Lyc. Your lordſhip will firſt let my defence be heard.

Gover. Sirrah, I'll no fending nor proving. For my part I am ſatisfied, it is ſo: that's enough for thee. I had ever a ſympathy in my mind againſt him. Let him be had away.

Thar.

Thar. A most excellent apprehension! He's able, you see, to judge of a cause at first sight, and hear but two parties. Here's a second Solon.

Eud. Hear him, my lord; presumptions oftentimes (Tho' likely grounded) reach not to the truth.
And truth is oft abus'd by likelihood.
Let him be heard, my lord.

Gover. Madam, content yourself. I will do justice; I will not hear him. Your late lord, was my honourable predecessor: but your ladyship must pardon me; in matters of justice I am blind.

Thar. That's true.

Gov. I know no persons. If a court-favourite write to me in a case of justice, I will pocket his letter and proceed. If a suitor in a case of justice thrusts a bribe into my hand, I will pocket his bribe and proceed. Therefore, madam, set your heart at rest: I am seated in the throne of justice; and I will do justice; I will not hear him.

Eud. Not hear him, my lord?

Gov. No, my lady: and moreover put you in mind, in whose presence you stand; if you parrot to me long—go to.

Thar. Nay, the vice must snap his authority at all he meets; how shalt else be known what part he plays?

Gov. Your husband was a noble gentleman; but, alas! he came short, he was no statesman; he has left a foul city behind him.

Thar. Ay, and I can tell you 'twill trouble his lordship, and all his honourable assistants of scavingers to sweep it clean.

Gov. It's full of vices, and great ones too.

Thar. And thou none of the meanest.

Gov. But I'll turn all topsy-turvy; and set up a new discipline amongst you. I'll cut off all perish'd members.

Thar. That's the surgeon's office.

Gov. Cast out these rotten stinking carcases for infecting the whole city.

Arg. Rotten they may be; but their wenches use to pepper

pepper them, and their ſurgeons to parboil them; and that preſerves them from ſtinking, an't pleaſe your honour.

Gov. Peace, ſirrah, peace; and yet 'tis well ſaid too. A good pregnant fellow, 'faith. But to proceed; I will ſpew drunkenneſs out o'th' city——

Thar. Into th' country.

Gov. Shifters ſhall cheat and ſtarve; and no man ſhall do good but where there is no need. Braggarts ſhall live at the head; and the tumult that haunt taverns. Aſſes ſhall bear good qualities, and wiſe men ſhall uſe them. I will whip letchery out o'th' city, there ſhall be no more cuckolds. They that heretofore were arrant cornutos, ſhall now be honeſt ſhop-keepers, and juſtice ſhall take place. I will hunt jealouſy out of my dominion.

Thar. Do you hear, brother?

Gov. It ſhall be the only note of love to the huſband, to love the wife: and none ſhall be more kindly welcome to him than he that cuckolds him.

Thar. Believe it, a wholſome reformation!

Gov. I'll have no more beggers. Fools ſhall have wealth, and the learned ſhall live by his wits. I'll have no more bankrupts. They that owe money ſhall pay it at their beſt leiſure: and the reſt ſhall make a virtue of impriſonment; and their wives ſhall help to pay their debts. I'll have all young widows ſpaded for marrying again. For the old and wither'd, they ſhall be confiſcated to unthrifty gallants and decay'd knights. If they be poor, they ſhall be burnt to make ſoap-aſhes, or given to ſurgeons-hall, to be ſtamp'd to ſalve for the French meaſels. To conclude, I will cart pride out o'th' town.

Arg. An't pleaſe your honour, pride, an't be ne'er ſo beggarly, will look for a coach.

Gov. Well ſaid, o' my honour. A good ſignificant fellow, 'faith: what is he? he talks much: does he follow your ladyſhip?

Arg. No, an't pleaſe your honour, I go before her.

Gov. A good undertaking preſence; a well-promiſing forehead, your gentleman-uſher, madam?

Eud. Yours if you pleaſe, my lord.

Gov. Born i'th' city?

Arg.

Arg. Ay, an't pleaſe your honour; but begot i'th' court.

Gov. Treſſel-legg'd?

Arg. Ay, an't pleaſe your honour.

Gov. The better; it bears a breadth; makes room o' both ſides. Might I not ſee his pace?

Arg. Yes, an't pleaſe your honour. [*Argus ſtalks.*

Gov. 'Tis well, 'tis very well. Give me thy hand: madam, I will accept this property at your hand, and will wear it thread-bare for your ſake. Fall in there, ſirrah. And for the matter of Lycus, madam, I muſt tell you, you are ſhallow: there's a ſtate-point in't: hark you; the viceroy has given him, and we muſt uphold correſpondence. He muſt walk; ſay one man goes wrongfully out o'th' world, there are hundreds to one come wrongfully into the world.

Eud. Your lordſhip will give me but a word in private.

Thar. Come, brother; we know you well: what means this habit? why ſtaid you not at Dipolis as you reſolv'd, to take advertiſement for us of your wife's bearing?

Lyſ. O brother, this jealous frenſy has born me headlong to ruin.

Thar. Go to; be comforted; uncaſe yourſelf; and diſcharge your friend.

Gov. Is that Lyſander, ſay you? and is all his ſtory true?

By'r lady, madam, that jealouſy will coſt him dear: he undertook the perſon of a ſoldier; and as a ſoldier muſt have juſtice. Madam, his altitude in this caſe cannot diſpenſe. Lycus, this ſoldier hath acquitted you.

Thar. And that acquittal I'll for him requite; the body loſt, is by this time reſtor'd to his place.

Sol. It is, my lord.

Thar. Theſe are ſtate-points, in which your lordſhip's time has not yet train'd your lordſhip; pleaſe your lordſhip to grace a nuptial we have now in hand

Hylus and Laodice ſtand together.

'Twixt this young lady and this gentleman?

You

Your lordſhip there ſhall hear the ample ſtory.
And how the aſs wrapt in a lyon's ſkin
Fearfully roar'd; but his large ears appear'd,
And made him laugh'd at, that before was fear'd.

Gov. I'll go with you. For my part, I am at an non-plus.

[*Eudora whiſpers with Cynthia.*

Thar. Come, brother, thank the counteſs: ſhe hath ſweat to make your peace. Siſter, give me your hand.
So, brother, let your lips compound the ſtrife,
And think you have the only conſtant wife.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

THE Revenger's Tragedy.

BY

Mr. *CYRIL TURNEUR.*

ALL that I can learn of this Author is, that he liv'd in the Reign of James *the Firſt, and wrote another Play call'd the* Atheiſt's Tragedy. *Mr.* Winſtanly *quotes a Diſtich from ſome of his Cotemporaries, in Relation to our Author, which teſtifies that*

His Fame unto that Pitch was only rais'd,
As not to be deſpis'd, nor over-prais'd.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE.
Dutcheſs.
Vindici. } Brothers to *Caſtiza.*
Hippolito. }
Luſurioſo, the *Dutcheſs*'s ſon.
Spurio, a baſtard.
Ambitioſo, } the *Dutcheſs*'s ſons.
Supervacua, }
Antonio.
Dondolo.
Caſtiza.

THE

THE

Revenger's Tragedy.

Act. I. Scen. 1.

Enter Vindici. The Duke, Dutcheſs, Luſurioſo her ſon, Spurio the baſtard, with a train, paſs over the ſtage with torch-light.

Vin. DUKE! royal letcher! go, grey-hair'd adultery!
And thou his ſon, as impious ſteep'd as he:
And thou his baſtard, true begot in evil:
And thou his dutcheſs, that will do with devil:
Four exc'llent characters.---O that marrowleſs age
Should ſtuff the hollow bones with damn'd deſires!
And, 'ſtead of heat, kindle infernal fires

Within

Within the ſpend-thrift veins of a dry duke,
A parch'd and juiceleſs luxur. O God! one
That has ſcarce blood enough to live upon;
And he to riot it, like a ſon and heir!
O, the thought of that
Turns my abuſed heart-ſtrings into fret.
Thou ſallow picture of my poiſon'd love,
My ſtudy's ornament, thou ſhell of death,
Once the bright face of my betrothed lady,
When life and beauty naturally fill'd out
Theſe ragged imperfections;
When two heaven-pointed diamonds were ſet
In thoſe unſightly rings,——then 'twas a face
So far beyond the artificial ſhine
Of any woman's bought complexion,
That the uprighteſt man, (if ſuch there be,
That ſin but ſeven times a day) broke cuſtom,
And made up eight with looking after her.
Oh, ſhe was able to ha' made a uſurer's ſon
Melt all his patrimony in a kiſs;
And what his father fifty years told,
To have conſum'd, and yet his ſuit been cold,
But oh, accurſed palace!
Thee, when thou wert apparel'd in thy fleſh,
The old duke poiſon'd,
Becauſe thy purer part would not conſent
Unto his palſey-luſt; for old men luſtful,
Do ſhew like young men angry; eager, violent,
Out-bid like their limited performances.
O 'ware an old man hot and vicious!
"Age, as in gold, in luſt is covetous."
Vengeance, thou murder's quit-rent, and whereby
Thou ſhew'ſt thyſelf tennant to tragedy;
Oh keep thy day, hour, minute, I beſeech,
For thoſe thou haſt determin'd. Hum---who e'er knew
Murder unpaid? faith, give revenge her due,
Sh'as kept touch hitherto:---be merry, merry,
Advance thee, O thou terror to fat folks!
To have their coſtly three-pil'd fleſh worn off
As bare as this---for banquets, eaſe, and laughter,

Can

Can make great men, as greatneſs goes by clay;
But wiſe men little, are more great than they.

Enter his brother Hippolito.

Hip. Still ſighing o'er death's vizard?

Vin. Brother, welcome!
What comfort bring'ſt thou? how go things at court?

Hip. In ſilk and ſilver, brother: never braver.

Vin. Puh!
Thou play'ſt upon my meaning. Pr'ythee ſay,
Has that bald madam, Opportunity,
Yet thought upon's? Speak, are we happy yet?
Thy wrongs and mine are for one ſcabbard fit.

Hip. It may prove happineſs.

Vin. What is't may prove?
Give me to taſte.

Hip. Give me your hearing then.
You know my place at court?

Vin. Ay, the duke's chamber:
But 'tis a marvail thou'rt not turn'd out yet!

Hip. Faith, I have been ſhov'd at; but 'twas ſtill my hap,
To hold by th' dutcheſs' ſkirt: you gueſs at that;
Whom ſuch a coat keeps up, can ne'er fall flat.
But to the purpoſe:
Laſt evening, predeceſſor unto this,
The duke's ſon warily enquir'd for me,
Whoſe pleaſure I attended: he began
By policy to open and unhuſk me,
About the time and common rumour:
But I had ſo much wit to keep my thoughts
Up in their built houſes; yet afforded him
An idle ſatisfaction without danger.
But the whole aim and ſcope of his intent,
Ended in this; conjuring me in private
To ſeek ſome ſtrange digeſted fellow forth,
Of ill-contented nature, either diſgrac'd
In former times, or by new grooms diſplac'd,
Since his ſtep-mother's nuptials; ſuch a blood,
A man that were for evil only good;
To give you the true word, ſome baſe-coin'd pander.

Vin.

Vin. I reach you; for I know his heat is ſuch,
Were there as many concubines as ladies,
He would not be contain'd; he muſt fly out.
I wonder how ill-featur'd, vile-proportion'd,
That one ſhould be, if ſhe were made for woman,
Whom, at the inſurrection of his luſt,
He would refuſe for once. Heart, I think none:
Next to a ſkull, tho' more unſound than one,
Each face he meets he ſtrongly doats upon.
Hip. Brother, y'ave truly ſpoke him.
He knows not you, but I'll ſwear you know him.
Vin. And therefore I'll put on that knave for once,
And be a right man then, a man o'th' time;
For to be honeſt is not to be o'th' world.
Brother, I'll be that ſtrange-compoſed fellow.
Hip. And I'll prefer you, brother.
Vin. Go to, then:
The ſmall'ſt advantage fattens wronged men:
It may point out occaſion; if I meet her,
I'll hold her by the fore-top faſt enough;
Or, like the French Moale, heave up hair and all.
I have a habit that will fit it quaintly.
Here comes our mother.
Hip. And ſiſter.
Vin. We muſt cöin:
Women are apt, you know, to take falſe money;
But I dare ſtake my ſoul for theſe two creatures,
Only excuſe excepted, that they'll ſwallow,
Becauſe their ſex is eaſy in belief.

Enter Mother and Caſtiza.

Moth. What news from court, ſon Carlo?
Hip. Faith, mother,
'Tis whiſper'd there the dutcheſs' youngeſt ſon
Has play'd a rape on lord Antonio's wife.
Moth. On that religious lady!
Caſt. Royal blood! monſter, he deſerves to die,
If Italy had no more hopes but he.
Vin. Siſter, y'ave ſentenc'd moſt direct and true,
The law's a woman, and would ſhe were you.
Mother, I muſt take leave of you.

Moth. Leave! for what?
Vin. I intend speedy travel.
Hip. That he does, madam.
Moth. Speedy indeed!
Vin. For since my worthy father's funeral,
My life's unnatural to me, e'en compell'd
As if I liv'd now, when I should be dead.
Moth. Indeed, he was a worthy gentleman,
Had his estate been fellow to his mind.
Vin. The duke did much deject him.
Moth. Much?
Vin. Too much:
And tho' disgrace oft smother'd in his spirit,
When it would mount, surely I think he died
Of discontent, the noble man's consumption.
Moth. Most sure he did.
Vin. Did he? lack!---you know all;
You were his midnight secretary.
Moth. No,
He was too wise to trust me with his thoughts.
Vin. 'Yfaith then, father, thou wast wise indeed;
"Wives are but made to go to bed and feed."
Come, mother, sister: you'll bring me onward, brother.
Hip. I will.
Vin. I'll quickly turn into another. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the old Duke, Lussuriose, his son, the Dutchess, the Bastard, the Dutchess' two sons Ambitiose, and Supervacuo, the third her youngest brought out with Officers for the rape. Two Judges.

Duke. Dutchess, it is your youngest son, we're sorry.
His violent act has e'en drawn blood of honour,
And stain'd our honours;
Thrown ink upon the forehead of our state,
Which envious spirits will dip their pens into
After our death; and blot us in our tombs,
For that which would seem treason in our lives
Is laughter when we're dead. Who dares now whisper,
That dares not then speak out, and e'en proclaim
With loud words and broad pens, our closest shame?

Jud.

Jud. Your grace hath spoke like to your five years,
Full of confirm'd gravity;—for what is it to have
A flattering false inscription on a tomb,
And in mens hearts reproach? the bowel'd corps
May be fear'd in, but (with free tongue I speak)
The faults of great men through their fear clothes break.

Duke. They do; we're sorry for't, it is our fate
To live in fear, and die to live in hate.
I leave him to your sentence, doom him, lords,
The fact is great, while I sit by and sigh.

Dutch. My gracious lord, I pray be merciful:
Although his trespass far exceed his years,
Think him to be your own, as I am yours;
Call him not son in law: the law, I fear,
Will fall too soon upon his sins and him:
Temper his fault with pity.

Luf. Good my lord,
Then 'twill not taste so bitter and unpleasant
Upon the judge's palate; for offences
Gilt o'er with mercy, show like falsest women,
Good only for their beauties, which wash'd off, no sin
is uglier.

Amb. I beseech your grace,
Be soft and mild, let not relentless law
Look with an iron forehead on our brother.

Spu. He yields small comfort yet: hope he shall die;
And if a bastard's wish might stand in force,
Would all the court were turn'd into a curse.

Dutch. No pity yet? must I rise friendless then?
A wonder in a woman! are my knees
Of such low metal, that without respect—

1st Jud. Let the offender stand forth:
'Tis the duke's pleasure, that impartial doom
Shall take full hold of his unclean attempt.
A rape! why 'tis the very core of lust,
Double adultery.

Jun. So, sir.

2d Jud. And, which was worse,
Committed on the lord Antonio's wife,
That general-loved lady. Confess, my lord,

What mov'd you to't?

Jun. Why flesh and blood, my lord;
What should move men unto a woman else?

Luf. O do not jest thy doom! trust not an ax
Or sword too far: the law is a wise serpent,
And quickly can beguile thee of thy life.
Tho' marriage only has made thee my brother,
I love thee so far, play not with thy death.

Jun. I thank you, troth; good admonitions, faith,
If I'd the grace now to make use of them.

1st Jud. That lady's name has spread such a fair wing
Over all Italy, that if our tongues
Were sparing toward the fact, judgment itself
Would be condemn'd, and suffer in men's thoughts.

Jun. Well then, 'tis done; and it would please me well,
Were it to do again: sure she's a goddess,
For I'd no power to see her, and to live.
It falls out true in this, for I must die;
Her beauty was ordain'd to be my scaffold,
And yet, methinks, I might be rather hers'd,
My fault being sport, let me but die in jest.

1st Jud. This be the sentence----

Dutch. Oh keep't upon your tongue; let it not slip,
Death too soon steals out of a lawyer's lip.
Be not so cruel-wise!

1st Jud. Your grace must pardon us;
'Tis but the justice of the law.

Dutch. The law
Is grown more subtle than a woman should be.

Spu. Now, now he dies! rid 'em away.

Dutch. O, what it is to have an old cool duke,
To be as slack in tongue as in performance!

1st Jud. Confirm'd, this be the doom irrevocable.

Dutch. Oh!

1st Jud. To-morrow early----

Dutch. Pray be a-bed, my lord.

1st Jud. Your grace much wrongs yourself.

Amb. No, 'tis that tongue,
Your too much right, does us too much wrong.

1ſt Jud. Let that offender——
Dutch. Live, and be in health.
1ſt Jud. Be on a ſcaffold——
Duke. Hold, hold, my lord.
Spu. Pox on't,
What makes my dad ſpeak now?
Duke. We will defer the judgment till next ſitting:
In the mean time, let him be kept cloſe priſoner.
Guard, bear him hence.
Amb. Brother, this makes for thee;
Fear not, we'll have a trick to ſet thee free.
Jun. Brother, I will expect it from you both; and in that hope I reſt.
Sup. Farewell, be merry. [*Exit with a guard.*
Spu. Delay'd? deferr'd! nay then, if judgment have cold blood,
Flattery and bribes will kill it.
Duke. About it, then, my lords, with your beſt powers:
More ſerious buſineſs calls upon our hours. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Dutcheſs.

Dutch. Was it ever known ſtep-dutcheſs was ſo mild
And calm as I? Some now would plot his death
With eaſy doctors, thoſe looſe-living men,
And make his wither'd grace fall to his grave,
And keep church better.
Some ſecond wife would do this, and diſpatch
Her double-loath'd lord at meat or ſleep.
Indeed, 'tis true, an old man's twice a child;
Mine cannot ſpeak; one of his ſingle words
Would quite have freed my youngeſt deareſt ſon
From death or durance, and have made him walk
With a bold foot upon the thorny law,
Whoſe prickles ſhould bow under him; but 'tis not,
And therefore wedlock-faith ſhall be forgot:
I'll kill him in his forehead; hate there feed;
That wound is deepeſt, tho' it never bleed.
And here comes he, whom my heart points unto,
His baſtard ſon, but my love's true begot;
Many a wealthy letter have I ſent him,

Swell'd up with jewels, and the timorous man
Is yet but coldly kind.
That jewel's mine that quivers in his ear,
Mocking his master's chiness and vain fear.
H'as spy'd me now.

Enter Spurio.

Spu. Madam, your grace so private?
My duty on your hand.

Dutch. Upon my hand, sir? troth, I think you'd fear
To kiss my hand too, if my lip stood there.

Spu. Witness I would not, madam.

Dutch. 'Tis a wonder,
For ceremony has made many fools!
It is as easy way unto a dutchess,
As to a hatted dame, if her love answer;
But that by timorous honours, pale respects,
Idle degrees of fear, men make their ways
Hard of themselves—What have you thought of me?

Spu. Madam, I ever think of you in duty,
Regard, and——

Dutch. Puh! upon my love I mean.

Spu. I would 'twere love; but 'tis a fouler name
Than lust: you are my father's wife—your grace may guess now
What I could call it.

Dutch. Why, th'art his son but lately;
'Tis a hard question whether he begot thee.

Spu. 'Ifaith, 'tis true: I'm an uncertain man,
Of more uncertain woman. May be his groom o'th' stable begot me; you know I know not; he could ride a horse well, a shrewd suspicion, marry!—he was wond'rous tall: he had his length, i'faith, for peeping over half-shut holy-day windows, men would define him right, when he was a-foot.
He made a goodly show under a pent-house;
And, when he rid, his hat would check the signs, and clatter
Barbers basons.

Dutch. Nay, let you a horse-back once,

You'll

You'll ne'er light off.

Spu. Indeed, I am a begger.

Dutch. That's more the ſign thou'rt great, but to our love:
Let it ſtand firm both in thy thought and mind,
That the duke was thy father, as no doubt
He bid fair for't, thy injury is the more;
For had he cut thee a right diamond,
Thou had'ſt been next ſet in the dukedom's ring,
When his worn ſelf, like age's eaſy ſlave,
Had dropt out of the collet into th' grave.
What wrong can equal this? Canſt thou be tame,
And think upon't?

Spu. No; mad, and think upon't.

Dutch. Who would not be reveng'd of ſuch a father,
E'en in the worſt way? I would thank that ſin
That could moſt injure him, and be in league with it.
Oh, what a grief 'tis, that a man ſhould live
But once i'th' world, and then to live a baſtard!
The curſe o'the womb, the theft of nature,
Begot againſt the ſeventh commandment,
Half damn'd in the conception, by the juſtice
Of that unbribed everlaſting law.

Spu. Oh, I'd a hot-back'd devil to my father.

Dutch. Would not this mad e'en patience, make blood rough?
Who but an eunuch would not ſin his bed,
By one falſe minute, diſinherited.

Spu. Ay, there's the vengeance that my birth was wrapt in!
I'll be reveng'd for all: now hate begin,
I'll call foul inceſt but a venial ſin.

Dutch. Cold ſtill! in vain then muſt a dutcheſs woo?

Spu. Madam, I bluſh to ſay what I will do.

Dutch. Thence flew ſweet comfort. Earneſt, and farewell.

Spu. Oh, one inceſtuous kiſs picks open hell.

Dutch. Faith now, old duke, my vengeance ſhall reach high,
I'll arm thy brow with woman's heraldry. [*Exit.*

Spu. Duke, thou didſt do me wrong; and, by my act,
Adultery is my nature.
Faith, if the truth were known, I was begot
After ſome gluttonous dinner, ſome ſtirring diſh
Was my firſt father, when deep healths went round,
And ladies cheeks were painted red with wine,
Their tongues, as ſhort and nimble as their heels,
Uttering words ſweet and thick; and when they roſe,
Were merrily diſpos'd to fall again.
In ſuch a whiſp'ring and withdrawing hour,
When baſe male-bawds kept centinel at ſtair-head,
Was I ſtol'n ſoftly: oh—damnation meet,
The ſin of feaſts, drunken adultery,
I feel it ſwell me; my revenge is juſt!
I was begot in impudent wine and luſt.
Step-mother, I conſent to thy deſires;
I love thy miſchief well, but I hate thee,
And thoſe three cubs thy ſons, wiſhing confuſion,
Death, and diſgrace, may be their epitaphs.
As for my brother, the duke's only ſon,
Whoſe birth is more beholden to report
Than mine, and yet perhaps as falſly ſown,
(Women muſt not be truſted with their own)
I'll looſe my days upon him, hate all; I,
Duke, on thy brow I'll draw my baſtardy:
For, indeed, a baſtard by nature ſhould make cuckolds,
Becauſe he is the ſon of a cuckold-maker. [*Exit.*

Enter Vindici and Hippolito. Vindici in diſguiſe, to attend L. Luſſurioſo, the duke's ſon.

Vin. What, brother, am I far enough from myſelf?

Hip. As if another man had been ſent whole
Into the world, and none wiſt how he came.

Vin. It will confirm me bold, the child o'th' court;
Let bluſhes dwell i'th' country. Impudence!
Thou goddeſs of the palace, miſtreſs of miſtreſſes,
To whom the coſtly perfum'd people pray,
Strike thou my forehead into dauntleſs marble,
Mine eyes to ſteady ſaphires. Turn my viſage;

And,

And, if I muſt needs glow, let me bluſh inward,
That this immodeſt ſeaſon may not ſpy
That ſcholar in my cheeks, fool bathfulneſs;
That maid in the old time, whoſe fluſh of grace
Would never ſuffer her to get good cloaths.
Our maids are wiſer, and are leſs aſham'd;
Save Grace the bawd, I ſeldom hear grace nam'd!

Hip. Nay, brother, you reach out o'th' verge now—
'Sfoot, the duke's ſon! ſettle your looks.

Vin. Pray, let me not be doubted.

Hip. My lord—— [*Enter Luſt.*

Luſ. Hippolito!—be abſent, leave us.

Hip. My lord, after long ſearch, wary inquiries,
And politick ſiftings, I made choice of yon fellow,
Whom I gueſs rare for many deep employments:
This our age ſwims within him; and if Time
Had ſo much hair, I ſhould take him for Time,
He is ſo near kin to this preſent minute.

Luſ. 'Tis enough;
We thank thee: yet words are but great men's blanks;
Gold, tho' it be dumb, does utter the beſt thanks.

Hip. Your plenteous honour—An excellent fellow, my lord.

Luſ. So, give us leave—welcome, be not far off; we muſt be better acquainted: piſh, be bold with us—thy hand.

Vin. With all my heart, i'faith: how doſt, ſweet muſk-cat?
When ſhall we lie together?

Luſ. Wond'rous knave!
Gather him into boldneſs! 'ſfoot, the ſlave's
Already as familiar as an ague,
And ſhakes me at his pleaſure.—Friend, I can
Forget myſelf in private; but elſewhere,
I pray do you remember me.

Vin. Oh! very well, ſir—I conſtrue myſelf ſaucy.

Luſ. What haſt been?
Of what profeſſion?

Vin. A bone-ſetter.

Luſ. A bone-ſetter!

Vin. A bawd, my lord,
One that sets bones together.

Luf. Notable blossom!
Fit, fit for me; e'en train'd up to my hand;
Thou hast been scrivener to much knavery then?

Vin. Fool to abundance, sir: I have been witness
To the surrenders of a thousand virgins;
And not so little.
I have seen patrimonies cash'd a-pieces,
Fruit-fields turn'd into bastards,
And in a world of acres,
Not so much dust due to the heir 'twas left to,
As would well gravel a petition.

Luf. Fine villain! troth I like him wondrously:
He's e'en shap'd for my purpose.—Then thou know'st
I'th' world strange lust?

Vin. O Dutch lust! fulsome lust!
Drunken procreation! which begets so many drunkards!
Some fathers dread not (gone to bed in wine) to slide from the mother,
And cling the daughter-in-law;
Some uncles are adulterous with their nieces;
Brothers with brothers wives. O hour of incest!
Any kin now, next to the rim o'th' fister,
Is man's meat in these days; and in the morning,
When they are up and dress'd, and their maskes on,
Who can perceive this, save that eternal eye
That sees thro' flesh and all? Well, if any thing be damn'd,
It will be twelve o'clock at night; that twelve
Will never 'scape;
It is the Judas of the hours, wherein
Honest salvation is betray'd to sin.

Luf. In troth, it is true: but let this talk glide.
It is our blood to err, tho' hell gapes wide.
Ladies know Lucifer fell, yet still are proud.
Now, sir, wert thou as secret as thou'rt subtle,
And deeply fathom'd into all estates,
I would embrace thee for a near employment;
And thou shouldst swell in money, and be able

To

To make lame beggers crouch to thee.

Vin. My lord,
Secret! I ne'er had that disease o'th' mother,
I praise my father: why are men made close,
But to keep thoughts in best? I grant you this,
Tell but some woman a secret over night,
Your doctor may find it in the urinal i'th' morning.
But, my lord—

Luf. So, thou'rt confirm'd in me,
And thus I enter thee.

Vin. This Indian devil
Will quickly enter any man, but a usurer;
He prevents that, by entering the devil first.

Luf. Attend me. I am past my depth in lust,
And I must swim or drown. All my desires
Are level'd at a virgin not far from court,
To whom I have convey'd by messenger
Many wax'd lines, full of my neatest spirit,
And jewels, that were able to ravish her
Without the help of man; all which and more
She, foolish chaste, sent back; the messengers
Receiving frowns for answers.

Vin. Possible!
'Tis a rare Phœnix, who e'er she be.
If your desires be such, she so repugnant,
In troth, my lord, I'd be reveng'd and marry her.

Luf. Pish! the dowry of her blood, and of her fortunes,
Are both too mean—good enough to be bad withal.
I'm one of that number can defend
Marriage is good; yet rather keep a friend.
Give me my bed by stealth—there's true delight;
What breeds a loathing in't, but night by night?

Vin. A very fine religion!

Luf. Therefore, thus
I'll trust thee in the business of my heart;
Because I see thee well experienc'd
In this luxurious day wherein we breathe:
Go thou, and with a smooth inchanting tongue,
Bewitch her ears, and coxen her of all grace:

Enter upon the portion of her soul,
Her honour, which she calls her chastity,
And bring it into expenses for himself;
Is like a stock of money laid to sleep,
Which ne'er so little broke, does never keep.

Vin. You have gi'n't the tang, i'faith, my lord;
Make known the lady to me, and my brain
Shall swell with strange invention: I will moove it,
Till I expire with speaking, and drop down
Without a word to save me—but I'll work——

Lus. We thank thee, and will raise thee—Receive her name; it is the only daughter to madam Gratiana, the late widow.

Vin. Oh, my sister, my sister!—

Lus. Why doth walk aside?

Vin. My lord, I was thinking how I might begin:
As thus, oh lady—or twenty hundred devices;
Her very bodkin will put a man in.

Lus. Ay, or the wagging of her hair.

Vin. No, that shall put you in, my lord.

Lus. Shall't? why, content—Do'st know the daughter, then?

Vin. O excellent well, by sight.

Lus. That was her brother
That did prefer thee to us.

Vin. My lord, I think so;
I knew I had seen him somewhere—

Lus. And therefore, pr'ythee, let thy heart to him
Be as a virgin, close.

Vin. Oh, my good lord.

Lus. We may laugh at that simple age within him.

Vin. Ha, ha, ha!

Lus. Himself being made the subtle instrument
To wind up a good fellow.

Vin. That's I, my lord.

Lus. That's thou,
To entice and work his sister.

Vin. A pure novice!

Lus. 'Twas finely manag'd.

Vin. Gallantly carried!

A pretty perfum'd villain!

Luſ. I've bethought me,
If ſhe prove chaſte ſtill, and immoveable,
Venture upon the mother, and with gifts,
As I will furniſh thee, begin with her.

Vin. Oh, fie, fie, that's the wrong end, my lord. 'Tis meer impoſſible, that a mother, by any gifts, ſhould become a bawd to her own daughter!

Luſ. Nay, then, I ſee thou'rt but a puny in the ſubtile myſtery of a woman.—Why 'tis held now no dainty diſh: the name
Is ſo in league with age, that now a-days
It does eclipſe three quarters of a mother.

Vin. Does it ſo, my lord?
Let me alone, then, to eclipſe the fourth.

Luſ. Why, well ſaid—come, I'll furniſh thee; but firſt Swear to be true in all.

Vin. True!

Luſ. Nay, but ſwear.

Vin. Sweat!—I hope your honour little doubts my faith.

Luſ. Yet, for my humour's ſake, 'cauſe I love ſwearing.

Vin. 'Cauſe you love ſwearing, 'ſlud, I will.

Luſ. Why enough!
E'er long look to be made of better ſtuff.

Vin. That will do well indeed, my lord.

Luſ. Attend me.

Vin. Oh!
Now let me burſt. I've eaten noble poiſon;
We are made ſtrange fellows, brother, innocent villains!
Wilt not be angry when thou hear'ſt on't, think'ſt thou?
I'faith thou ſhalt: ſwear me to foul my ſiſter!
Sword, I darſt make a promiſe of him to thee!
Thou ſhalt diſheir him; it ſhall be thine honour.
And yet, now angry froth is down in me,
It would not prove the meaneſt policy,
In this diſguiſe, to try the faith of both.
Another might have had the ſelf-ſame office;
Some ſlave, that would have wrought effectually,
Ay, and perhaps o'er-wrought 'em; therefore I,

Being thought travel'd, will apply myself
Unto the self-same form, forget my nature,
As if no part about me were kin to 'em,
So touch 'em,—tho' I durst almost for good,
Venture my lands in heaven upon their blood. [*Exit.*

Enter the discontented lord Antonio, whose wife the dutchess's youngest son ravish'd; he discovering the body of her dead to certain lords, and Hippolito.

Ant. Draw nearer, lords, and be fed witnesses.
Of a fair comely building newly fall'n,
Being falsely undermin'd. Violent rape
Has play'd a glorious act: behold, my lords,
A sight that strikes man out of me.
Piero. That virtuous lady!
Ant. Precedent for wives!
Hip. The blush of many women, whose chaste presence
Would e'en call shame up to their cheeks,
And make pale wanton sinners have good colours.
Ant. Dead!
Her honour first drank poison, and her life,
Being fellows in one house, did pledge her honour.
Pier. O grief of many!
Ant. I mark'd not this before:
A prayer-book, the pillow to her cheek:
This was her rich confection; and another
Plac'd in her right hand, with a leaf tuck'd up,
Pointing to these words;
Melius virtute mori, quam per dedecus vivere:
True, and effectual it is indeed.
Hip. My lord, since you invite us to your sorrows,
Let's truly taste 'em, that with equal comfort,
As to ourselves, we may relieve your wrongs.
We have grief too, that yet walks without tongue;
Curæ leves loquuntur, majores stupent.
Ant. You deal with truth, my lord.
Lend me but your attentions, and I'll cut
Long grief into short words. Last revelling night,
When torch-light made an artificial noon,

About

About the court, some courtiers in the mask,
Putting on better faces than their own,
Being full of fraud and flattery; amongst whom
The dutchess youngest son (that moth to honour)
Fill'd up a room, and with long lust to eat
Into my wearing, amongst all the ladies
Singled out that dear form, who ever liv'd
As cold in lust as she is now in death,
(Which that step-dutchess monster knew too well;)
And therefore, in the height of all the revels,
When musick was heard loudest, courtiers busiest,
And ladies great with laughter—O vicious minute!
Unfit but for relation to be spoke of:
Then, with face more impudent than his vizard,
He hurry'd her amidst a throng of panders,
That live upon damnation of both kinds,
And fed the ravenous vulture of his lust.
(O death to think on't!) she, her honour forc'd,
Deem'd it a nobler dowry for her name,
To die with poison, than to live with shame.

Hip. A wond'rous lady! of rare fire compact;
Sh'as made her name an empress by that act.

Pier. My lord, what judgment follows the offender?

Ant. Faith none, my lord, it cools, and is defer'd,

Pier. Delay the doom for rape!

Ant. O, you must note who 'tis should die,
The dutchess' son; she'll look to be a saver;
"Judgment, in this age, is near kin to favour."

Hip. Nay, then, step forth thou bribeless officer:
I'll bind you all in steel, to bind you surely;
Here let your oaths meet, to be kept and paid,
Which else will stick like rust, and shame the blade;
Strengthen my vow, that if, at the next sitting,
Judgment speak all in gold, and spare the blood
Of such a serpent, e'en before their seats
To let his soul out, which long since was found
Guilty in heaven.

All. We swear it, and will act it.

Ant. Kind gentlemen, I thank you in mine ire.

Hip. 'Twere pity

The ruins of ſo fair a monument
Should not be dipt in the defacer's blood.
Pier. Her funeral ſhall be wealthy; for her name
Merits a tomb of pearl. My lord Antonio,
For this time wipe your lady from your eyes;
No doubt our grief and yours may one day court it,
When we are more familiar with revenge.
Ant. That is my comfort, gentlemen, and I joy
In this one happineſs above the reſt,
Which will be call'd a miracle at laſt,
That, being an old man, I'd a wife ſo chaſte. [*Exeunt.*

Act. II. Scen. I.

Enter Caſtiza the ſiſter.

Caſt. HOW hardly ſhall that maiden be beſet,
Whoſe only fortunes are her conſtant thoughts!
That has no other child's part but her honour,
That keeps her low and empty in eſtate!
Maids and their honours are like poor beginners;
Were not ſin rich, there would be fewer ſinners:
Why had not virtue a revenue? Well,
I know the cauſe, 'twould have impoveriſh'd hell.

Enter Dondolo.

How now, Dondolo?

Don. Madona, there is one, as they ſay, a thing of fleſh and blood, a man I take him by his beard, that would very deſirouſly mouth to mouth with you.

Caſt. What's that?

Don. Show his teeth in your company.

Caſt. I underſtand thee not.

Don. Why ſpeak with you, madona.

Caſt. Why, ſay ſo, madman, and cut off a great deal of dirty way: had it not been better ſpoke in ordinary words, that one would ſpeak with me?

Don.

Dem. Ha, ha, that's as ordinary as two ſhillings. I would ſtrive a little to ſhow myſelf in my place; a gentleman-uſher ſcorns to uſe the phraſe and fancy of a ſerving-man.

Caſt. Yours be your own, ſir; go, direct him hither; I hope ſome happy tidings from my brother, That lately travell'd, whom my ſoul affects. Here he comes.

Enter Vindice her brother, diſguiſed.

Vin. Lady, the beſt of wiſhes to your ſex. Fair ſkins and new gowns.

Caſt. Oh they ſhall thank you, ſir. Whence this?

Vin. Oh, from a dear and worthy friend.

Caſt. From whom?

Vin. The duke's ſon!

Caſt. Receive that. [*A box o'the ear to her brother.*
I ſwore I'd put anger in my hand,
And paſs the virgin limits of my ſelf,
To him that next appear'd in that baſe office,
To be his ſin's attorney. Bear to him
That figure of my hate upon thy cheek
Whilſt 'tis yet hot, and I'll reward thee for't;
Tell him, my honour ſhall have a rich name,
When ſeveral harlots ſhall ſhare his with ſhame.
Farewel; commend me to him in my hate. [*Exit.*

Vin. It is the ſweeteſt box,
That e'er my noſe came nigh;
The fineſt draw-work cuff that e'er was worn;
I'll love this blow for ever, and this cheek
Shall ſtill hence-forward take the wall of this.
Oh, I'm above my tongue: moſt conſtant ſiſter,
In this thou haſt right honourable ſhown;
Many are call'd by their honour, that have none;
Thou art approv'd for ever in my thoughts.
It is not in the power of words to taint thee.
And yet for the ſalvation of my oath,
As my reſolve in that point, I will lay
Hard ſiege unto my mother, tho' I know,
A Siren's tongue could not bewitch her ſo.

Maſs,

Mass, fitly here she comes! thanks, my disguise—
Madam, good afternoon.

Moth. Y'are welcome, sir.

Vin. The next of Italy commends him to you,
Our mighty expectation, the duke's son.

Moth. I think myself much honour'd, that he pleases
To rank me in his thoughts.

Vin. So may you, lady:
One that is like to be our suddain duke;
The crown gapes for him every tide, and then
Commander o'er us all, do but think on him,
How blest were they now that could pleasure him,
E'en with any thing almost!

Moth. Ay, save their honour.

Vin. Tut, one would let a little of that go too,
And ne'er be seen in't: n'er be seen in't, mark you,
I'd wink and let it go——

Moth. Marry but I would not.

Vin. Marry but I would, I hope; I know you would too,
If you'd that blood now which you gave your daughter.
To her indeed 'tis, this wheel comes about;
That man that must be all this, perhaps e'er morning,
(For his white father do's but mould away)
Has long desir'd your daughter.

Moth. Desir'd?

Vin. Nay, but hear me,
He desires now, that will command hereafter:
Therefore be wise, I speak as more a friend
To you than him; madam, I know you're poor,
And (lack the day!) there are too many poor ladies already;
Why should you wax the number? 'tis despis'd.
Live wealthy, rightly understand the world,
And chide away that foolish country girl
Keeps company with your daughter, chastity.

Moth. O fie, fie! the riches of the world cannot hire a mother to such a most unnatural talk.

Vin. No, but a thousand angels can;
Men have no power, angels must work you to't:

The world descends into such base-born evils,
That forty angels can make fourscore devils.
There will be fools still I perceive still fool?
Would I be poor, dejected, scorn'd of greatness,
Swept from the palace, and see others daughters
Spring with the dew o'the court, having mine own
So much desir'd and lov'd by the duke's son?
No, I would raise my state upon her breast;
And call her eyes my tenants; I would count
My yearly maintenance upon her cheeks;
Take coach upon her lip; and all her parts
Should keep men after men, and I would ride
In pleasure upon pleasure.
You took great pains for her, once when it was,
Let her requite it now, tho' it be but some;
You brought her forth, she may well bring you home.
Moth. O heavens! this o'ercomes me! [*Aside.*
Vin. Not I hope already!
Moth. It is too strong for me; men know that know us, [*Aside.*
We are so weak their words can overthrow us.
He touch'd me nearly, made my virtues base,
When his tongue struck upon my poor estate.
Vin. I e'en quake to proceed, my spirit turns edge,
I fear me she's unmother'd, yet I'll venture.
" That woman is all male, whom none can enter. [*Aside.*
What think you now, lady? speak, are you wiser?
What said advancement to you? thus it said;
The daughter's fall lifts up the mother's head:
Did it not read so? but I'll swear it does
In many places: tut, this age fears no man,
" 'Tis no shame to be bad, because 'tis common.
Moth. Ay, that's the comfort on't.
Vin. The comfort on't!
I keep the best for last, can these persuade you
To forget heaven and
Moth. Ay, these are they
Vin. Oh!
Moth. That enchant our sex;

These are the means that govern our affections.—that woman
Will not be troubled with the mother long,
That sees the comfortable shine of you:
I blush to think what for your sakes I'll do.
Vin. O suffering heaven! with thy invisible finger,
E'en at this instant turn the precious side
Of both mine eye-balls inward, not to see myself. [*Aside.*
Moth. Look you, sir.
Vin. Hollo.
Moth. Let this thank your pains.
Vin. O you're a kind madam.
Moth. I'll see how I can move.
Vin. Your words will sting.
Moth. If she be still chaste, I'll ne'er call her mine.
Vin. Spoke truer than you meant it.
Moth. Daughter Castiza.
Cast. Madam.
Vin. O, she's yonder,
Meet her: troops of celestial soldiers guard her heart.
Yon dam has devils enough to take her part.
Cast. Madam, what makes yon evil-offic'd man
In presence of you?
Moth. Why?
Cast. He lately brought
Immodest writing sent from the duke's son,
To tempt me to dishonourable act.
Moth. Dishonourable act?—good honourable fool,
That would'st be honest, cause thou would'st be so,
Producing no one reason but thy will.
And 't has a good report, prettily commended,
But pray by whom? poor people; ignorant people.
The better sort, I'm sure, cannot abide it.
And by what rule should we square out our lives
But by our betters actions? oh, if thou knew'st
What t'were to lose it, thou would never keep it!
But there's a cold curse laid upon all maids,
Whilst others clip the sun, they clasp the shades.
Virginity is paradise lock'd up.
You cannot come by yourselves without fee;

And

And 'twas decreed, that man ſhould keep the key!
Deny advancement! treaſure! the duke's ſon!

Caſt. I cry you mercy! lady, I miſtook you,
Pray did you ſee my mother, which way went you?
Pray God I have not loſt her.

Vin. Prettily put by!

Moth. Are you as proud to me, as coy to him?
Do you not know me now?

Caſt. Why, are you ſhe?
The world's ſo chang'd, one ſhape into another,
It is a wiſe child now that knows her mother.

Vin. Moſt right, i'faith.

Moth. I owe your cheek my hand
For that preſumption now, but I'll forget it;
Come, you ſhall leave thoſe childiſh haviours,
And underſtand your time. Fortunes flow to you,
What will you be a girl?
If all fear'd drowning that ſpy waves aſhore,
Gold would grow rich, and all the merchants poor.

Caſt. It is a pretty ſaying of a wicked one, but me-thinks now
It does not ſhow ſo well out of your mouth,
Better in his.

Vin. Faith, bad enough in both,
Were I in earneſt, as I'll ſeem no leſs. [*Aſide.*
I wonder, lady, your own mother's words,
Cannot be taken, nor ſtand in full force.
'Tis honeſty you urge; what's honeſty?
'Tis but heaven's begger; and what woman is ſo fooliſh to keep honeſty,
And be not able to keep herſelf? no,
Times are grown wiſer, and will keep leſs charge.
A maid that has ſmall portion now intends
To break up houſe, and live upon her friends;
How bleſt are you! you have happineſs alone;
Others muſt fall to thouſands, you to one,
Sufficient in himſelf to make your forehead
Dazle the world with jewels; and petitionary people
Start at your preſence.

Moth. Oh, if I were young, I ſhould be ravish'd.

Caſt.

Caſt. Ay, to loſe your honour!

Vin. 'Slid, how can you loſe your honour,
To deal with my lord's grace?
He'll add more honour to it by his title;
Your mother will tell you how.

Moth. That I will.

Vin. O think upon the pleaſure of the palace!
Secur'd eaſe and ſtate! the ſtirring meats,
Ready to move out of the diſhes, that e'en now quicken when they're eaten!
Banquets abroad by torch-light! muſick! ſports!
Bare-headed vaſſals, that had ne'er the fortune
To keep on their own hats, but let horns wear 'em!
Nine coaches waiting—hurry, hurry, hurry—

Caſt. Ay, to the devil.

Vin. Ay, to the devil! to th' duke, by my faith.

Moth. Ay, to the duke: daughter, you'd ſcorn to think o'the devil, and you were there once.

Vin. True, for moſt there are as proud as he for his heart, i'faith. [*Aſide.*
Who'd ſit at home in a neglected room,
Dealing her ſhort-liv'd beauty to the pictures,
That are as uſeleſs as old men, when thoſe
Poorer in face and fortune than herſelf,
Walk with a hundred acres on their backs,
Fair meadows cut into green fore-parts?—oh!
It was the greateſt bleſſing ever happen'd to woman,
When farmers ſons agreed, and met again,
To waſh their hands, and come up gentlemen!
The common-wealth has flouriſh'd ever ſince:
Lands that were mete by the rod, that labour's ſpar'd,
Taylors ride down, and meaſure 'em by the yard;
Fair trees, thoſe comely fore-tops of the field,
Are cut to maintain head-tires—much untold—
All thrives but chaſtity, ſhe lies a cold.
Nay, ſhall I come nearer to you? mark but this:
Why are there ſo few honeſt women, but becauſe 'tis the poorer profeſſion: that's accounted beſt, that's beſt follow'd; leaſt in trade, leaſt in faſhion; and that's not honeſty,

honesty, believe it; and do but note the love and dejected price of it:

Lose but a pearl, we search and cannot brook it;
But that once gone, who is so mad to look it?

Moth. Troth he says true.

Cast. False,—I dare you both:
I have endur'd you with an ear of fire;
Your tongues have struck hot irons on my face.
Mother, come from that poisonous woman there.

Moth. Where?

Cast. Do you not see her? she's too inward then:
Slave, perish in thy office: you heavens please,
Henceforth to make the mother a disease,
Which first begins with me, yet I've outgone you.

[*Exit.*

Vin. O angels, clap your wings upon the skies,
And give this virgin crystal plaudities!

Moth. Peevish, coy, foolish!—but return this answer,
My lord shall be most welcome, when his pleasure
Conducts him this way; I will sway mine own,
Women with women can work best alone.

[*Exit.*

Vin. Indeed I'll tell him so.
O more uncivil, more unnatural,
Than those base-titled creatures that look downward!
Why does not heaven turn black, or with a frown
Undo the world?—why does not earth start up,
And strike the sins that tread upon't?—oh,
Wer't not for gold and women, there would be no damnation.
Hell would look like a lord's great kitchen, without fire in't.
But 'tis decreed before the world began,
That they should be the hooks to catch at man.

[*Exit.*

Enter Lussurioso, with Hippolito, Vindice's brother.

Luss. I much applaud thy judgment, thou art well read in a fellow,
And 'tis the deepest art to study man.
I know this, which I never learnt in schools,
The world's divided into knaves and fools.

Hip. Knave in your face, my lord, behind your back.

[*Aside.*

Luſ. And I much thank thee, that thou haſt proffer'd,
A fellow of diſcourſe—well mingled,
And whoſe brain time hath ſeaſon'd.
Hip. True, my lord,
We ſhall find ſeaſon once, I hope—O villain!
To make ſuch an unnatural ſlave of me!—but—[*Aſide.*
Luſ. Maſs, here he comes.
Hip. And now ſhall I have free leave to depart.
Luſ. Your abſence, leave us.
Hip. Are not my thoughts true? [*Aſide.*
I muſt remove; but, brother, you may ſtay.
Heart, we are both made bawds a new-found way!
[*Exit.*
Luſ. Now we're an even number, a third man's dangerous,
Eſpecially her brother;—ſay, be free,
Have I a pleaſure toward—
Vin. Oh, my lord!
Luſ. Raviſh me in thine anſwer; art thou rare?
Haſt thou beguil'd her of ſalvation,
And rubb'd hell o'er with honey? is ſhe a woman?
Vin. In all but in deſire.
Luſ. Then ſhe's in nothing—I bate in courage now.
Vin. The words I brought,
Might well have made indifferent honeſt, naught,
A right good woman, in theſe days, is chang'd
Into white money with leſs labour far:
Many a maid has turn'd to Mahomet,
With eaſier working; I durſt undertake
Upon the pawn and forfeit of my life,
With half thoſe words to flat a Puritan's wife.
But ſhe is cloſe and good;—yet 'tis a doubt by this time,
oh the mother, the mother!
Luſ. I never thought their ſex had been a wonder,
Until this minute. What fruit from the mother?
Vin. Now muſt I bliſter my ſoul, be forſworn,
Or ſhame the woman that receiv'd me firſt.
I will be true, thou liv'ſt not to proclaim,
Spoke to a dying man, ſhame has no ſhame. [*Aſide.*
My lord.

Luſ.

Luf. Who's that?

Vin. Here's none but I, my lord.

Luf. What would thy haſte utter?

Vin. Comfort.

Luf. Welcome.

Vin. The maid being dull, having no mind to travel
Into unknown lands, what did me I ſtraight,
But ſet ſpurs to the mother; golden ſpurs,
Will put her to a falſe gallop in a trice.

Luf. Is't poſſible that in this,
The mother ſhou'd be damn'd before the daughter?

Vin. Oh, that's good manners, my lord, the mother for her age muſt go foremoſt, you know.

Luf. Thou'ſt ſpoke that true! but where comes in this comfort?

Vin. In a fine place, my lord,——the unnatural mother
Did with tongue ſo hard beſet her honour,
That the poor fool was ſtruck to ſilent wonder;
Yet ſtill the maid, like an unlighted taper,
Was cold and chaſte, ſave that her mother's breath,
Did blow fire on her cheeks: the girl departed,
But the good antient madam, half mad, threw me
Theſe promiſing words, which I took deeply note of;
My lord ſhall be moſt welcome.

Luf. Faith, I thank her.

Vin. When his pleaſure conducts him this way.

Luf. That ſhall be ſoon, i'faith.

Vin. I will ſway mine own——

Luf. She does the wiſer, I commend her for't.

Vin. Women with women can work beſt alone.

Luf. By this light, and ſo they can; give 'em their due, men are not comparable to 'em.

Vin. No that's true, for you ſhall have one woman knit more in an hour, than any man can ravel again in ſeven and twenty year.

Luf. Now my deſires are happy, I'll make 'em freemen now.
Thou art a precious fellow, faith I love thee;
Be wiſe and make it thy revenue; beg, beg;

What office could'ſt thou be ambitious for?

Vin. Office, my lord! marry if I might have my wiſh, I would have one that was never begg'd yet.

Luſ. Nay, then thou can'ſt have none.

Vin. Yes, my lord, I could pick out another office yet, nay and keep a horſe and drab upon't.

Luſ. Pr'ythee, good bluntneſs, tell me.

Vin. Why I would deſire but this, my lord, to have all the fees behind the arras; and all the farthingales that fall plump about twelve a clock at night upon the ruſhes.

Luſ. Thou'rt a mad, apprehenſive knave; doſt think to make any great purchaſe of that?

Vin. Oh 'tis an unknown thing, my lord, I wonder t'has been miſs'd ſo long.

Luſ. Well, this night I'll viſit her, and 'tis till then
A year in my deſires—farewell, attend,
Truſt me with thy preferment. [*Exit.*

Vin. My low'd lord!
Oh ſhall I kill him o'th'wrong ſide now? no!
Sword, thou was't never a back-biter yet;
I'll pierce him to his face, he ſhall die looking upon me.
Thy veins are ſwell'd with luſt, this ſhall unfill 'em.
Great men were gods, if beggers could not kill 'em.
Forgive, me heaven, to call my mother wicked!
Oh leſſen not my days upon the earth,
I cannot honour her. By this, I fear me,
Her tongue has turn'd my ſiſter into uſe.
I was a villain not to be forſworn
To this our letcherous hope, the duke's ſon;
For lawyers, merchants, ſome divines and all,
Count beneficial perjury a ſin ſmall.
It ſhall go hard yet, but I'll guard her honour,
And keep the ports ſure.

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. Brother, how goes the world? I would know news of you,
But I have news to tell you.

Vin. What, in the name of knavery?

Hip. Knavery, faith;
This vicious old duke's worthily abuſed,

The

The pen of his baſtard writes him cuckold!

Vin. His baſtard?

Hip. Pray believe it; he and the dutcheſs,
By night meet in their linen; they have been ſeen
By ſtair-foot panders.

Vin. Oh ſin foul and deep!
Great faults are wink'd at when the duke's aſleep.
See, ſee, here comes the Spurio.

Hip. Monſtrous luxur!

Vin. Unbrac'd! two of his valiant hands with him?
O there's a wicked whiſper; hell is in his ear.
Stay, let's obſerve his paſſage——

Enter Spu. and Servant.

Spu. Oh, but are you ſure on't?

Ser. My lord, moſt ſure on't; for 'twas ſpoke by one,
That is moſt inward with the duke's ſon's luſt,
That he intends within this hour to ſteal
Unto Hippolito's ſiſter, whoſe chaſte life
The mother has corrupted for his uſe.

Spu. Sweet word! ſweet occaſion! faith then, brother,
I'll diſinherit you in as ſhort time,
As I was when I was begot in haſte.
I'll damn you at your pleaſure: precious deed!
After your luſt, oh 'twill be fine to bleed.
Come, let our paſſing out be ſoft and wary. [*Exeunt.*

Vin. Mark, there, there, that ſtep; now to the dutcheſs;
This their ſecond meeting writes the duke cuckold,
With new additions, his horns newly reviv'd.
Night! thou that look'ſt like funeral heralds ſoes,
Torn down betimes i'th' morning, thou hang'ſt fitly
To grace thoſe ſins that have no grace at all.
Now 'tis full ſea a-bed over the world.
There's juggling of all ſides; ſome that were maids
Ev'n at ſun-ſet, are now perhaps i'th' noll-back.
This woman in immodeſt thin apparel,
Lets in her friend by water; here a dame,
Cunning, nails leather hinges to a door,
To avoid proclamation.
Now cuckolds are coining, mum, ſpace, ſpace, ſpace!

And careful fathers ſpin that thread i'th'night,
That does maintain them and their bawds i'th' day.
Hip. You flow well, brother.
Vin. Puh, I'm ſhallow yet;
Too ſparing and too modeſt; ſhall I tell thee?
If every trick were told that's dealt by night,
There are few here that would not bluſh outright.
Hip. I am of that belief too.
Vin. Who's this comes?
Hip. The duke's ſon up ſo late!—brother, fall back,
And you ſhall learn ſome miſchief.—My good lord!

Enter Luſ.

Luſ. Piato! why the man I wiſh'd for. Come,
I do embrace this ſeaſon for the fitteſt
To taſte of that young lady.
Vin. Heart and hell!
Hip. Damn'd villain!
Vin. I have no way now to croſs it, but to kill him.
Luſ. Come only thou and I.
Vin. My lord! my lord!
Luſ. Why doſt thou ſtart us?
Vin. I'd almoſt forgot—the baſtard!
Luſ. What of him?
Vin. This night, this hour—this minute, now,
Luſ. What? what?
Vin. Shadows the dutcheſs—
Luſ. Horrible word!
Vin. And like ſtrong poiſon, eats
Into the duke your father's forehead.
Luſ. Oh!
Vin. He makes horn royal.
Luſ. Moſt ignoble ſlave!
Vin. This is the fruit of two beds.
Luſ. I am mad.
Vin. That paſſage he trod warily.
Luſ. He did!
Vin. And hush'd his villains every ſtep he took.
Luſ. His villains? I'll confound them.
Vin. Take 'em finely, finely, now.
Luſ. The dutcheſs chamber-door ſhall not controul me.

[*Exeunt.*

Hip. Good, happy, ſwift: there's gunpowder i'th' court,
Wild-fire at midnight. In this heedleſs fury
He may ſhow violence to croſs himſelf.
I'll follow the event. [*Exit.*

Enter again.

Luſ. Where is that villain?

Vin. Softly, my lord, and you may take 'em twiſted.

Luſ. I care not how.

Vin. Oh! 'twill be glorious
To kill 'em doubled, when they're heap'd. Be ſoft, my lord.

Luſ. Away, my ſpleen is not ſo lazy: thus, and thus
I'll ſhake their eyelids ope, and with my ſword
Shut 'em again for ever.——Villain! ſtrumpet!——

Duke. You upper guard defend us.

Dutch. Treaſon! treaſon!

Duke. Oh, take me not in ſleep! I have great ſins;
I muſt have days,
Nay months, dear ſon, with penitential heaves
To lift 'em out, and not ſo die unclear.
O, thou wilt kill me both in heaven and here.

Luſſ. I am amaz'd to death.

Duke. Nay, villain, traitor,
Worſe than the fouleſt epithet; now I'll gripe thee
E'en with the nerves of wrath, and throw thy head
Amongſt the lawyer's guard.

Enter Nobles and Sons.

1 *Noble.* How comes the quiet of your grace diſturb'd?

Duke. This boy, that ſhould be myſelf after me,
Would be myſelf before me; and in heat
Of that ambition bloodily ruſh'd in,
Intending to depoſe me in my bed.

2 *Noble.* Duty and natural loyalty forefend!

Dutch. He call'd his father villain, and me ſtrumpet,
A word that I abhor to fill my lips with.

Amb. That was not ſo well done, brother.

Luſ. I am abus'd——I know there's no excuſe can do me good.

Vind. 'Tis now good policy to be from ſight;

His vicious purpose to our sister's honour,
Is cross'd beyond our thought.

Hip. You little dreamt his father slept here.

Vind. Oh, 'twas far beyond me;
But since it fell so,—without frightful words,
Would he had kill'd him, 'twould have eas'd our swords.

Duke. Be comforted our duchess, he shall die.

[*Dissemble a flight.*

Luss. Where's this slave-pander now? out of mine eye,
Guilty of this abuse.

Enter Spurio, with his villains.

Spu. Y'are villains! fablers!
You have knaves chins and harlots tongues; you lie;
And I will damn you with one meal a day.

1 *Serv.* O, good my lord!

Spu. 'Sblood, you shall never sup.

2 *Serv.* O, I beseech you, sir!

Spu. To let my sword catch cold so long, and miss him!

1 *Serv.* Troth, my lord, 'twas his intent to meet there.

Spu. 'Heart, he's yonder!
Ha, what news here? is the day out o'th' pocket,
That it is noon at midnight? the court up?
How comes the guard so saucy with his elbows?

Luss. The bastard here?
Nay, then the truth of my intent shall out;
My lord and father, hear me.

Duke. Bear him hence.

Luss. I can with loyalty excuse.

Duke. Excuse? to prison with the villain!
Death shall not long lag after him.

Spu. Good, i'faith, then 'tis not much amiss.

Luss. Brothers, my best release lies on your tongues;
I pray persuade for me.

Amb. It is our duties; make yourself sure of us.

Sup. We'll sweat in pleading.

Luss. And I may live to thank you.

[*Exeunt.*

Amb. No, thy death shall thank me better.

Spu.

Spu. He's gone; I'll after him,
And know his treſpaſs; ſeem to bear a part
In all his ills, but with a puritan heart. [*Exit.*

Amb. Now, brother, let our hate and love be woven
So ſubtlely together, that in ſpeaking one word for his life,
We may make three for his death:
The craftieſt pleader gets moſt gold for breath.

Sup. Set on, I'll not be far behind you, brother.

Duke. Is't poſſible a ſon ſhould be diſobedient as far as the ſword? it is the higheſt, he can go no farther.

Amb. My gracious lord, take pity—

Duk. Pity, boys!

Amb. Nay, we'd be loth to move your grace too much;
We know the treſpaſs is unpardonable,
Black, wicked, and unnatural.

Sup. In a ſon, oh monſtrous!

Amb. Yet, my lord,
A duke's ſoft hand ſtroaks the rough head of law,
And makes it lie ſmooth.

Duke. But my hand ſhall ne'er do't.

Amb. That as you pleaſe, my lord.

Sup. We muſt needs confeſs,
Some fathers would have entered into hate
So deadly pointed, that before his eyes
He would ha' ſeen the execution ſound,
Without corrupted favour.

Amb. But, my lord,
Your grace may live the wonder of all times,
In pard'ning that offence, which never yet
Had face to beg a pardon.

Duke. How's this?

Amb. Forgive him, good my lord, he's your own ſon;
And I muſt needs ſay 'twas the viler done.

Sur. He's the next heir: yet this true reaſon gathers,
None can poſſeſs that diſpoſſeſs their fathers.
Be merciful!——

Duke. Here's no ſtepmother's wit;
I'll tie them both upon their love and hate.

Amb. Be merciful—altho'—

Duke. You have prevailed;
My wrath, like flaming wax, hath ſpent itſelf;
I know 'twas but ſome peeviſh mood in him; go, let him be releas'd.

Sup. 'Sfoot, how now, brother?

Amb. Your grace doth pleaſe to ſpeak beſide your ſpleen; I would it were ſo happy.

Duke. Why go, releaſe him.

Sup. O my good lord! I know the fault's too weighty,
And full of general loathing; too inhumane,
Rather by all mens voices worthy death.

Duke. 'Tis true too; here then, receive this ſignet,
Doom ſhall paſs;
Direct it to the judges; he ſhall die
E'er many days. Make haſte.

Amb. All ſpeed that may be.
We could have wiſh'd his burden not ſo ſore:
We knew your grace did but delay before. [*Exeunt.*

Duke. Here's envy with a poor thin cover on't,
Like ſcarlet hid in lawn, eaſily ſpied through.
This their ambition by the mother's ſide,
Is dangerous, and for ſafety muſt be purg'd.
I will prevent their envies; ſure it was
But ſome miſtaken fury in our ſon,
Which theſe aſpiring boys would climb upon.
He ſhall be releas'd ſuddenly.

Enter Nobles.

1 *Noble.* Good morning to your grace.

Duke. Welcome, my lords.

2 *Noble.* Our knees ſhall take away the office of our feet for ever,
Unleſs your grace beſtow a father's eye
Upon the clouded fortunes of your ſon,
And in compaſſionate virtue grant him that
Which makes e'en mean men happy, liberty.

Duke. How ſeriouſly their loves and honours woe
For that which I am about to pray them do!
Ariſe, my lords, your knees ſign his releaſe;
We freely pardon him.

1. *Noble.*

1 *Noble.* We owe your grace much thanks, and the much duty. [*Exeunt.*

Duke. It well becomes that judge to nod at crimes,
That does commit greater himself, and lives.
I may forgive a disobedient error,
That expect pardon for adultery;
And in my old days am a youth in lust.
Many a beauty have I turn'd to poison
In the denial, covetous of all.
Age hot is like a monster to be seen;
My hairs are white, and yet my sins are green.

Act. III. Scen. 1.

Enter Ambitioso and Supervacuo.

Sup. BRother, let my opinion sway you once;
I speak it for the best, to have him die;
Surest and soonest, if the signet come
Unto the judges hands, why then his doom
Will be deferr'd till sittings and court-days,
Juries, and farther.—Faiths are bought and sold;
Oaths in these days are but the skin of gold.

Amb. In troth 'tis true too!

Sup. Then let's set by the judges,
And fall to the officers; 'tis but mistaking
The duke our father's meaning; and where he nam'd,
E'er many days, 'tis but forgetting that,
And have him die i'th' morning.

Amb. Excellent!
Then am I heir——Duke in a minute.

Sup. Nay,
And he were once puff'd out, here is a pin
Should quickly prick your bladder.

Amb. Blest occasion!
He being packt, we'll have some trick and wile,
To wind our younger brother out of prison,

That lies in for the rape. The lady's death,
And peoples thoughts will soon be buried.

Sup. We may with safety do't, and live and feed,
The duchess's sons are too proud to bleed.

Amb. We are i'faith, to say true—come let's not linger:
I'll to the officers; go you before,
And set an edge upon the executioner.

Sup. Let me alone to grind him. [*Exit.*

Amb. Farewell;
I am next now, I rise just in that place
Where thou'rt cut off; upon thy neck, kind brother;
The falling of one head lifts up another. [*Exit.*

Enter with the nobles, Lussurioso from prison.

Luss. My lords, I am so much indebted to your loves
For this delivery.

1 *Noble.* But our duties, my lord, unto the hopes
That grow in you.

Luss. If e'er I live to be myself, I'll thank you.
O liberty! thou sweet and heavenly dame,
But hell for prison is too mild a name. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ambitioso and Supervacuo, with officers.

Amb. Officers, here's the duke's signet, your firm warrant,
Brings the command of present death along with it
Unto our brother, the duke's son; we are sorry,
That we are so unnaturally employ'd
In such an unkind office, fitter far
For enemies than brothers.

Sup. But you know,
The duke's command must be obey'd.

1 *Off.* It must and shall, my lord—this morning then
So suddenly?

Amb. Ay, alas, poor, good soul!
He must breakfast betimes; the executioner
Stands ready to put forth his cowardly valour.

2 *Off.* Already?

Sup. Already, i'faith.—O sir, destruction hies,
And that is least impudent, soonest dies.

1 *Off.*

1. *Off.* Truth, you say true. My lord, we take our leaves:
Our office shall be found, we'll not delay
The third part of a minute.
Amb. Therein you shew
Yourselves good men, and upright officers.
Pray let him die as private as he may;
Do him that favour; for the gaping people
Will but trouble him at his prayers,
And make him curse and swear, and so die black.
Will you be so far hind?
1. *Off.* It shall be done, my lord.
Amb. Why, we do thank you; if we live to be,
You shall have a better office.
2. *Off.* Your good lordship—
Sup. Commend us to the scaffold in our tears.
1. *Off.* We'll weep, and do your commendations.
[*Exeunt.*
Amb. Fine fools in office!
Sup. Things fall out so fit!
Amb. So happily! Come, brother, e'er next clock,
His head will be made serve a bigger block. [*Exeunt.*

Enter in prison junior brother.

Jun. Keeper!
Keep. My lord.
Jun. No news lately from our brothers?
Are they unmindful of us?
Keep. My lord, a messenger came newly in, and brought this from 'em.
Jun. Nothing but paper-comforts?
I look'd for my delivery before this,
Had they been worth their oaths.—Pr'ythee be from us.
Now what say you, forsooth, speak out I pray.
Letter. *Brother, be of good cheer;*
'Slud, it begins like a whore with good cheer.
Thou shalt not be long a prisoner.
Not five and thirty years, like a bankrupt—I think so.
We have thought upon a device to get thee out by a trick.
By a trick! pox o' your trick, an' it be so long a playing.

And ſo reſt comforted, be merry, and expect it ſuddenly!
Be merry! hang merry, draw and quarter merry; I'll
be mad.
Is't not ſtrange, that a man ſhould lie in a whole month
for a woman? Well, we ſhall ſee how ſudden our bro-
thers will be in their promiſe. I muſt expect ſtill a
trick: I ſhall not be long a priſoner. How now, what
news?

Keep. Bad news, my lord, I am diſcharg'd of you.

Jun. Slave! call'ſt thou that bad news? I thank you,
brothers.

Keep. My lord, 'twill prove ſo.—Here come the
officers,
Into whoſe hands I muſt commit you.

Jun. Ha, officers! what? why?

1. *Off.* You muſt pardon us, my lord;
Our office muſt be ſound: here is our warrant,
The ſignet from the duke; you muſt ſtraight ſuffer.

Jun. Suffer! I'll ſuffer you to be gone; I'll ſuffer you
To come no more: what would you have me ſuffer?

2. *Off.* My lord, thoſe words were better chang'd to
prayers.
The time's but brief with you: prepare to die.

Jun. Sure 'tis not ſo!

3. *Off.* It is too true, my lord.

Jun. I tell you 'tis not; for the duke, my father,
Deferr'd me till next ſitting; and I look
E'en every minute, threeſcore times an hour,
For a releaſe, a trick wrought by my brothers.

1. *Off.* A trick, my lord! if you expect ſuch comfort,
Your hope's as fruitleſs as a barren woman:
Your brothers were the unhappy meſſengers,
That brought this powerful token for your death.

Jun. My brothers! no, no.

2. *Off.* 'Tis moſt true, my lord.

Jun. My brothers to bring a warrant for my death!
How ſtrange this ſhows?

3. *Off.* There's no delaying time.

Jun. Deſire 'em hither: call 'em up—my brothers!
They ſhall deny it to your faces.

1. *Off.*

1. *Off.* My lord,
They're far enough by this, at leaſt at court;
And this moſt ſtrict command they left behind 'em,
When grief ſwam in their eyes, they ſhow'd like brothers,
Brimfull of heavy ſorrow; but the duke
Muſt have his pleaſure.

Jun. His pleaſure!

1. *Off.* Theſe were their laſt words, which my memory bears,
Commend us to the ſcaffold in our tears.

Jun. Box dry their tears! what ſhould I do with tears?
I hate 'em worſe than any citizen's ſon
Can hate ſalt-water.——Here came a letter now,
New bleeding from their pens, ſcarce tincted yet,
Would I'd been torn in pieces when I tore it:
Look, you officious whoreſons, words of comfort,
Not long a priſoner.

1. *Off.* It ſays true in that, ſir; for you muſt ſuffer preſently.

Jun. A villainous Duns upon the letter, knaviſh expoſition!
Look you then here, ſir: *We'll get thee out by a trick,* ſays he.

2. *Off.* That may hold too, ſir; for you know a trick is commonly four cards, which was meant by us four officers.

Jun. Worſe and worſe dealing.

1. *Off.* The hour beckons us;
The headſman waits, lift up your eyes to heaven.

Jun. I thank you, faith; good pretty wholſome counſel!
I ſhould look up to heaven, as you ſaid,
Whilſt he behind me cozens me of my head.
Ay, that's the trick.

3. *Off.* You delay too long, my lord.

Jun. Stay, good authority's baſtards; ſince I muſt,
Thro' brothers perjury, die, O let me venom
Their ſouls with curſes.

1. *Off.*

3. *Off.* Come, 'tis no time to curse.
Jun. Muſt I bleed then, without reſpect of ſight?
well———
My fault was ſweet ſport, which the world approves,
I die for that which every woman loves.

Enter Vindici, with Hippolito his brother.

Vind. O ſweet, delectable, rare, happy, ravishing!
Hip. Why, what's the matter, brother?
Vind. O 'tis able to make a man ſpring up and knock his forehead againſt you' ſilver ceiling.
Hip. Pr'ythee tell me,
Why may not I partake with you? You vow'd once
To give me ſhare to every tragick thought.
Vind. By th'maſs, I think I did too;
Then I'll divide it to thee.——The old duke
Thinking my outward ſhape and inward heart
Are cut out of one piece; (for he that prates his ſecrets,
His heart ſtands o'th' outſide) hires me by price
To greet him with a lady,
In ſome fit place, veil'd from the eyes o'th' court,
Some darken'd bluſhleſs angel, that is guilty
Of his fore-father's luſt, and great folk's rider;
To which I eaſily (to maintain my ſhape)
Conſented, and did with his impudent grace
To meet her here in this unſinned lodge,
Wherein 'tis night at noon: and here the father,
Becauſe unto the torturing of his ſoul,
The baſtard and the dutcheſs have appointed
Their meeting too in this luxurious circle;
Which moſt afflicting ſight will kill his eyes
Before we kill the reſt of him.
Hip. 'Twill, i'faith! Moſt dreadfully digeſted!
I ſee not how you could have miſs'd me, brother.
Vind. True; but the violence of my joy forgot it.
Hip. Ay, but where's that lady now?
Vind. Oh! at that word
I'm loſt again; you cannot find me yet,
I'm in a throng of happy apprehenſions;
He's ſuited for a lady. I have took measure

For

For a delicious lip, a ſparkling eye;
You ſhall be witneſs, brother:
Be ready; ſtand with your hat off. [*Exit.*
Hip. Troth, I wonder what lady it ſhould be!
Yet 'tis no wonder, now I think again,
To have a lady ſtoop to a duke, that ſtoops unto his men.
'Tis common to be common, through the world:
And there's more private common ſhadowing vices,
Than thoſe who are known, both by their names and prices.
'Tis part of my allegiance to ſtand bare
To the duke's concubine——and here ſhe comes.

Enter Vindici, with the ſkull of his love dreſs'd up in tires.

Vind. Madam, his grace will not be abſent long.
Secret! ne'er doubt us, madam; 'twill be worth
Three velvet gowns to your ladyſhip——known!
Few ladies reſpect that diſgrace: a poor thin ſhell.
'Tis the beſt grace you have to do it well.
I'll ſave your hand that labour, I'll unmaſk you!
Hip. Why, brother, brother!
Vind. Art thou beguil'd now? tut, a lady can,
As thus all hid, beguile a wiſer man.
Have I not fitted the old ſurfeiter
With a quaint piece of beauty? Age and bare bone
Are e'er ally'd in action. Here's an eye,
Able to tempt a great man——to ſerve God:
A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot now to diſſemble.
Methinks this mouth ſhould make a ſwearer tremble;
A drunkard claſp his teeth, and not undo 'em,
To ſuffer wet damnation to run through 'em.
Here's a cheek keeps her colour let the wind go whiſtle;
Spout rain, we fear thee not: be hot or cold,
All's one with us; and is not he abſurd,
Whoſe fortunes are upon their faces ſet,
That fear no other God but wind and wet?
Hip. Brother, you've ſpoke that right:
Is this the form that living ſhone ſo bright?
Vind. The very ſame.
And now methinks I could e'en chide myſelf,

For doating on her beauty, tho' her death
Shall be reveng'd after no common action.
Does the ſilk-worm expend her yellow labours
For thee? For thee does ſhe undo herſelf?
Are lordſhips ſold to maintain ladyſhips,
For the poor benefit of a bewitching minute?
Why does yon' fellow falſify highways,
And put his life between the judge's lips;
To refine ſuch a thing, keep's horſe and men
To beat their valours for her?
Surely we're all mad people, and they
Whom we think are, are not: we miſtake thoſe;
'Tis we are mad in ſenſe, they but in clothes.

Hip. Faith, and in clothes too we, give us our due.

Vind. Does every proud and ſelf-affecting dame
Camphire her face for this? and grieve her maker
In ſinful baths of milk, when many an infant ſtarves,
For her ſuperfluous out-ſide, all for this?
Who now bids twenty pound a night? prepares
Muſick, perfumes, and ſweet meats? All are huſh'd.
Thou may'ſt lie chaſte now! it were fine, methinks,
To have thee ſeen at revels, forgetful feaſts,
And unclean brothels: ſure 'twould fright the ſinner,
And make him a good coward: put a reveller
Out of his antick amble,
And cloy an epicure with empty diſhes.
Here might a ſcornful and ambitious woman
Look through and through herſelf.——See, ladies, with falſe forms
You deceive men, but cannot deceive worms.
Now to my tragick buſineſs. Look you, brother,
I have not faſhion'd this only for ſhew
And uſeleſs property; no, it ſhall bear a part
E'en in its own revenge. This very ſkull,
Whoſe miſtreſs the duke poiſon'd, with this drug,
The mortal curſe of the earth, ſhall be reveng'd
In the like ſtrain, and kiſs his lips to death.
As much as the dumb thing can, he ſhall feel:
What fails in poiſon, we'll ſupply in ſteel.

Hip.

Hip. Brother, I do applaud thy conſtant vengeance,
The quaintneſs of thy malice, above thought.
Vind. So, 'tis laid on: now come and welcome, duke,
I have her for thee. I proteſt it, brother,
Methinks ſhe makes almoſt as fair a ſign,
As ſome old gentlewoman in a periwig.
Hide they face now for ſhame; thou had'ſt need have a maſk now:
'Tis vain when beauty flows, but when it fleets,
This would become graves better than the ſtreets.
Hip. You have my voice in that—hark, the duke's come.
Vind. Peace, let's obſerve what company he brings,
And how he does abſent 'em; for you know
He'll wiſh all private.——Brother, fall you back a little,
With the bony lady.
Hip. That I will.
Vind. So, ſo—now nine years vengeance crowd into a minute!
Duke. You ſhall have leave to leave us, with this charge,
Upon your lives, if we be miſs'd by th' dutcheſs,
Or any of the nobles, to give out,
We're privately rid forth.
Vind. Oh happineſs!
Duke. With ſome few honourable gentlemen, you may ſay;
You may name thoſe that are away from court.
Gentle. Your will and pleaſure ſhall be done, my lord.
Vind. Privately rid forth!
He ſtrives to make ſure work on't—your good grace!
Duke. Piato, well done, haſt brought her? what lady is't?
Vind. Faith, my lord, a country lady, a little baſhful at firſt, as moſt of them are; but after the firſt kiſs, my lord, the worſt is paſt with them. Your grace knows now what you have to do; ſhe'as ſomewhat a grave look with her——but——
Duke. I love that beſt; conduct her.
Vind. Have at all.

Duke.

Duke. In graveſt looks the greateſt faults ſeem leſs.
Give me that ſin that's rob'd in holineſs.

Vind. Back with the torch: brother, raiſe the perfumes.

Duke. How ſweet can a duke breathe! Age has no fault,
Pleaſure would meet in a perfumed miſt.
Lady, ſweetly encounter'd, I came from court, I muſt be bold with you.—Oh, what's this? oh!

Vind. Royal villain! white devil!

Duke. Oh!

Vind. Brother—place the torch here, that his affrighted eye-balls
May ſtart into thoſe hollows. Duke, do'ſt know
Yon' dreadfull vizard? View it well; 'tis the ſkull
Of Gloriana, whom thou poiſoned'ſt laſt.

Duke. Oh! 't'as poiſoned me.

Vind. Did'ſt not know that till now?

Duke. What are you two?

Vind. Villains all three——the very ragged bone,
Has been ſufficiently reveng'd.

Duke. Oh, Hippolito! call treaſon!

Hip. Yes, my lord: treaſon! treaſon! treaſon!
[*Stamping on him.*

Duke. Then I'm betray'd.

Vind. Alas, poor letcher, in the hands of knaves,
A ſlaviſh duke is baſer than his ſlaves.

Duke. My teeth are eaten out.

Vind. Had'ſt any left?

Hip. I think but few.

Vind. Then thoſe that did eat are eaten.

Duke. O my tongue!

Vind. Your tongue? 'twill teach you to kiſs cloſer,
Not like a flobbering Dutchman. You have eyes ſtill:
Look, monſter, what a lady haſt thou made me!
My once betrothed wife!

Duke. Is it thou, villain? nay then——

Vind. 'Tis I, 'tis Vindici, 'tis I.

Hip. And let this comfort thee: our lord and father
Fell

Fell ſick upon the infection of thy frowns,
And dy'd in ſadneſs: he that thy hope of life.
Duke. Oh! [ſpeechleſs.
Vind. He had his tongue, yet grief made him die
Puh! 'tis but early yet; now I'll begin
To ſtick thy ſoul with ulcers. I will make
Thy ſpirit grievous ſore; it ſhall not reſt,
But like ſome peſtilent man toſs in thy breaſt—(mark me, duke)
Thou'rt a renowned, high, and mighty cuckold.
Duke. Oh! [brow.
Vind. Thy baſtard, thy baſtard rides a hunting in thy
Duke. Millions of deaths!
Vind. Nay, to afflict thee more,
Here in this lodge they meet for damned clips.
Thoſe eyes ſhall ſee the inceſt of their lips,
Duke. Is there a hell beſides this, villains?
Vind. Villain!
Nay, heaven is juſt; ſcorns are the hire of ſcorns:
I ne'er knew yet adulterer without horns.
Hip. Once e'er they die 'tis quitted.
Vind. Hark! the muſick.
Their banquet is prepar'd, they're coming——
Duke. Oh, kill me not with that ſight.
Vind. Thou ſhalt not loſe that ſight for all thy dukedom.
Duke. Traitors! murderers!
Vind. What! is not thy tongue eaten out yet?
Then we'll invent a ſilence. Brother, ſtifle the torch.
Duke. Treaſon! murder!
Vind. Nay, faith, we'll have you huſh'd. Now with thy dagger
Nail down his tongue, and mine ſhall keep poſſeſſion
About his heart; if he but gaſp, he dies.
We dread no breach or quittance injuries——Brother,
If he but wink, not brooking the foul object,
Let our two other hands tear up his lids,
And make his eyes like comets ſhine through blood;
When the lad bleeds, then is the tragedy good.
Hip. Whiſt, brother, muſick's at our ear: they come.

Enter

Enter the Baſtard meeting the Dutcheſs.

Spu. Had not that kiſs a taſte of ſin, 'twere ſweet.

Dutch. Why, there's no pleaſure ſweet, but it is ſinful.

Spu. True, ſuch a bitter ſweetneſs fate hath given,
Beſt ſide to us, is the worſt ſide to heaven.

Dutch. Piſh! come: 'tis the old duke, thy doubtful father:
The thought of him rubs heaven in thy way.
But I proteſt by yonder waxen fire,
Forget him, or I'll poiſon him.

Spu. Madam, you urge a thought which ne'er had life.
So deadly do I loath him for my birth,
That if he took me haſp'd within his bed,
I would add murder to adultery,
And with my ſword give up his years to death.

Dutch. Why, now thou'rt ſociable; let's in and feaſt:
Loud'ſt muſick ſound: pleaſure is banqueſt's gueſt. [*Ex.*

Duke. I cannot brook——

Vind. The brook is turn'd to blood.

Hip. Thanks to loud muſick.

Vind. 'Twas our friend, indeed.
'Tis ſtate in muſick for a duke to bleed.
The dukedom wants a head, tho' yet unknown;
As faſt as they peep up, let's cut 'em down. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Dutcheſs's two ſons, Ambitioſo and Supervacuo.

Amb. Was not his execution rarely plotted?
We are the duke's ſons now.

Super. Ay, you may thank my policy for that.

Amb. Your policy! for what?

Super. Why, was't not my invention, brother,
To ſlip the judges? and in leſſer compaſs,
Did not I draw the model of his death;
Adviſing you to ſudden officers,
And e'en extemporal execution?

Amb. Heart! 'twas a thing I thought on too.

Sup. You thought on't too! 'ſfoot, ſlander not your thoughts
With glorious untruth, I know 'twas not from you.

Amb. Sir, I ſay, 'twas in my head.

Spu. Ay, like your brains then,

Ne'er

Ne'er to come out as long as you liv'd.
Amb. You'd have the honour on't, forſooth, that your wit
Led him to the ſcaffold.
Sup. Since it is my due,
I'll publiſh't, but I'll ha't in ſpite of you. [little
Amb. Methinks y'are much too bold: you ſhould a
Remember us, brother, next to be honeſt duke.
Sup. Ay, it ſhall be as eaſy for you to be duke
As to be honeſt; and that's never, i'faith.
Amb. Well, cold he is by this time; and becauſe
We're both ambitious, be it our amity,
And let the glory be ſhar'd equally.
Sup. I am content to that.
Amb. This night our younger brother ſhall out of priſon——
I have a trick.
Sup. A trick! pr'ythee what is't?
Amb. We'll get him out by a wile.
Sup. Pr'ythee, what wile?
Amb. No, ſir; you ſhall not know it, till it be done;
For then you'd ſwear 'twere yours.

Enter an Officer.

Sup. How now; what's he?
Amb. One of the officers.
Sup. Deſired news.
Amb. How now, my friend?
Off. My lords, under your pardon, I am allotted
To that deſertleſs office, to preſent you
With the yet bleeding head——
Sup. Ha, ha, excellent.
Amb. All's ſure our own: brother, canſt weep think'ſt thou?
'Twould grace our flattery much; think of ſome dame,
'Twill teach thee to diſſemble.
Sup. I have thought;—now for yourſelf.
Amb. Our ſorrows are ſo fluent,
Our eyes o'erflow our tongues; words ſpoke in tears,
Are like the murmurs of the waters, the ſound
Is loudly heard, but cannot be diſtinguiſh'd.

Sup.

Sup. How died he pray?
Off. O, full of rage and ſpleen.
Sup. He died moſt valiantly then, we're glad to hear it.
Off. We could not woo him once to pray.
Amb. He ſhow'd himſelf a gentleman in that: give him his due.
Off. But in the ſtead of prayer, he drew forth oaths.
Sup. Then did he pray, dear heart,
Altho' you underſtood him not.
Off. My lords,
E'en at his laſt, with pardon be it ſpoke,
He curs'd you both.
Sup. He curs'd us? 'las, good ſoul!
Amb. It was not in our powers, but the duke's pleaſure.
Finely diſſembled a both ſides, ſweet fate,
O happy opportunity!

Enter Luſſurioſo.

Luſ. Now, my lords.
Both. Oh!———
Luſ. Why do you ſhun me, brothers?
You may come nearer now;
The favour of the priſon has forſook me.
I thank ſuch kind lords as yourſelves, I'm free.
Amb. Alive!
Luſ. I am, much thanks to you.
Sup. Faith we ſpar'd no tongue, unto my lord the duke.
Amb. I know your delivery, brother,
Had not been half ſo ſudden but for us.
Sup. O how we pleaded!
Luſ. Moſt deſerving brothers!
In my beſt ſtudies I will think of it. [*Exit. Luſ.*
Amb. O death and vengeance!
Sup. Hell and torments!
Amb. Slave, cam'ſt thou to delude us?
Off. Delude you, my lords?
Sup. Ay, villain! where's his head now?
Off. Why, here my lord;
Juſt after his delivery, you both came
With warrant from the duke to behead your brother.
Amb. Ay, our brother, the duke's ſon.

Off.

Off. The duke's ſon, my lord, had his releaſe before you came.

Amb. Whoſe head's that then? [ther's.

Off. His whom you left command for, your own bro-

Amb. Our brother's? Oh furies!——

Sup. Plagues!

Amb. Confuſions!

Sup. Darkneſs!

Amb. Devils!

Sup. Fell it out ſo accurſedly?

Amb. So damnedly?

Super. Villain, I'll brain thee with it.

Off. O my good lord!

Super. The devil over-take thee!

Amb. O fatal!

Super. O prodigious to our bloods!

Amb. Did we diſſemble?

Super. Did we make our tears women for thee?

Amb. Laugh and rejoice for thee?

Super. Bring warrant for thy death?

Amb. Mock off thy head?

Super. You had a trick; you had a wile, forſooth.

Amb. A murrain meet 'em; there's none of theſe wiles that ever come to good: I ſee now, there's nothing ſure in mortality, but mortality. Well, no more words: ſhalt be reveng'd, i'faith.

Come, throw off clouds: now, brother, think of vengeance,
And deeper ſettled hate: firrah, ſit faſt,
We'll pull down all, but thou ſhalt down at laſt. [*Ex.*

Act. IV. Scen. I.

Enter Luſſurioſo with Hippolito.

Luſſ. HIppolito!

Hip. My lord,

Has your good lordſhip aught to command me in?

Luſſ.

Luſſ. I pr'ythee leave us.

Hip. How's this? come, and leave us?

Luſſ. Hippolito!

Hip. Your honour——I ſtand ready for any duteous employment.

Luſſ. Heart! what mak'ſt thou here?

Hip. A pretty lordly humour!
He bids me be preſent, to depart: ſomething has ſtung his honour.

Luſſ. Be nearer; draw nearer:
Ye're not ſo good, methinks; I'm angry with you.

Hip. With me, my lord? I'm angry with myſelf for't.

Luſſ. You did prefer a goodly fellow to me:
'Twas wittily elected; 'twas. I thought
H'ad been a villain, and he proves a knave;
To me a knave.

Hip. I choſe him for the beſt, my lord;
'Tis much my ſorrow, if neglect in him breed diſcontent in you.

Luſſ. Neglect! 'twas will. Judge of it.
Firmly to tell of an incredible act,
Not to be thought, leſs to be ſpoken of,
'Twixt my ſtep-mother and the baſtard; of
Inceſtuous ſweets between 'em.

Hip. Fie, my lord!

Luſ. I, in kind loyalty to my father's forehead,
Made this a deſperate arm; and, in that fury,
Committed treaſon on the lawful bed,
And with my ſword e'en ras'd my father's boſom;
For which I was within a ſtroke of death.

Hip. Alack! I'm ſorry: 'sfoot, juſt upon the ſtroke,
Jars in my brother; 'twill be villainous muſick.

Enter Vindici.

Vin. My honour'd lord.

Luſ. Away, pr'ythee forſake us: hereafter we'll not know thee.

Vin. Not know me, my lord! your lordſhip cannot chuſe.

Luſ. Begone, I ſay, thou art a falſe knave.

Vin. Why, the eaſier to be known, my lord.

Luſ.

Luf. Piſh, I ſhall prove too bitter, with a word
Make thee a perpetual priſoner,
And lay this iron age upon thee.
Vin. Mum! for there's a doom would make a woman dumb.
Miſſing the baſtard, next him, the wind's come about;
Now 'tis my brother's turn to ſtay, mine to go out.
[*Exit Vin.*
Luf. H'as greatly mov'd me.
Hip. Much to blame, i'faith.
Luf. But I'll recover, to his ſcath. 'Twas told me lately,
I know not whether falſely, that you'd a brother.
Hip. Who I? yes, my good lord, I have a brother.
Luf. How chance the court ne'er ſaw him? of what nature?
How does he apply his hours?
Hip. Faith, to curſe fates,
Who, as he thinks, ordain'd him to be poor;
Keeps at home, full of want and diſcontent.
Luf. There's hope in him, ſo diſcontent and want
Is the beſt clay to mould a villain of. [*Aſide.*
Hippolito, wiſh him repair to us:
If there be aught in him to pleaſe our blood,
For thy ſake we'll advance him, and build fair
His meaneſt fortunes; for it is in us
To rear up towers from cottages.
Hip. It is ſo, my lord: he will attend your honour;
But he's a man in whom much melancholy dwells.
Luf. Why the better: bring him to court.
Hip. With willingneſs and ſpeed:
Whom he caſt off e'en now, muſt now ſucceed.
Brother, diſguiſe muſt off;
In thine own ſhape now, I'll prefer thee to him:
How ſtrangely does himſelf work to undertake! [*Exit.*
Luf. This fellow will prove fair; he ſhall kill
That other ſlave, that did abuſe my ſpleen,
And made it ſwell to treaſon. I have put
Much of my heart into him: he muſt die.
He that knows great men's ſecrets, and proves light,

That man ne'er lives to see his beard turn white;
Ay, he shall speed him: I'll employ the brother;
Slaves are but nails to drive out one another.
He being of black condition, suitable
To want and ill content, hope of preferment
Will grind him to an edge.—

The Nobles enter.

1. Good days unto your honour.

Lus. My kind lords, I do return the like.

2. Saw you, my lord the duke?

Lus. My lord and father! is he from court?

1. He's sure from court;
But where, which way his pleasure took, we know not,
Nor can we hear on't.

Lus. Here come those should tell.
Saw you my lord and father?

3. Not since two hours before noon, my lord,
And then he privately rode forth.

Lus. Oh, he's rid forth.

1. 'Twas wond'rous privately.

2. There's none i'th' court had any knowledge on't.

Lus. His grace is old, and sudden: 'tis no treason
To say the duke my father has a humour,
Or such a toy about him; what in us
Would appear light, in him seems virtuous.

3. 'Tis oracle, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Vindici and Hippolito. Vindici out of his disguise.

Hip. So, so, all's as it should be, y'are yourself.

Vin. How that great villain puts me to my shifts!

Hip. He that did lately in disguise reject thee,
Shall, now thou art thyself, as much respect thee.

Vin. 'Twill be the quaintes fallacy. But, brother,
'Sfoot, what use will he put me to now, think'st thou?

Hip. Nay, you must pardon me in that; I know not.
H'as some employment for you; but what 'tis,
He and his secretary, the devil, knows best.

Vin. Well, I must suit my tongue to his desires,
What colour soe'er they be; hoping at last
To pile up all my wishes on his breast.

Hip. Faith, brother, he himself shews the way.

Vin.

Vin. Now the duke is dead, the realm is clad in clay.
His death being not yet known, under his name
The people ſtill are govern'd. Well, thou his ſon
Art not long liv'd; thou ſhalt not joy his death:
To kill thee then, I ſhould moſt honour thee;
For 'twould ſtand firm in every man's belief,
Thou'ſt a kind child, and only died'ſt with grief.

Hip. You fetch about well; but let's talk in preſent.
How will you appear in faſhion different,
As well as in apparel, to make all things poſſible?
If you be but once tript, we fall for ever.
It is not the leaſt policy to be double;
You muſt change tongue:—Familiar was you firſt.

Vin. Why, I'll bear me in ſome ſtrain of melancholy,
And ſtring myſelf with heavy-ſounding wire,
Like ſuch an inſtrument that ſpeaks merry things ſadly.

Hip. That is as I meant;
I gave you out at firſt in diſcontent.

Vin. I'll tune myſelf, and then—

Hip. 'Sfoot, here he comes—Haſt thought upon't?

Vin. Salute him; fear not me. [*Enter Luſtfuriofo.*

Luſ. Hippolito!

Hip. Your lordſhip—

Luſ. What's he yonder?

Hip. 'Tis Vindici, my diſcontented brother,
Whom, according to your will, I've brought to court.

Luſ. Is that thy brother? Beſhrew me, a good preſence;
I wonder I've been from the court ſo long.
Come nearer.

Hip. Brother, lord Luſtfuriofo, the duke's ſon.

Luſ. Be more near to us; welcome; nearer yet.

Vind. How do you? god you god den.
[*Snatches off his hat, and makes legs to him.*

Luſ. We thank thee.
How ſtrangely ſuch a coarſe homely ſalute
Shows in the palace, where we greet in fire!
Nimble and deſperate tongues, ſhould we name
God in a ſalutation, 'twould ne'er be ſtood on't——
heaven!

Tell me, what has made thee so melancholy?

Vind. Why, going to law.

Luf. Why, will that make a man melancholy?

Vind. Yes, to look long upon ink and black buckram—I went me to law in *anno quadragesimo secundo*, and I waded out of it in *anno sexagesimo tertio*.

Luff. What, three and twenty years in law?

Vind. I have known those that have been five and fifty, and all about pullen and pigs.

Luff. May it be possible such men should breathe,
To vex the terms so much?

Vin. 'Tis food to some, my lord. There are old men at the present, that are so poison'd with the affectation of law-words, (having had many suits canvass'd) that their common talk is nothing but Barbary latin: they cannot so much as pray, but in law, that their sins may be remov'd with a writ of error, and their souls fetch'd up to heaven with a sasarara.

Hip. It seems most strange to me;
Yet all the world meets round in the same bent;
Where the heart's set, there goes the tongue's consent.
How dost apply thy studies, fellow?

Vind. Study? why to think how a great rich man lies a-dying, and a poor cobbler tolls the bell for him. How he cannot depart the world, and see the great chest stand before him, when he lies speechless; how he will point you readily to all the boxes; and when he is past all memory, as the gossips guess, then thinks he of forfeitures and obligations; nay when to all mens hearings he whurles and rattles in the throat, he's busy threatening his poor tenants. And this would last me now some seven years thinking, or thereabouts. But, I have a conceit a coming in picture upon this; I draw it myself; which, i'faith la, I'll present to your honour; you shall not chuse but like it, for your honour shall give me nothing for it.

Luf. Nay, you mistake me then,
For I am publish'd bountiful enough.
Let's taste of your conceit.

Vin. In picture, my lord?

Luf.

Luſ. Ay, in picture.

Vin. Marry, this it is—*A uſuring father to be boiling in hell, and his ſon and heir with a whore dancing over him.*

Hip. H'as par'd him to the quick. [*Aſide.*

Luſ. The conceit's pretty, i'faith;
But tak't upon my life 'twill ne'er be lik'd.

Vin. No! why I'm ſure the whore will be lik'd well enough.

Hip. If ſhe were out o' the picture, he'd like her then himſelf. [*Aſide.*

Vin. And as for the ſon and heir, he ſhall be an eye-ſore to no young revellers, for he ſhall be drawn in cloth of gold breeches.

Luſ. And thou haſt put my meaning in the pockets,
And canſt not draw that out.—My thought was this;
To ſee the picture of a uſuring father
Boiling in hell, our rich men would never like it.

Vin. O true, I cry you heartily mercy; I know the reaſon; for ſome of them had rather be damn'd indeed, than damn'd in colours.

Luſ. A parlous melancholy! h'as wit enough
To murder any man, and I'll give him means.
I think thou art ill monied.

Vin. Money! ho, ho;
'Tas been my want ſo long, 'tis now my ſcoff:
I've e'en forgot what colour ſilver's of.

Luſ. It ſhits as I could wiſh.

Vin. I get good cloaths
Of thoſe that dread my humour; and for table-room,
I feed on thoſe that cannot be rid of me.

Luſ. Somewhat to ſet thee up withal.

Vin. O mine eyes!

Luſ. How now, man?

Vin. Almoſt ſtruck blind;
This bright unuſual ſhine, to me ſeems proud;
I dare not look till the ſun be in a cloud.

Luſ. I think I ſhall aſſuſt his melancholy.
How art thou now?

Vin. The better for your aſking.

Luſ. You ſhall be better yet, if you but faſon

Truly on my intent. Now y'are both preſent,
I will unbrace ſuch a cloſe private villain
Unto your vengeful ſwords, the like ne'er heard of,
Who hath diſgrac'd you much, and injur'd us.
Hip. Diſgraced us, my lord?
Luſ. Ay, Hippolito.
I kept it here till now, that both your angers
Might meet him at once.
Vin. I'm covetous
To know the villain.
Luſ. You know him, that ſlave pander,
Piato, whom we threaten'd laſt
With irons in perpetual priſonment.
Vin. All this is I. *Aside.*
Hip. Is't he, my lord?
Luſ. I'll tell you, you firſt prefer'd him to me,
Vin. Did you, brother?
Hip. I did indeed.
Luſ. And the ingrateful villain,
To quit that kindneſs, ſtrongly wrought with me,
Being, as you ſee, a likely man for pleaſure,
With jewels to corrupt your virgin ſiſter.
Hip. Oh villain!
Vin. He ſhall ſurely die that did it.
Luſ. I, far from thinking any virgin harm,
Eſpecially knowing her to be as chaſte
As that part which ſcarce ſuffers to be touch'd,
The eye, would not endure him.
Vin. Would you not, my lord?
'Twas wondrous honourably done.
Luſ. But with ſome five frowns kept him out.
Vin. Out ſlave!
Luſ. What did me he but in revenge of that,
Went of his own free will to make infirm
Your ſiſter's honour (whom I honour with my ſoul,
For chaſte reſpect) and not prevailing there,
(As 'twas but deſperate folly to attempt it)
In meer ſpleen, by the way, way-lays your mother,
Whoſe honour being a coward, as it ſeems,
Yielded by little force.

Vin.

Vin. Coward indeed!

Luf. He, proud of this advantage, (as he thought),
Brought me this news for happy. But I, heaven forgive me for't!—

Vin. What did your honour?

Luf. In rage puſh'd him from me,
Trampl'd beneath his throat, ſpurn'd him, and bruis'd:
Indeed I was too cruel, to ſay troth.

Hip. Moſt nobly manag'd!

Vin. Has not heaven an ear? is all the lightning waſted?

Luf. If I now were ſo impatient in a modeſt cauſe,
What ſhould you be?

Vin. Full mad; he ſhall not live
To ſee the moon change.

Luf. He's about the palace;
Hippolito, entice him this way, that thy brother
May take full mark of him.

Hip. Heart!—that ſhall not need, my lord,
I can direct him ſo far.

Luf. Yet for my hate's ſake,
Go, wind him this way. I'll ſee him bleed myſelf.

Hip. What now, brother? [*Aſide.*

Vin. Nay e'en what you will—y'are put to't, brother. [*Aſide.*

Hip. An impoſſible taſk, I'll ſwear,
To bring him hither, that's already here. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit Hippol.*

Luf. Thy name? I have forgot it.

Vin. Vindici, my lord.

Luf. 'Tis a good name that.

Vin. Ay, a revenger.

Luf. It does betoken courage; thou ſhould'ſt be valiant,
And kill thine enemies.

Vin. That's my hope, my lord.

Luf. This ſlave is one.

Vin. I'll doom him.

Luf. Then I'll praiſe thee.
Do thou obſerve me beſt, and I'll beſt raiſe thee.

Enter Hippolito.

Vin. Indeed, I thank you.
Luf. Now, Hippolito, where's the slave pander?
Hip. Your good lordſhip
Would have a loathſome ſight of him, much offenſive.
He's not in caſe now to be ſeen, my lord.
The worſt of all the deadly ſins is in him.
That beggerly damnation, drunkenneſs.
Luf. Then he's a double ſlave.
Hip. 'Twas well convey'd, upon a ſudden wit.
Luf. What, are you both
Firmly reſolv'd? I'll ſee him dead my ſelf.
Vin. Or elſe, let not us live.
Luf. You may direct your brother to take note of him.
Hip. I ſhall.
Luf. Riſe but in this, and you ſhall never fall.
Vin. Your honour's vaſſals.
Luf. This was wiſely carried.
Deep policy in us, maker fools of ſuch.
Then muſt a ſlave die, when he knows our match.
[*Exeunt Luf.*
Vin. O thou almighty patience! 'tis my meaſure,
That ſuch a fellow, impudent and wicked,
Should not be cloven as he ſtood.
Or with a ſecret wind burſt open!
Is there no thunder left? or is't kept up
In ſtock for heavier vengeance? there in gone.
Hip. Brother, we loſe ourſelves.
Vin. But I have found it.
'Twill hold, 'tis ſure; thanks, thanks to my ſpirit,
That mingl'd it 'mong' my inventions.
Hip. What is't?
Vin. 'Tis ſound and good, thou ſhalt partake it.
I'm hir'd to kill my ſelf.
Hip. True.
Vin. Pry'thee mark it.
And the old duke being dead, but not convey'd,
For he's already miſs'd too, and you know,
Murder will peep out of the cloſeſt hulk.
Hip. Moſt true.
Vin. What ſay you then to this device, If

If we dreſs'd up the body of the duke?

Hip. In that diſguiſe of yours?

Vin. Y'are quick, y'ave reach'd it.

Hip. I like it wonderouſly.

Vin. And being in drink, as you have publiſh'd him,
To lean him on his elbow, as if ſleep had caught him?
Which claims moſt intereſt in ſuch ſluggy men.

Hip. Good yet; but here's a doubt,
We, thought by th' duke's ſon to kill that pander,
Shall, when he is known, be thought to kill the duke.

Vin. Neither, O thanks, it is ſubſtantial!
For that diſguiſe being on him, which I wore,
It will be thought I, which he calls the pander, did
kill the duke, and fled away in his apparel, leaving
him ſo diſguiſed, to avoid ſwift purſuit.

Hip. Firmer and firmer.

Vin. Nay, doubt not, 'tis in grain, I warrant it holds
colour.

Hip. Let's about it.

Vin. But by the way too, now I think on't, brother,
Let's conjure that baſe devil out of our mother. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duteheſs arm in arm with the Baſtard: he ſeemeth laſciviouſly to look on her. After them, enter Supervacuo, running with a rapier, his brother ſtops him.

Spu. Madam, unlock yourſelf, ſhould it be ſeen,
Your arm would be ſuſpected.

Dut. Who is't that dares ſuſpect, or this, or theſe,
May not we deal our favours where we pleaſe?

Spu. I'm confident you may. [*Exeunt.*

Amb. 'Sfoot, brother, hold.

Sup. Would let the baſtard ſhame us?

Amb. Hold, hold, brother! there's fitter time than now.

Sup. Now when I ſee it!

Amb. 'Tis too much ſeen already.

Sup. Seen and known;
The nobler ſhe's, the baſer is ſhe grown.

Amb. If ſhe were beat laſciviouſly (the fault
Of mighty women, that ſleep ſoft)——O death!
Muſt ſhe needs chooſe ſuch an unequal ſinner,
To make ill worſe?——

Sup. A baſtard! the duke's baſtard! ſhame heap'd on ſhame!

Amb. O our diſgrace!

Moſt women have ſmall waiſts the world throughout;
But their deſires are thouſand miles about. [*Exeunt.*

Sup. Come, ſtay not here, let's after, and prevent,
Or elſe they'll ſin faſter than we'll repent.

Enter Vindici and Hippolito, bringing out their mother, one by one ſhoulder, and the other by the other, with daggers in their hands.

Vin. O thou, for whom no name is bad enough!

Moth. What means my ſons? what, will you murder me?

Vin. Wicked unnatural parent!

Hip. Fiend of women!

Moth. Oh! are ſons turn'd monſters? help!

Vin. In vain.

Moth. Are you ſo barbarous to ſet iron nipples
Upon the breaſt that gave you ſuck?

Vin. That breaſt
Is turn'd to quarled poiſon.

Moth. Cut not your days for't! am not I your mother?

Vin. Thou doſt uſurp that title now by fraud,
For in that ſhell of mother breeds a bawd.

Moth. A bawd? O name far loathſomer than hell!

Hip. It ſhould be ſo, knew'ſt thou thy office well.

Moth. I hate it.

Vin. Ah! is't poſſible, you powers on high,
That women ſhould diſſemble when they die?

Moth. Diſſemble?

Vin. Did not the duke's ſon direct
A fellow, of the world's condition, hither,
That did corrupt all that was good in thee?
Made thee uncivilly forget thyſelf,
And work our ſiſter to his luſt?

Moth. Who I?
That had been monſtrous. I defy that man
For any ſuch intent! none lives ſo pure,
But ſhall be ſoil'd with ſlander; good ſon, believe it not.

Vin. Oh, I'm in doubt;
Whether I'm myſelf, or no.

Stay

Stay, let me look again upon this face.
Who shall be sav'd, when mothers have no grace?
Hip. 'Twould make one half despair.
Vin. I was the man;
Defy me now, let's see, do't modestly.
Moth. O hell unto my soul!
Vin. In that disguise, I, sent from the duke's son,
Try'd you, and found you base metal,
As any villain might have done.
Moth. O no, no tongue but yours could have bewitch'd me so.
Vin. O nimble in damnation, quick in turn!
There is no devil could strike fire so soon:
I am confuted in a word.
Moth. Oh sons, forgive me! to myself I'll prove more true;
You that should honour me, I kneel to you.
Vin. A mother to give aim to her own daughter!
Hip. True, brother; how far beyond nature 'tis,
Tho' many mothers do't!
Vin. Nay, and you draw tears once, go you to bed;
Wet will make iron blush and change to red.
Brother, it rains, 'twill spoil your dagger, house it.
Hip. 'Tis done.
Vin. I'faith 'tis a sweet shower, it does much good.
The fruitful grounds and meadows of her soul,
Have been long dry: pour down, thou blessed dew.
Rise, mother; troth this show'r has made you higher.
Moth. O you heavens! take this infectious spot out of my soul,
I'll rince it in seven waters of mine eyes!
Make my tears salt enough to taste of grace.
To weep, is to our sex naturally given:
But to weep truly, that's a gift from heaven.
Vin. Nay, I'll kiss you now. Kiss her, brother; but
Let's marry her to our souls, wherein's no lust,
And honourably love her.
Hip. Let it be.
Vin. For honest women are so seld and rare,
'Tis good to cherish those poor few that are.

O you of easy wax! do but imagine
Now the disease has left you, how leprously
That office would have cling'd unto your forehead!
All mothers that had any graceful hue,
Would have worn masks to hide their face at you;
It would have grown to this, at your foul name,
Green colour'd maids would have turn'd red with shame.
Hip. And then our sister, full of fire and bashfulness—
Vin. There had been boiling lead again,
The duke's son's great concubine!
A drab of state, a cloth o' silver slut,
To have her train born up, and her soul trail i'th'dirt!
Hip. To be great, miserable; to be rich, eternally wretched.
Vin. O common madness!
Ask but the thriving'st harlot in cold blood,
She'd give the world to make her honour good!
Perhaps you'll say, but only to the duke's son,
In private; why the first begins with one,
Who afterward to thousand proves a whore:
Break ice in one place, it will crack in more.
Moth. Most certainly apply'd!
Hip. Oh, brother, you forget our business.
Vin. And well remember'd; joy's a subtil elf,
I think man's happiest when he forgets himself.
Farewell, once dry, now holy-water'd mead;
Our hearts wear feathers, that before were lead.
Moth. I'll give you this, that one I never knew
Plead better for, and 'gainst the devil, than you.
Vin. You make me proud on't.
Hip. Commend us all virtue to our sister.
Vin. Ay, for the love of heaven, to that true maid.
Moth. With my best words.
Vin. Why that was motherly said. [*Exeunt.*
Moth. I wonder now what fury did transport me?
I feel good thoughts begin to settle in me.
Oh with what forehead can I look on her,
Whose honour I've so impiously beset?
And here she comes.
Cast. Now, mother, you have wrought with me so strongly,
That

That what for my advancement, as to calm
The trouble of your tongue, I am content.
Moth. Content, to what?
Caſt. To do as you have will'd me;
To proſtitute my breaſt to the duke's ſon;
And put myſelf to common uſury.
Moth. I hope you will not ſo!
Caſt. Hope you I will not?
That's not the hope you look to be fav'd in.
Moth. Truth but it is.
Caſt. Do not deceive yourſelf;
I am as you, e'en out of marble wrought.
What would you now? are ye not pleas'd yet with me?
You ſhall not wiſh me to be more laſcivious
Than I intend to be.
Moth. Strike not me cold.
Caſt. How often have you charg'd me on your bleſſing
To be a curſed woman? When you knew
Your bleſſing had no force to make me lewd,
You laid your curſe upon me; that did more,
The mother's curſe is heavy; where that lights,
Sons ſet in ſtorm, and daughters loſe their lights.
Moth. Good child, dear maid, if there be any ſpark
Of heavenly intellectual fire within thee, oh let my breath
Revive it to a flame!
Put not all out, with woman's wilful folllies.
I am recover'd of that foul diſeaſe
That haunts too many mothers; kind, forgive me,
Make me not ſick in health!—if then
My words prevail'd when they were wickedneſs,
How much more now when they are juſt and good?
Caſt. I wonder what you mean! are not you ſhe,
For whoſe infect perſuaſions I could ſcarce
Kneel out my prayers, and had much ado
In three hours reading, to untwirt ſo much
Of the black ſerpent, as you wound about me?
Moth. 'Tis unfruitful, held tedious to repeat what's
paſt;
I'm now your preſent mother.
Caſt. Pish, now 'tis too late.
Moth. Bethink again, thou know'ſt not what thou ſay'ſt.

Caſt. No! deny advancement! treaſure! the duke's ſon!

Moth. O ſee, I ſpoke thoſe words, and now they poiſon me!

What will the deed do then?

Advancement, true; as high as ſhame can pitch!

For treaſure; who e'er knew a harlot rich?

Or could build by the purchaſe of her ſin,

An hoſpital to keep their baſtards in? The duke's ſon;

Oh! when women are young courtiers, they are ſure to be old beggers;

To know the miſeries moſt harlots taſte,

Thoud'ſt wiſh thyſelf unborn, when thou art unchaſte.

Caſt. O mother, let me twine about your neck,

And kiſs you till my ſoul melt on your lips;

I did but this to try you.

Moth. O ſpeak truth!

Caſt. Indeed I did not; for no tongue has force to alter me from honeſt.

If maidens would, men's words could have no power;

A virgin's honour is a cryſtal tower,

Which, being weak, is guarded with good ſpirits;

Until ſhe baſely yields, no ill inherits.

Moth. O happy child! faith, and thy birth hath ſav'd me.

'Mongſt thouſand daughters, happieſt of all others:

Buy thou a glaſs for maids, and I for mothers. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Vindici and Hippolito.

Vind. So, ſo, he leans well; take heed you wake him not, brother.

Hip. I warrant you my life for yours.

Vind. That's a good lay, for I muſt kill myſelf.

Brother, that's I, that ſits for me: do you mark it?

And I muſt ſtand ready here to make away myſelf yonder——I muſt ſit to be kill'd, and ſtand to kill myſelf.

I could vary it not ſo little as thrice over again; thus ſome eight returns, like Michaelmas term.

Hip. That's enow o'conſcience.

Vind. But, ſirrah, does the duke's ſon come ſingle?

Hip. No; there's the hell on't: his faith's too feeble to go alone. He brings fleſh-flies after him, that will buz againſt ſupper-time, and hum for his coming out.

Vind.

Vind. Ah the fly-flap of vengeance beat 'em to pieces! Here was the ſweeteſt occaſion, the fitteſt hour, to have made my revenge familiar with him; ſhew him the body of the duke his father, and how quaintly he died like a politician, in hugger-mugger, made no man acquainted with it; and in cataſtrophe ſlain him over his father's breaſt. Oh I'm mad to loſe ſuch a ſweet opportunity!

Hip. Nay, piſh! pr'ythee be content! there's no remedy preſent; may not hereafter times open in as fair faces as this?

Vind. They may, if they can paint ſo well.

Hip. Come, now to avoid all ſuſpicion, let's forſake this room, and be going to meet the duke's ſon.

Vind. Content, I'm for any weather. Heart, ſtep cloſe: here he comes.

Enter Luſſ.

Hip. My honour'd lord!

Luſſ. Oh me! you both preſent?

Vind. E'en newly, my lord, juſt as your lordſhip enter'd now: about this place we had notice given he ſhould be; but in ſome loathſome plight or other.

Hip. Came your honour private?

Luſſ. Private enough for this; only a few
Attend my coming out.

Hip. Death rot thoſe few.

Luſſ. Stay, yonder's the ſlave.

Vind. Mum, there's the ſlave indeed, my lord.
'Tis a good child, he calls his father ſlave. [*Aſide.*

Luſſ. Ay, that's the villain, the damn'd villain: ſoftly, Tread eaſy.

Vind. Puh! I warrant you, my lord, we'll ſtifle in our breaths.

Luſſ. That will do well:
Baſe rogue, thou ſleepeſt thy laſt; 'tis policy
To have him kill'd in's ſleep; for if he wak'd
He would betray all to them.

Vind. But, my lord——

Luſſ. Ha, what ſay'ſt?

Vind. Shall we kill him now he's drunk?

Luſſ. Ay, beſt of all.

Vind. Why, then he will ne'er live to be ſober.

Luſſ. No matter, let him reel to hell.

Vind. But being ſo full of liquor, I fear he will put out all the fire.

Luſſ. Thou art a mad breaſt.

Vind. And leave none to warm your lordſhip's gols withall; for he that dies drunk, falls into hell-fire like a bucket of water; quſh, quſh.

Luſſ. Come, be ready, make your ſwords, think of your wrongs; this ſlave has injur'd you.

Vind. Troth, ſo he has, and he has paid well for't.

Luſſ. Meet with him now.

Vind. You'll bear us out, my lord?

Luſſ. Puh! am I a lord for nothing, think you? quickly, now.

Vind. Sa, ſa, ſa, thumpe—there he lies.

Luſ. Nimbly done.—Ha! Oh, villains! murderers! 'Tis the old duke my father.

Vind. That's a jeſt.

Luſ. What, ſtiff and cold already?
O pardon me to call you from your names:
'Tis none of your deed,—that villain Piato,
Whom you thought now to kill, has murdered him,
And left him thus diſguis'd.

Hip. And not unlikely.

Vin. O raſcal! was he not aſham'd
To put the duke into a greaſy doublet?

Luſ. He has been cold and ſtiff, who knows how long?

Vind. Marry, that do I. [*Aſide.*

Luſ. No words, I pray, of any thing intended.

Vind. Oh, my lord.

Hip. I would fain have your lordſhip think that we have ſmall reaſon to prate.

Luſ. Faith, thou ſay'ſt true; I'll forthwith ſend to court
For all the nobles, baſtard, dutcheſs; tell
How here by miracle we found him dead,
And in his raiment that foul villain fled.

Vin. That will be the beſt way, my lord, to clear us all; let's caſt about to be clear.

Lui. Ho, Nencio, Sordido, and the reſt.

Enter all.

1. My lord.

2. My lord.

Luf. Be witness of a strange spectacle,
Choosing for private conference that sad room,
We found the duke my father geal'd in blood.

1. My lord the duke! run, hie thee, Nencio,
Startle the court by signifying so much.

Vind. Thus much by wit, a deep revenger can,
When murder's known, to be the clearest man:
We're farthest off, and with as bold an eye
Survey his body, as the standers by.

Luf. My royal father, too basely let blood
By a malevolent slave!

Hip. Hark! he calls thee slave again. [*Aside.*

Vin. H'as lost, he may. [*Aside.*

Luf. Oh sight! look hither, see, his lips are gnawn with poison.

Vin. How!—his lips; by the mass they be.
O villain!—O rogue!—O slave!—O rascal.

Hip. O good deceit! he quits him with like terms.

1. Where?

2. Which way?

Amb. Over what roof hangs this prodigious comet,
In deadly fire?

Luf. Behold, behold, my lords, the duke my father's murder'd by a vassal that owns this habit; and here left disguis'd.

Dutch. My lord and husband!

2. Reverend majesty!

1. I have seen these cloaths often attending on him.

Vin. That nobleman has been i'th' country, for he does not lie.

Sup. Learn of our mother; let's dissemble too:
I am glad he's vanish'd; so, I hope, are you.

Amb. Ay, you may take my word for't.

Spur. Old dad, dead?
I, one of his cast sins, will send the Fates
Most hearty commendations by his own son;
I'll tug in the new stream till strength be done.

Luf. Where be these two that did affirm to us,
My lord the duke was privately rid forth?

1. O par-

1. O pardon us, my lords; he gave that charge
Upon our lives, if he were miſt at court,
To anſwer ſo; he rode not any where;
We left him private with that fellow here.
Vind. Confirm'd.
Luſ. O heavens! that falſe charge was his death.
Impudent beggers! durſt you to our face
Maintain ſuch a falſe anſwer? Bear him ſtraight to execution.
1. My lord!
Luſ. Urge me no more.
In this, the excuſe may be call'd half the murder.
Vin. You've ſentenc'd well.
Luſ. Away; ſee it be done.
Vin. Could you not ſtick? See what confeſſion doth!
Who would not lie when men are hang'd for truth?
Hip. Brother, how happy is our vengeance! [*Aſide.*
Vin. Why, it hits paſt the apprehenſion of indifferent wits. [*Aſide.*
Luſ. My lord, let poſt-horſes be ſent
Into all places to intrap the villain.
Vin. Poſt-horſes, ha, ha! [*Aſide.*
Nob. My lord, we're ſomething bold to know your duty.
Your father's accidentally departed,
The titles that were due to him meet you.
Luſ. Meet me? I'm not at leiſure, my good lord.
I've many griefs to diſpatch out o'th' way.
Welcome ſweet titles.— [*Aſide.*
Talk to me, my lords,
Of ſepulchers and mighty emperors bones;
That's thought for me.
Vind. So one may ſee by this
How foreign markets go;
Courtiers have feet o'th' nines, and tongues o'th' twelves;
They flatter dukes, and dukes flatter themſelves.
Nob. My lord, it is your shine muſt comfort us.
Luſ. Alas! I ſhine in tears, like the ſun in April.
Nob. You're now my lord's grace.
Luſ. My lord's grace! I perceive you'll have it ſo.
Nob. 'Tis but your own.
Luſ. Then heav'ns give me grace to be ſo!

Vind. He prays well for himself. [*Aside.*

Nob. Madam, all sorrows
Must run their circles into joys. No doubt but time
Will make the murderer bring forth himself.

Vin. He were an ass then, i'faith. [*Aside.*

Nob. In the mean season,
Let us bethink the lateſt funeral honours,
Due to the duke's cold body.—And withal,
Calling to memory our new happineſs
Spread in his royal ſon.——Lords, gentlemen,
Prepare for revels.

Vin. Revels!

Nob. Time hath ſeveral falls;
Griefs lift up joys, feaſts put down funerals.

Luſ. Come, then, my lords, my favour's to you all.
The dutcheſs is ſuſpected foully bent;
I'll begin dukedom with her baniſhment.
[*Exeunt Duke, Nobles, and Dutcheſs.*

Hip. Revels!

Vin. Ay, that's the word: we are firm yet;
Strike one ſtrain more, and then we crown our wit.
[*Exeunt Brothers.*

Spu. Well, have at the faireſt mark—(ſo ſaid the duke when he begot me,)
And if I miſs his heart, or near about,
Then have at any, a baſtard ſcorns to be out.

Super. Not ſ't thou that Spario, brother?

Ant. Yes, I note him to our ſhame.

Super. He ſhall not live, his hair ſhall not grow much longer. In this time of revels tricks may be ſet a-foot. See'ſt thou yon new moon? it ſhall out-live the new duke by much: this hand ſhall diſpoſſeſs him; then we're mighty.
A maſk is treaſon's licence, that build upon:
'Tis murder's beſt face, when a vizard's on. [*Exit.*

Amb. Is't ſo? 'tis very good!
And do you think to be duke then, kind brother?
I'll ſee fair play; drop one, and there lies t'other. [*Exit.*

Enter Vindici and Hippolito, with Piero and other Lords.

Vin. My lords, be all of muſick, ſtrike old griefs into other countries. That

That flow in too much milk, and have faint livers,
Not daring to stab home their discontents.
Let our hid flames break out as fire, as lightning,
To blast this villainous dukedom, vex'd with sin;
Wind up your souls to their full height again.

Piero. How?

1. Which way?

3. Any way: our wrongs are such,
We cannot justly be reveng'd too much.

Vin. You shall have all enough:—Revels are toward,
And those few nobles that have long suppress'd you,
Are busied to the furnishing of a mask,
And do affect to make a pleasant tale on't:
The masking suits are fashioning: now comes in
That which must glad us all:—We to take pattern,
Of all those suits, the colour, trimming, fashion,
E'en to an undistinguish'd hair almost:
Then entering first, observing the true form,
Within a strain or two we shall find leisure
To steal our swords out handsomely;
And when they think their pleasure sweet and good,
In midst of all their joys, they shall sigh blood.

Piero. Weightily, effectually!

3. Before the t'other masters come—

Vin. We're gone, all done and past.

Pie. But how for the duke's guard?

Vin. Let that alone,
By one and one their strengths shall be drunk down.

Hip. There are five hundred gentlemen in the action,
That will apply themselves, and not stand idle.

Pie. Oh! let us hug your bosoms.

Vin. Come, my lords,
Prepare for deeds, let other times have words. [*Exeunt.*

In a dumb show, the procession of the young duke, with all his nobles; then sounding musick. A furnish'd table is brought forth: then enters the duke and his nobles to the banquet. A blazing star appeared.

1. *Nob.* Many harmonious house, and choicest pleasures,
Fill up the royal number of your years.

Lus. My lords, we're pleas'd to thank you, tho' we know
'Tis but your duty now to wish it so.

1. *Nob.*

1. *Nob.* That ſhine makes us all happy.
3. *Nob.* His grace frowns.
2. *Nob.* Yet we muſt ſay he ſmiles.
1. *Nob.* I think we muſt.

Luſ. That foul incontinent dutcheſs we have baniſh'd;
The baſtard ſhall not live. After theſe revels
I'll begin ſtrange ones: he and the ſtep-ſons
Shall pay their lives for the firſt ſubſidies;
We muſt not frown ſo ſoon, elſe 'thad been now.

1. *Nob.* My gracious lord, pleaſe you prepare for pleaſure,
The maſk is not far off.

Luſ. We are for pleaſure.
Beſhrew thee, what art thou? mad'ſt me ſtart!
Thou haſt committed treaſon.—A blazing ſtar!

1. *Nob.* A blazing ſtar! O where, my lord?

Luſ. Spy out.

2. *Nob.* See, ſee, my lords, a wond'rous dreadful one!

Luſ. I am not pleas'd at that ill-knotted fire,
That buſhing flaring ſtar.—Am not I duke?
It ſhould not quake me now. Had it appear'd
Before, I might then have juſtly fear'd.
But yet they ſay, whom art and learning weds,
When ſtars wear locks, they threaten great mens heads:
Is it ſo? you are read, my lords.

1. *Nob.* May it pleaſe your grace,
It ſhows great anger.

Luſ. That does not pleaſe our grace.

2. *Nob.* Yet here's the comfort, my lord, many times,
When it ſeems moſt near, it threatens fartheſt off.

Luſ. Faith, and I think ſo too.

1. *Nob.* Beſide, my lord,
You're gracefully eſtabliſh'd, with the loves
Of all your ſubjects; and for natural death,
I hope it will be threeſcore years a coming.

Luſ. True, no more but threeſcore years?

1. *Nob.* Fourſcore I hope, my lord.

2. *Nob.* And fiveſcore, I.

3. *Nob.* But 'tis my hope, my lord, you ſhall ne'er die.

Luſ. Give me thy hand; theſe others I ſchuke:
He that hopes ſo, is fitteſt for a duke.

Thou

Thou shalt sit next me: take your places, lords;
We're ready now for sports; let 'em set on.
You thing! we shall forget you quite anon!
3. *Nob.* I hear 'em coming, my lord.

Enter the mask of revengers, the two brothers, and two lords more.

The revengers dance: At the end steal out their swords, and these four kill the four at the table, in their chairs. It thunders.

Vin. Mark, thunder!
Do'st know thy cue, thou big-voic'st cryer?
Dukes groans are thunder's watch-words.
Hip. So, my lords, you have enough.
Vin. Come, let's away; no ling'ring. [*Exeunt.*
Hip. Follow! go!
Vin. No power is angry when the lustful die,
When thunder claps, heaven likes the tragedy.
Luf. Oh, oh! [*Exit Vind.*

Enter the other mask of intended murderers, stepsons, bastard, and a fourth man, coming in dancing: The duke recovers a little in voice, and groans, calls A guard! treason!

At which they all start out of their measure, and turning towards the table, they find them all to be murder'd.

Spu. Whose groan was that?
Luf. Treason! a guard!
Amb. How now? all murder'd!
Super. Murder'd! 4. And these his nobles?
Amb. Here's a labour sav'd.
I thought to have sped him:—'sblood, how came this?
Spu. Then I proclaim myself; now I am duke.
Amb. Thou duke! brother, thou lieft.
Spu. Slave, so do'st thou.
4. Base villain, hast thou slain my lord and master?

Enter the first men.

Vin. Pistols, treason, murder!—help, guard my lord the duke.
Hip. Lay hold upon these traitors. *Luf.* Oh!
Vin. Alas! the duke is murder'd.
Hip. And the nobles.

Vin.

Vin. Surgeons! ſurgeons!—Heart, does he breathe ſo long? [*Aſide.*

Ant. A piteous tragedy! able to wake
An old man's eyes blood-ſhot. *Luſ.* Oh!

Vin. Look to my lord the duke—A vengeance throttle him! [*Aſide.*
Confeſs, thou murd'rous and unhallow'd man,
Didſt thou kill all theſe? 4. None but the baſtard, I.

Vin. How came the duke ſlain, then?

4. We found him ſo. *Luſ.* O villain! *Vin.* Hark!

Luſ. Theſe in the maſk did murder us.

Vin. Law you now, ſir—
O marble impudence! will you confeſs now?

4. 'Sblood, 'tis all falſe.

Ant. Away with that foul monſter,
Dipt in a prince's blood. 4. Heart, 'tis a lie!

Ant. Let him have bitter execution.

Vin. New marrow! no, it cannot be expreſt. [*Aſide.*
How fares my lord the duke?

Luſ. Farewell to all;
He that climbs higheſt, has the greateſt fall.
My tongue is out of office. *Vin.* Air, gentlemen, air.
Now thou'lt not prate on't, 'twas Vindici murder'd thee.

Luſ. Oh! *Vin.* Murder'd thy father. *Luſ.* Oh!

Vin. And I he: tell nobody—ſo, ſo, the duke's departed.

Ant. It was a deadly hand that wounded him:
The reſt, ambitious who ſhould rule and ſway
After his death, were ſo made all away.

Vin. My lord was unlikely— *Hip.* Now the hope
Of Italy lies in your reverend years.

Vin. Your rule will make the ſilver age again,
When there were fewer, but more honeſt men.

Ant. The burthen's weighty, and will preſs age down;
May I ſo ſafely, that hearts may keep the crown.

Vin. The rape of your good lady has been quitted
With death on death. *Ant.* Juſt is the law above.
But, of all things, it puts me moſt to wonder
How the old duke came murder'd!

Vin. Oh, my lord!

Ant. It was the ſtrangely'ſt carried—I've not heard of the like. *Hip.*

Hip. 'Twas all done for the beſt, my lord.
Vin. All for your grace's good. We may be bold to
ſpeak it now,
'Twas ſomewhat witty carried, tho' we ſay it:
'Twas we two murder'd him. *Ant.* You two?
Vin. None elſe, i'faith, my lord. Nay, 'twas well
manag'd.
Ant. Lay hands upon thoſe villains.
Vin. How! on us?
Ant. Bear 'em to ſpeedy execution.
Vin. Heart, was't not for your good, my lord?
Ant. My good! Away with 'em: ſuch an old man as he!
You that would murder him, would murder me.
Vin. Is't come about?
Hip. 'Sfoot, brother, you begun.
Vin. May not we ſet as well as the duke's ſon?
Thou haſt no conſcience, are we not reveng'd?
Is there one enemy left alive amongſt thoſe?
'Tis time to die when we are ourſelves our foes.
When murderers ſhut deeds cloſe, this curſe does ſeal 'em,
If none diſcloſe 'em, they themſelves reveal 'em!
This murder might have ſlept in ſongueleſs brafs,
But for ourſelves, and the world died an aſs.
Now I remember too, here was Plato
Brought forth a knaviſh ſentence once; no doubt (ſaid
he) but time
Will make the murderer bring forth himſelf.
'Tis well he died; he was a witch.
And now, my lord, ſince we are in for ever,
This work was ours, which elſe might have been ſlipt,
And, if we lift, we could have nobles clipt,
And go for leſs than beggars: but we hate
To bleed ſo cowardly: we have enough,
Faith, we're well, our mother turn'd, our ſiſter true,
We die after a neſt of dukes. Adieu. [*Exeunt.*
Ant. How ſubtlely was that murder clos'd! Bear up
Thoſe tragick bodies: 'tis a heavy ſeaſon;
Pray heaven their blood may waſh away all treaſon! [*Exit.*

The End of the Fourth VOLUME.